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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY, 1941
AMERICAN TRAVEL ISSUE

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ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 176

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
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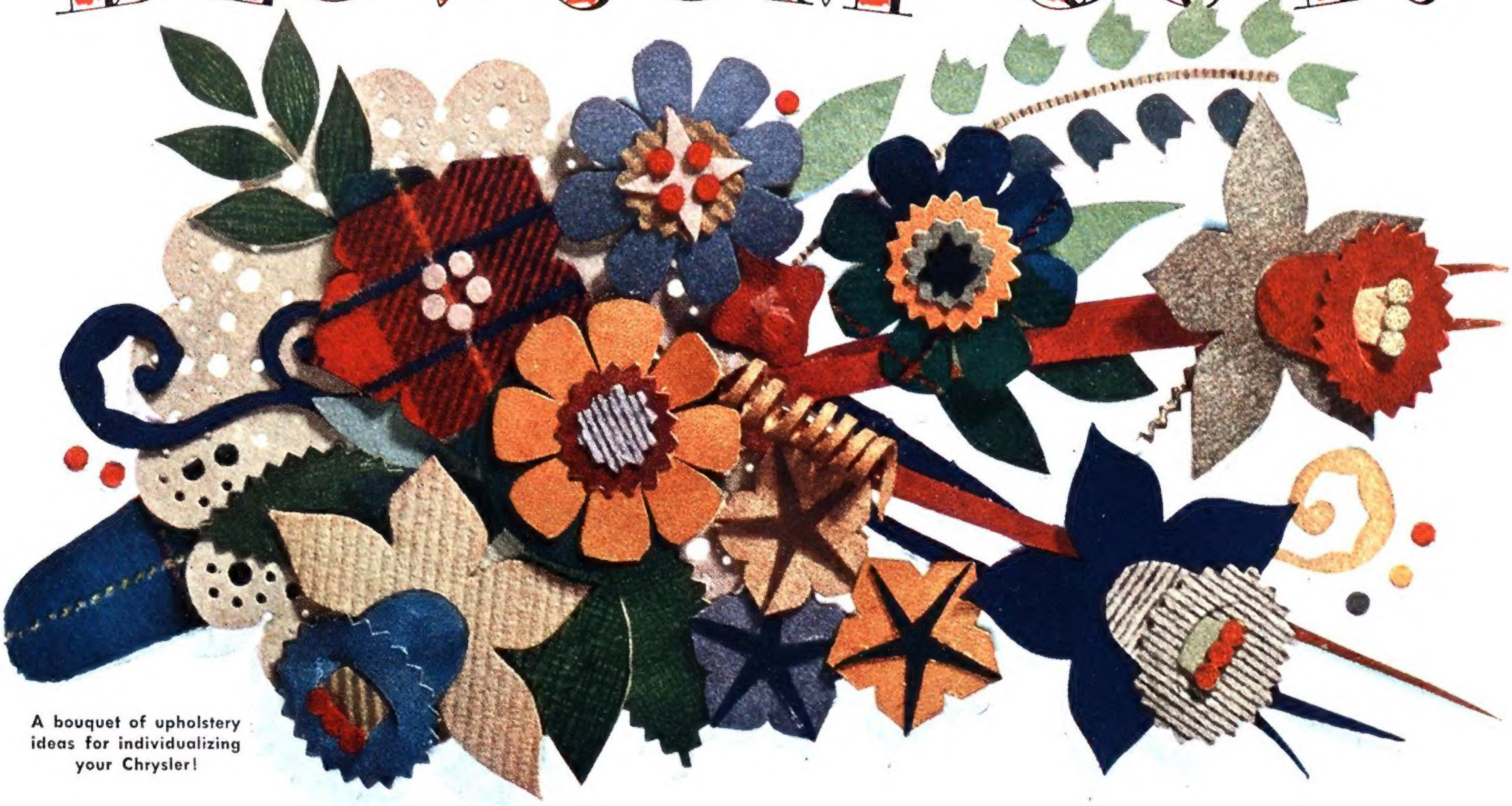

A bouquet of upholstery ideas for individualizing your Chrysler!

IN A
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YOU know what you like . . . why not get it? Blossom out in a Chrysler, tailored to your taste! Your pride will expand . . . and your purse won't suffer! There's a perfectly amazing variety of selection in the regular price range.

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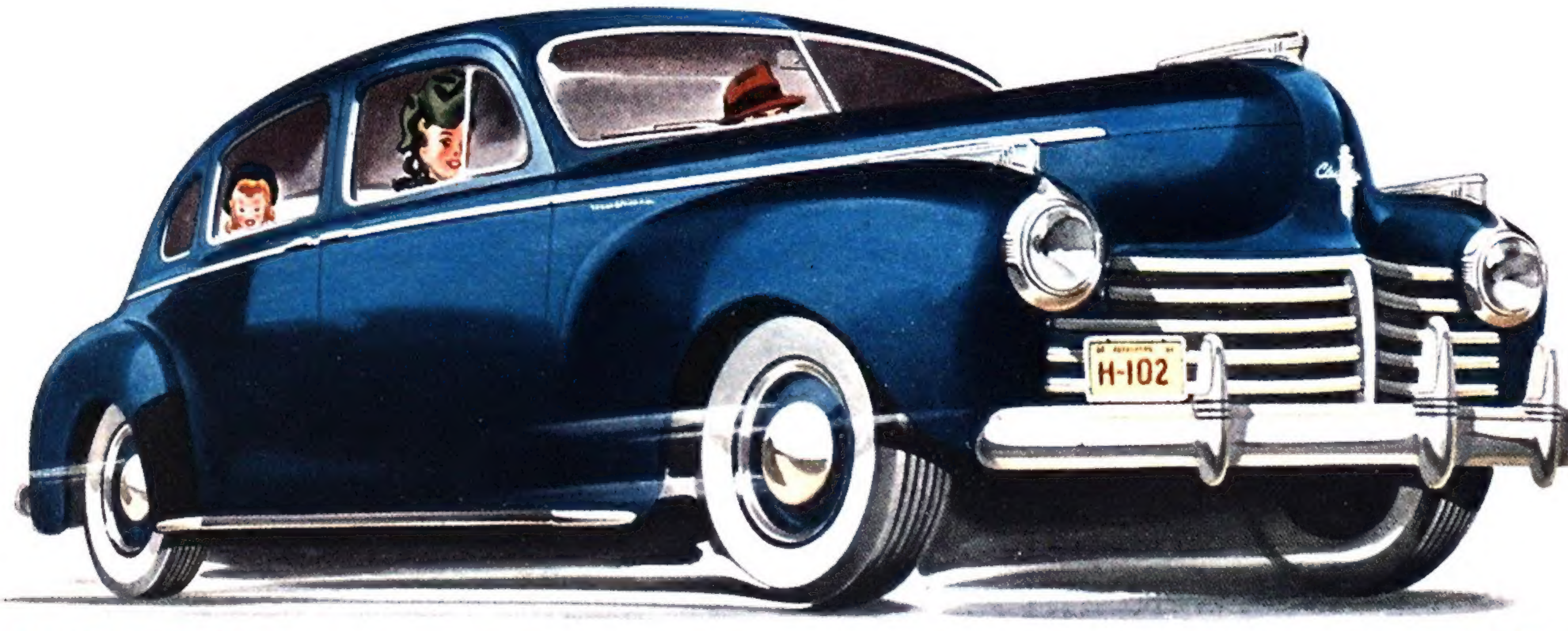

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No wonder *more than 70 men want Talon fasteners to every one naming any other brand!**

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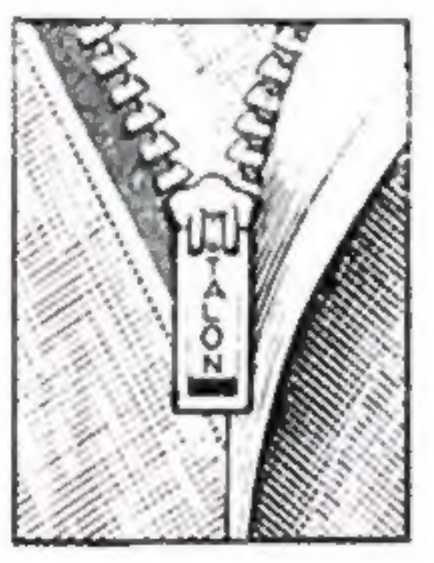

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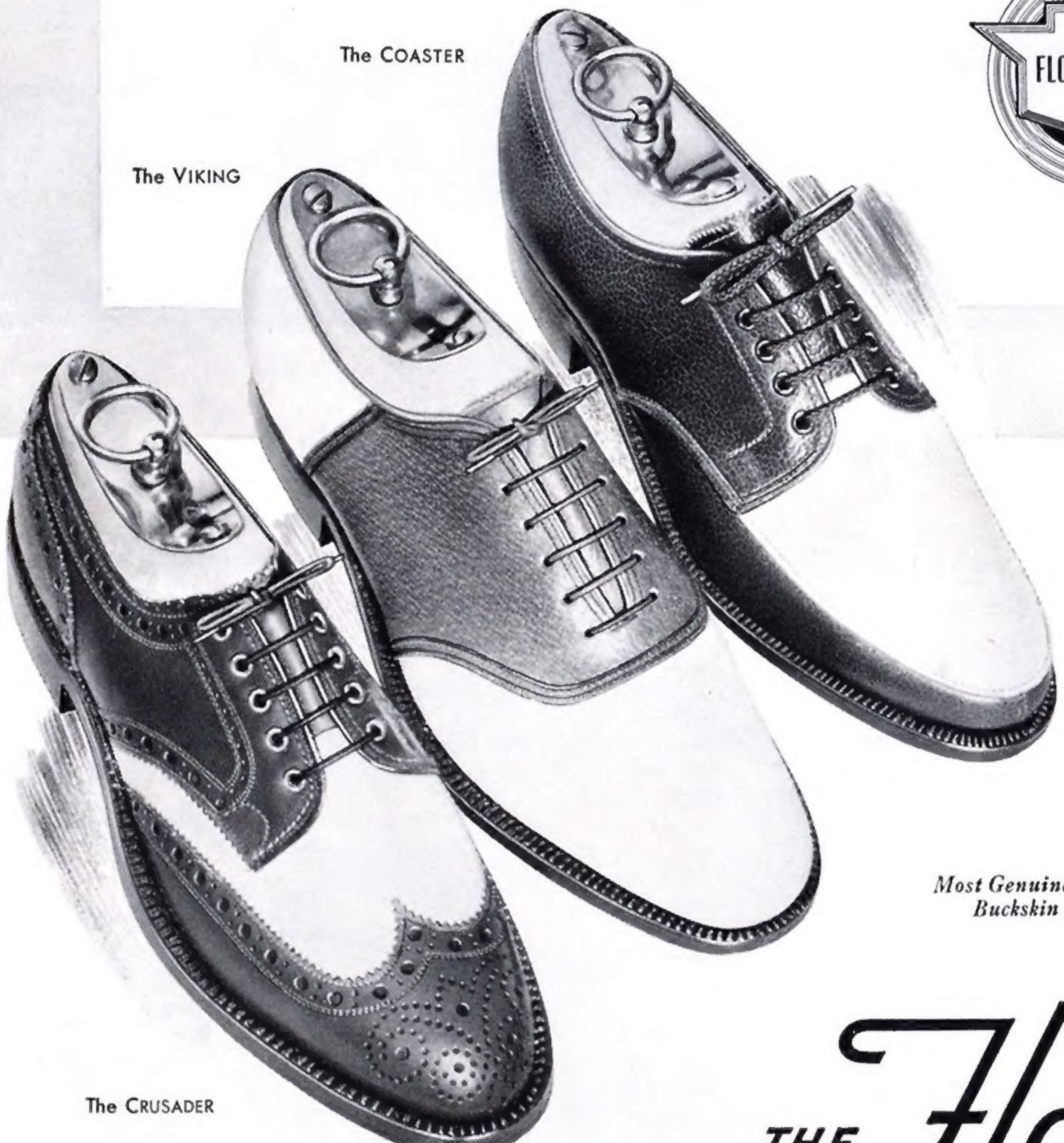

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Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
May, 1941
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Whole No. 90

T.M.REG.

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NEW YORK EDITION

EDITORIAL: Marie Wilson reports, yogurt addendum, etc.

Dear Esquire:

I have a report to make!

In your March number you graciously printed an article about me together with my picture. The fact that my shoes were off did not seem to bother you or anyone else so I am going to stop worrying about it too.

But what I do want to tell you about is the result of Donald Hough's inclusion of my telephone number in the article. Even before I could buy Esquire at the newsstands my phone began to ring. Suburban towns first, and next day local calls, and by the evening of the Fifteenth some good solid long distance calls.

Some of the calls were lonesome, some were definitely ambitious, and many were downright friendly—just wanting to collect a harmless scalp. Probably autograph hounds between previews or on their day off. Others were positively amazed that you published the right number. I guess they thought you were an all fiction magazine. When they dialed they were so sure it was either a blank number or a gag, that when I assured them they had the right number they just sputtered and fizzed off like a damp pin wheel.

Several of the long distance calls were community affairs. A group pooled its money, figuring, I guess, it was worth something to have it settled one way or another as to whether you are actually giving out right numbers this year. Well I didn't let you down once. I told them all that they could believe everything you published, so don't you let me down.

One fellow in Atlanta said he was coming to California and he all would like to see me if I all felt lonesome, and I told him if I felt lonesome he all sure could. Then a whispered conference between him all and them all, and Fate said, "Your three minutes is up, you all," and cut me off.

Some folks think you meet the nicest people in dreams, but I am now convinced that you meet them on telephones. In my dreams folks have their arms and legs on upside down and talk foolish, but on the phone you can't tell what they look like, which you will admit must be a relief after those dreams. Mostly the phone callers giggle, and with things the way they are that proves what happy friendly people you meet on telephones.

Well I won't keep you any longer, but I just wanted to let you know how things stood at good old Gladstone 1480 before I change the number. Grandpa is going nuts—says he can't understand it at all; I feel like a Good-Humor man with that bell in his ear all day; Mama has gone over to visit Aunt Clara for a couple of weeks; the neighbors think our phone is out of order and that we haven't sense enough to pull it out by the roots. Meanwhile a certain cross-section of your readers is trying to hit the jack-pot.

Good luck to them, and you, and me, who needs it. Excuse me now, I have to answer the phone.

Most sincerely,
Marie Wilson
Marie Wilson

Hollywood, California
February 19, 1941

* * *

It isn't often that we are called upon to quibble with our regular contributors, but we feel that Iles Brody, in his *Man the Kitchenette* for March, went off something less than half-cocked (one-third, to be precise) on the subject of yogurt. Billing himself as an old yogurt eater from way back, and telling about how he used to eat it in Paris, with granulated sugar on it, he lamented the fact that "here in America, people know very little about it, unfortunately." Well, we hereby nominate our own beloved Brody as one of the foremost of the people here in America who know very little about it, unfortunately.

It isn't that what he said about yogurt was wrong. It was all right, as far as it went, but it didn't go anywhere near far enough. For Brody announced his "great and agreeable surprise" at finding yogurt on the menu at *one place* in New York, and then went on to talk about it as if it were virtually unheard of and next to unobtainable north of the Bronx, south of Staten Island or west of the Hudson. But then, after ringing his subject round with a rarefied air of unattainability, he went on to do such a contagiously suggestive selling job on its merits, urging our highly suggestible readers to try yogurt and see if they didn't share his enthusiasm for it, that our mail has been cluttered ever since with letters asking our help in tracking it down.

Nothing could be easier—but first let us take up the story of yogurt where Iles Brody left off. After correctly sketching in its background up to the point of Metchnikoff's isolation of the Bacillus Bulgaricus, and after correctly contrasting the real yogurt with ordinary soured milk as eaten all the way back to Biblical times, Brody failed to finish the story. For the point is that Bacillus Bulgaricus is only one of three different types of lactic bacteria that must go to work on milk to turn it into yogurt. So he was guilty of a sin of omission, or at least of oversimplification, when he told his readers that they could make their own yogurt by simply adding Bacillus Bulgaricus culture to boiled milk. For, according to the Chicago Medical Society, "Yogurt culture consists of a co-ordination" —along with the Bacillus Bulgaricus—"of Streptococcus lacticus thermophilus, and thermobacterium yoghourti."

That's the real stuff, in other words, as wrapped up in a cloak of Latin phraseology. But, unwrapping the Latin, here is the simple truth of the matter. The genuine yogurt culture, which is a living organism in the Balkans and the Near East, cannot be generally propagated on this side of the water. It has been developed over here, and adapted to American climatic conditions, by this three-way co-ordination of different bacterial types, which is something that was first worked out by the Trappist monks at their monastery in La Trappe, Quebec. It's the real stuff, and if you live in Canada you can get it direct from them. In America, however, their yogurt culture has been marketed only under the trade name Yami Yogurt. But, contrary to our Mr. Brody's impression, it has been widely marketed, from New York to California. If you live in a big city the chances are fair to even that you can get Yami Yogurt from your own milkman, or at least he can easily get it for you. Or, if you want to follow Brody's suggestion and make your own yogurt, you can get the culture from its American distributors, the Yami Yogurt Products Company, 241 E. Illinois Street, Chicago.

Thus ends the Brody-built mystery about the rarity of "the real stuff"—and thus melts, too, we hope, our mountain of mail on the subject.

* * *

To pass from a mountain to a molehill, we've had a few letters, from time to time in recent months, protesting the proximity of Manuel Komroff's sacred stories to our mundane cartoons. Such letters have, as a matter of fact, been more than counterbalanced by the letters in praise of Komroff's series of Bible-backgrounded tales. But they have nevertheless annoyed us enough that we feel like giving them here and now the only answer that they can be given.

So, to the people who have told us that they felt Komroff's stories were out of place in our gay and gaudy pages, we can only say that to us this series of stories seems as much, or as little, out of place as a Salvation Army band on Broadway. The obvious intent, in both cases, must be to follow the urge to do the Lord's work in the place where it will do the most good.

We realize, of course, that many sincerely religious people, who belong to established churches, heartily dislike the Salvation Army brand of religion. Their objection, we take it, is based largely on taste and a sensibility for "the fitness of things."

Well, we can't quarrel with either side. The world seems to us to be big enough, and sinful enough, to absorb all forms of religious effort with what sometimes seems to be discouraging ease.

Meanwhile we can only say that we have seldom encountered religion in a more palatable form than that in which it is served by Manuel Komroff, in these current tales of the Years of Our Lord.

As for those who write us condemning the appearance of these stories in our pages, apparently for no better reason than the rather quaint one that these stories are "too good for us," we have nothing more to say. As for you who read this, we can only suggest that you read the one on page 53 of this issue and decide the matter for yourself.

* * *

Last month we missed our chance to do our usual pouter-pigeon strut in pointing with pride to a new feature of our ten-year plan for the streamlining of Esquire against reader mind-resistance. Every time we dream up some improvement in the makeup of the book, to make it easier to read or to consult, we take a day off to cluck over it in print like a fond, not to say daft, hen. But last month a long-needed device snuck into Esq's pages without so much as a smirk from us. We refer, of course, to the *Index of Advertisers*, which you will find or have found, last month and this month and every month from now on, by turning to the next to last left hand page in the issue.

Why we never had one of those things before nobody seems to know. But we know why we have one now. We don't mind telling you, either, but we warn you it's going to sound like a silly *non sequitur*. It was this way. We bought a farm. The farm was okay but we looked funny on it. We didn't have any corduroy coat. We remembered having seen one in an ad in, of all places, Esquire. So we began looking for it. We finally found it, too, without much more trouble than it would have been to plow up the corner forty acres. So we got a coat, and *you* got an *Index of Advertisers*. Simple.

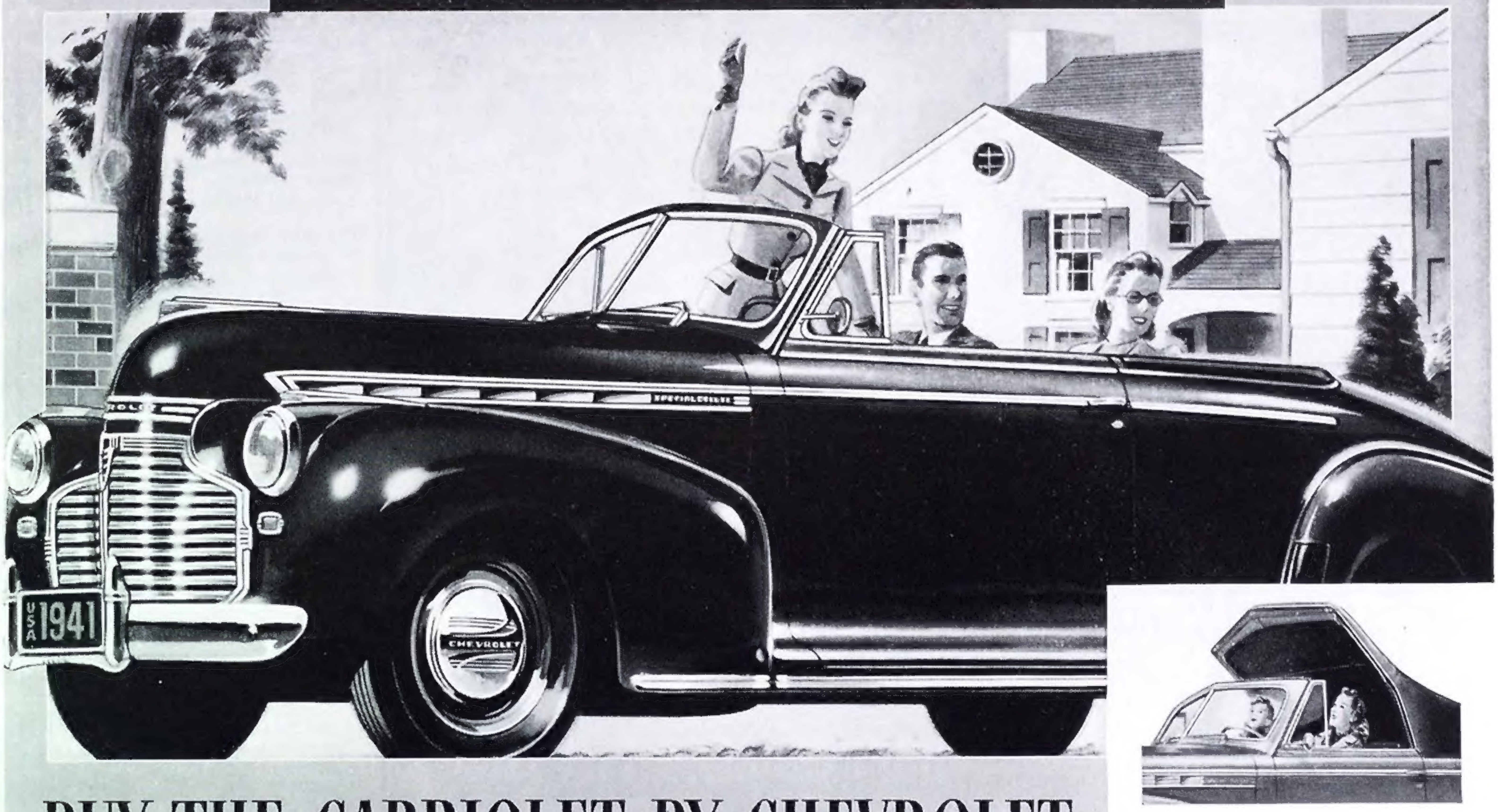
* * *

There remains but one item on this month's editorial agenda. That is the pleasure of introducing our newest and in all probability our most conscientious contributor. We mean Wesley Dennis, the great horse painter, or (should we say?) painter of horses. You will find his first effort on page 62 of this issue. That page is the result of a four day interview in Aiken, South Carolina devoted to the renewal of old acquaintance with Greyhound, a horse.

Dennis virtually slept with the beast, for those four days, then for three days and nights thereafter, while finishing up the painting, he didn't sleep at all. This because we had named February 15th as the date by which we would like to get the painting, in order to begin the series with the May issue, so Dennis sat up nights to make good on the deadline. As a matter of somewhat anti-climactic fact, we had to wait an extra two days anyway, in order to get the accompanying text matter while Dennis slept.

We hope, after all this neck break, that you at least like the series. We're pretty sure you will.

AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER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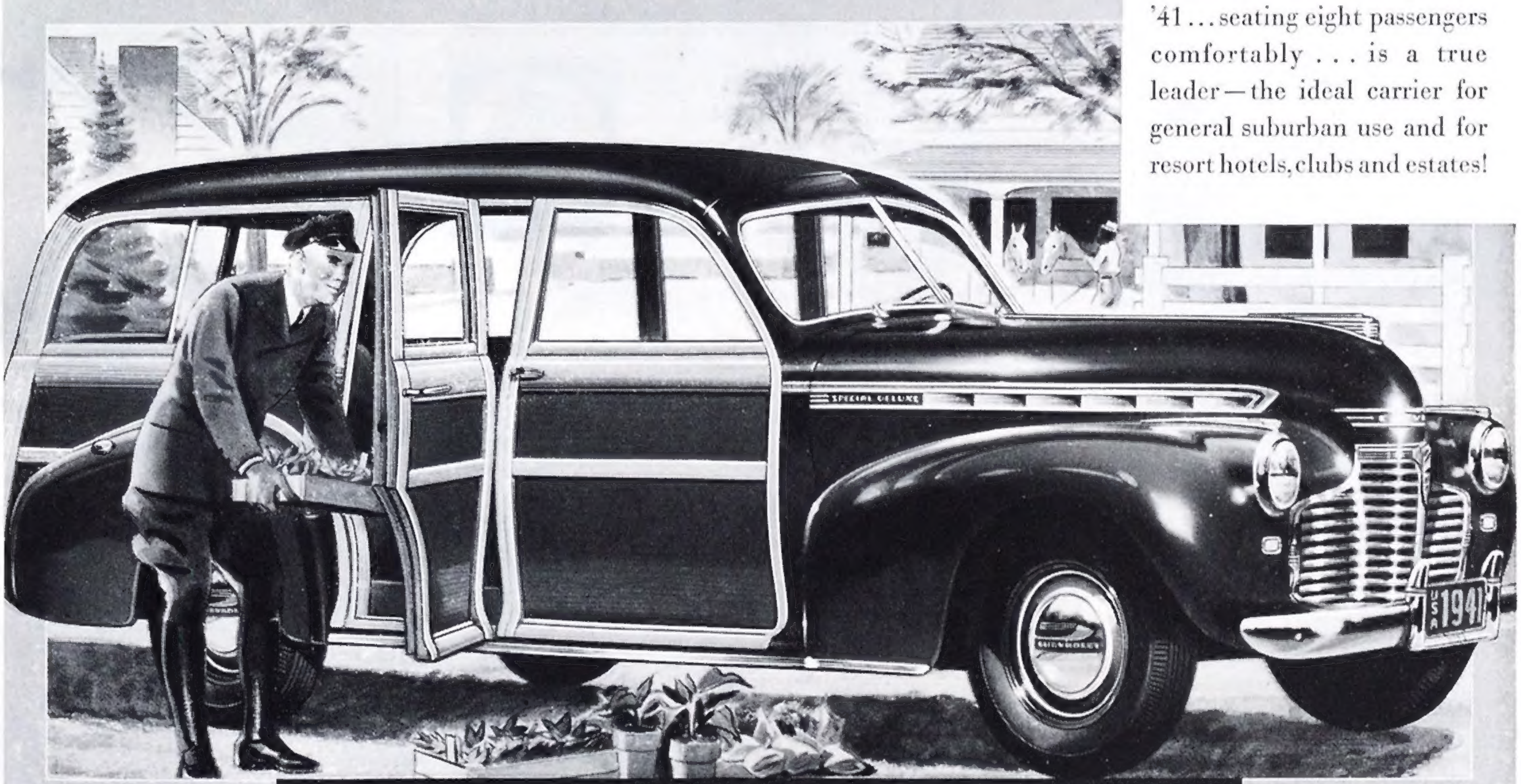
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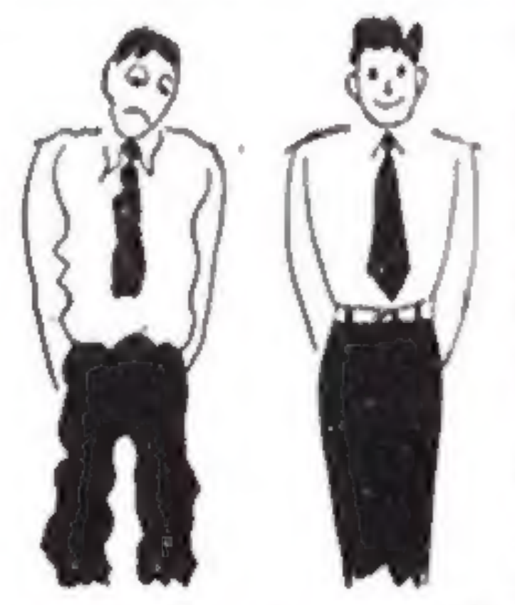
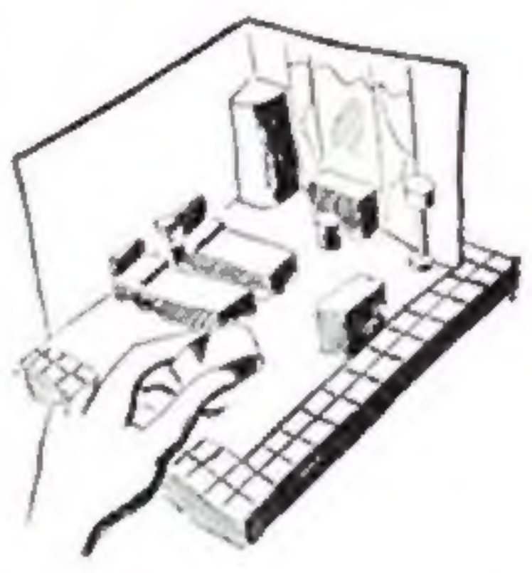
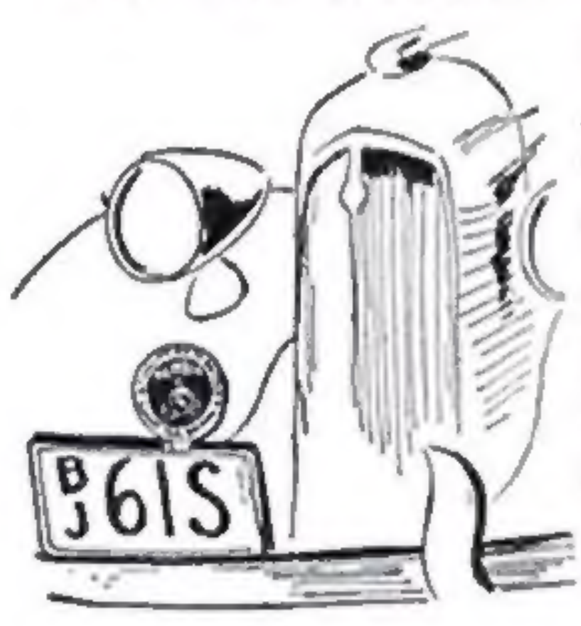


HOLDER-DOWNER. Normal activity during the course of the day often results in a shirt draped around your waist, in spite of all your efforts to keep it where it belongs. A pair of perforated rubber grippers attached to the trouser band at either side keeps your shirt down, though you play golf or hang pictures, and also does much to keep your trousers from settling down over your hips. They're invisible to your public, of course, and a mere nothing to attach. A favorable comment on good grooming.



PLAN YOUR ROOM. We're taking our hat off to the enterprise of a well-known interior decorator for evolving a practical room-planning kit that combines fun with good sense. The kit is comprised of seventy-six pieces, including a floor marked off in squares in the scale of one-half inch to one foot. "Walls" can be set up in the proportion of any average-sized room; the furniture symbols represent standard pieces, both as to dimension and period. There are windows and doors in the kit, too, and cardboard pieces in several colors to use for carpets, though there's nothing to stop you from using your own samples. You can even paint the furniture if you like. Tempera washes off. This kit helps you save time and money if you're moving; conserves muscle if the Mrs. gets a furniture-moving bug on. This way, you *know* whether the piano will fit in the other corner of the room.



ON THE ROAD. As good a way of helping Britain as any we've seen is by means of an insignia for your automobile. Etched and enameled in color, its tasteful design proclaims you as a member of Bundles for Britain, Inc., for the sale of the insignia goes to swell the funds of the hour's cause. It's easily attached to license plate or frame.

SEE THE LIGHT. Stamp collectors, particularly, should invest in a pencil flashlight with a lucite magnifying glass on the end. Snap on the light and you kill two birds with one stone—enlargement and illumination. Very helpful to midnight hobbyists. This vest-pocket flashlight is made of chromium and is useful even when it isn't making mountains out of molehills, for the magnifying tip can be removed without interfering with the lighting system.

BEAN POT. All you need is an electric light outlet to enjoy the pleasures of one of the finer things in bean pots. This one comes in two sizes—1½ and 3½ quarts—and you can cook your favorite brand of slumgullion in it in the living room, if you feel so inclined. It's crock-lined, finished in white enamel with black trim, and anything that benefits by a slow casserole cooking — beans, for instance — can be cooked in it. No bachelor worthy of the title should be without one.

Ranger

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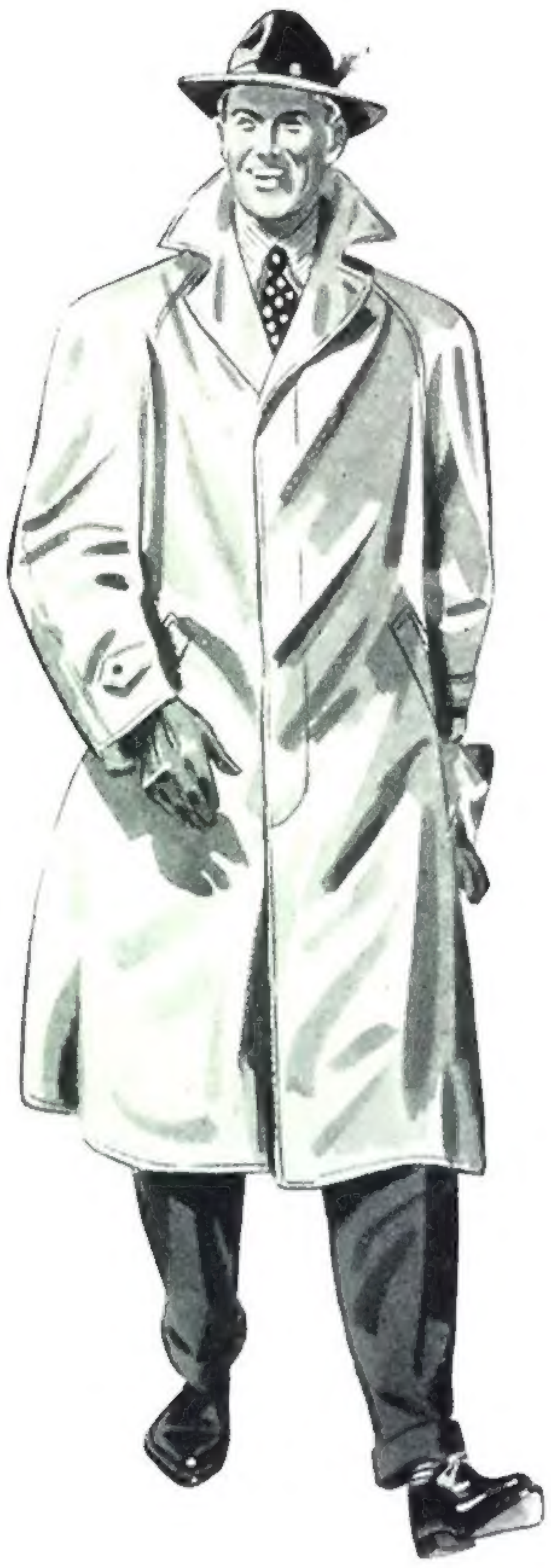
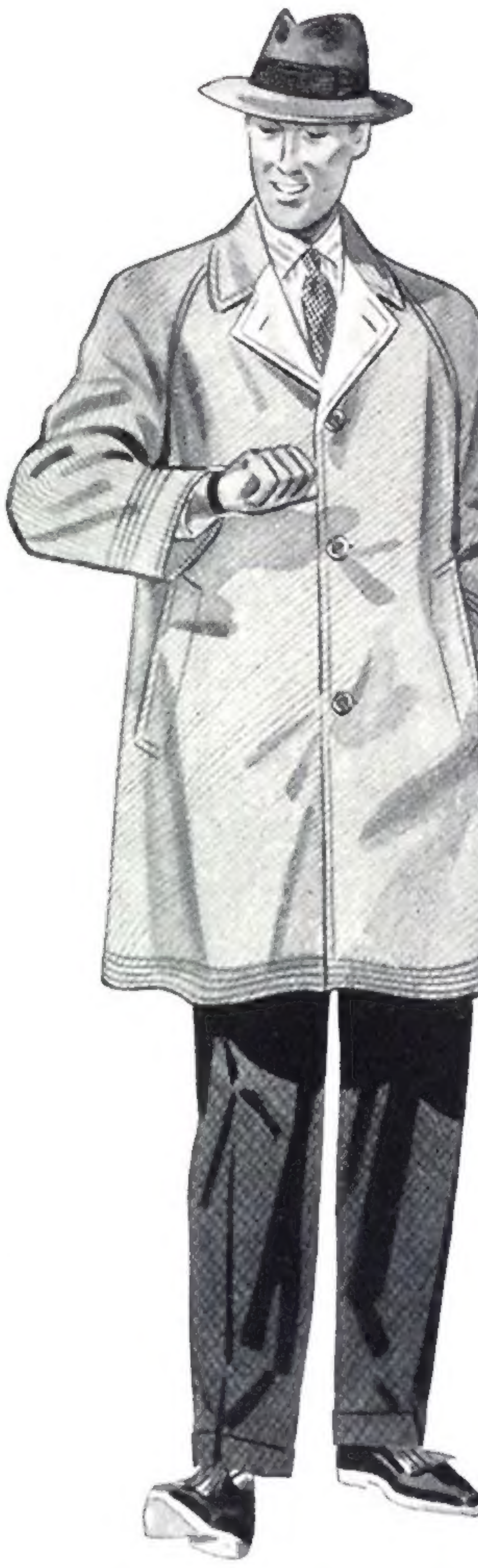


GRAFTON

(Gabardine)

$10

Balmacaan model coat with fly front. One of Rainfair's most popular models with men of all ages! Deep yoke and sleeve lining. Showerproofed by Cravenette. Fawn, light olive or green in sizes 34 to 46. Regulars, longs or shorts.



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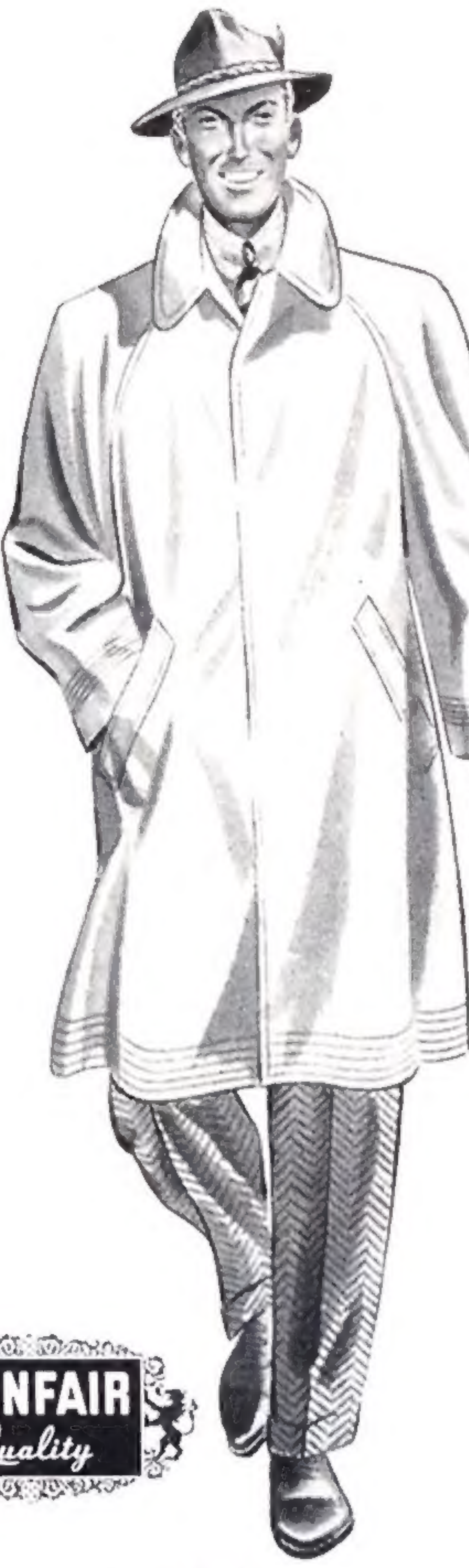
Reversible! Nothing like it! On one side, Covert-cloth, sensational fabric of fine finish and soft texture. On the other, bleached bone gabardine. Both sides showerproofed by Cravenette. Finger-tip length, bal-type collar, slash pockets, railroad stitching. Sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.



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(above)

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(Gabardine)

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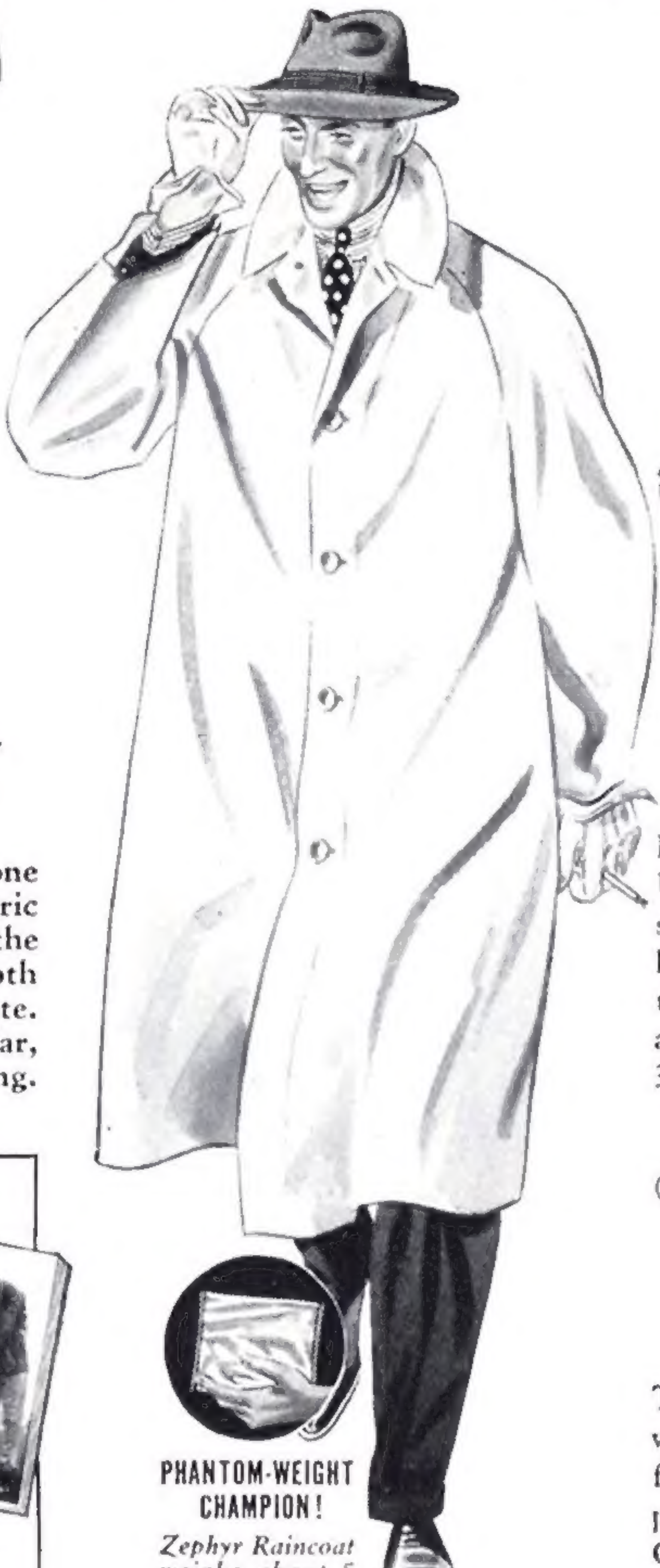
First choice of Rainfair's College Style Board! Ultra-smart English knee-length gabardine, showerproofed by Cravenette. Full iridescent lining. Talon fastener on fly front. Slash-through pockets. Railroad stitching on cuffs and hem. Bleached bone or light olive in sizes 32 to 44. Regulars or longs.



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Zephyr Raincoat weighs about 5 ounces when packed in handy envelope container.

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amazing Korosealed process**

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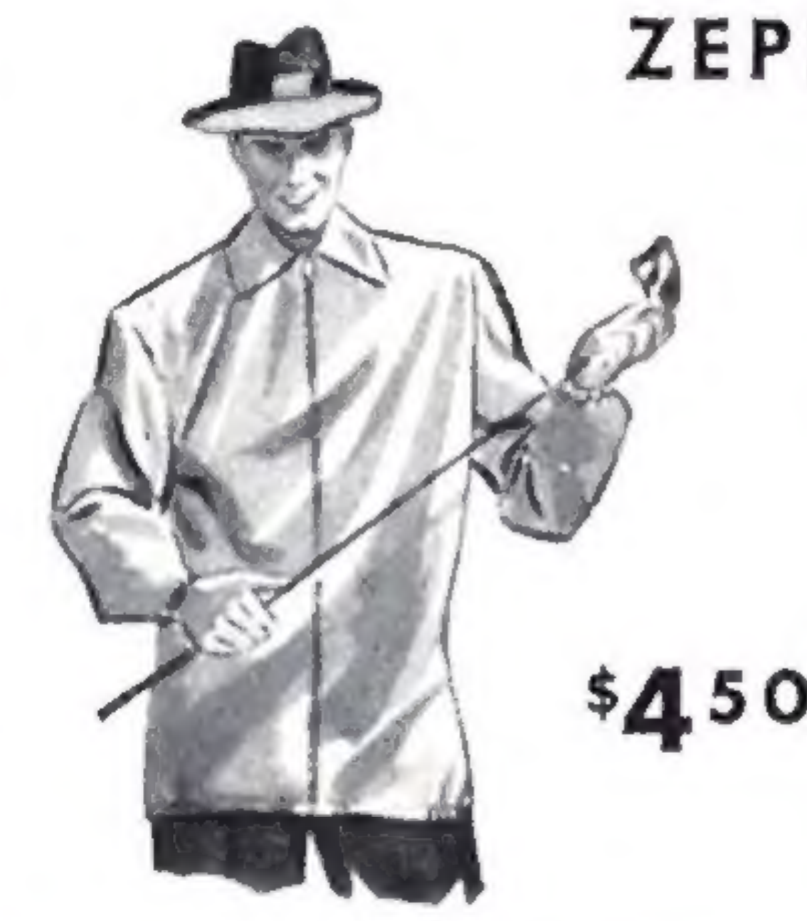
ZEPHYR GOLF JACKET



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Korosealed! Water repellent Kover-Zip fastener, elastic cuffs, full shoulders! Action free, does not interfere with your stroke! Always fresh as a daisy, no matter how long you leave it in your golf bag! Green in small, medium, large, extra large sizes.

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Valparaiso, Ind.—J. Lowenstine & Sons
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Winona, Minn.—Neville's, the Continental

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MONTANA VOTES FOR MARTIN STEVERS

Out Montana way this winter, the sheepherders are tossing their long handled underwear into the little streams of warm, trickling water, and slipping into shorts to keep cool. That's the story according to Ed Ferris, my Big Brother-in-Law, who hangs out in Billings. Man, if you know that town, you know a place that can tear the whiskers off a forty-niner if it makes up its mind to blow.

Here's how it goes. Ed read Martin Stever's thought provoker in March Esquire, and did some deep thinking. If New York pulls up its skirts for high water, and Florida goes back to the little fishes, what's to keep Montana from sticking out the shingle and becoming the country's sun lamp? He figures the State can start building its homes without the needless gadgets like furnaces and such.

Ed says rattlesnakes have been crawling out on the rocks to sun themselves. You can hear them rattling in a dull monotone, and wondering dully why in hell they can't sleep. That, Mr. Stevers, will back up your theories with a pinch of proof.

While the swallows are flying back to you know where, reports come in that meadow larks are catching the early clipper from (censored) southern retreats, in a grand rush for the burning skys of old Montana.

Timber Ticks, usually velly, velly dull about now, are biting the pants of everyone in sight, and grasshoppers (the old curse to the Mormons) are already looking for a part of Montana that hasn't been chewed at.

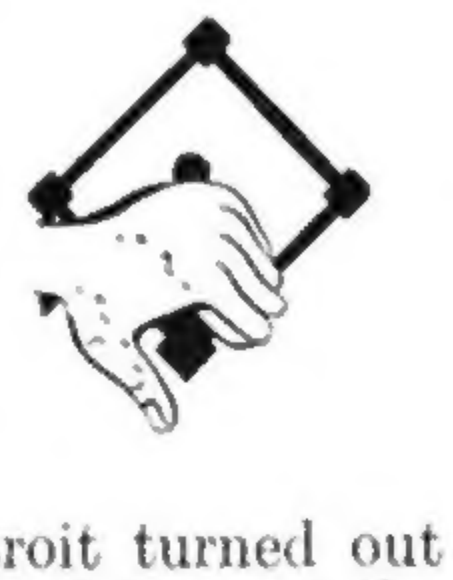
Montana is getting its own little Revolution of Weather started, just to prove Martin Stevers ain't nobody's fool.

Meanwhile, keep right on priming the pump with that Triple-A-Trump stuff of yours. If you read about snow in Montana don't you believe it. These boys in California and Florida are going to gang up and fight like Hell to keep this stuff from the presses. They'll all be under water in a few weeks, though, so you can buy Real Estate anywhere in the state, and not have to worry none about keeping a boat to sneak away in when it gets a little foggy.

Yours for June in January,
Chicago, Ill. LeRoy A. Yerxa

FROM CLEVELAND TO DETROIT, FREE

Who is this guy, Considine anyway? Where does he come off to blast the fair flower of our womanhood, namely the gentle maidens and matrons of Cleveland?



First of all Mr. C. neglected to report the reception that the Cleveland ball team received on their visit to Detroit just prior to the crucial series he mentions in his article in the March issue of Esquire. In the interest of fair reporting and for the specific information of Mr. Considine, the good populace of Detroit turned out to welcome the Cleveland team at the station—with tomatoes, overripe eggs and various and sundry fruits and vegetables. The eager and wild-eyed Detroiters couldn't even wait until game time, they just had to greet our boys at the very moment of their arrival in their fair city.

It is too bad that Mr. Considine was not present at this informal gathering, because I know that a fair-minded and reportorial fellow such as he, would, of course present all the facts in the case. Alas, Mr. C. certainly missed a rare opportunity for further research on his favorite entomological subject: The Sport Bug, genus Baseballus Fannus, in the rare atmosphere of Detroit, Mich.

I note that Mr. C. in a spirit of generosity and warm, human kindness has bestowed upon Detroit, the "Considine Memorial Plaque." Let it not be said that a Cleveland fan cannot be equally magnanimous; because I hereby bequeath to the thriving metropolis on the banks of the Detroit River, Mr. Bob Considine, himself, *en toto*. They can have him.

Cleveland, Ohio S. R. Levy

IS THIS JUST A SUBTLE HINT?

Your best friends (contributors to the *S. & F.* department) have been trying to tell you something for your own good but they have been so subtle about it that you've missed it. Now I'm going to come right out with it.

We don't like William Lyon Phelps. He is alright in his place (the English department of a ladies' seminary) but his whimsical musings don't belong in Esquire.

Your recent editorials have been great—especially that last one on Fitzgerald. You were much too polite to that louse, Westbrook Pegler, though.

Just one thing more and I'm through. What has happened to the horror stories—the ones about man-eating rats and voracious ants?

Sincerely,
Cleveland, Ohio Mary Welsh

MONOLOGUE OF AN ESQ-MADE MAN

From the Boulevards of sin
To the Haylofts in the Glen,
You're the fount of information
For Gap-giddy men!
You taught me, in my ignorance,
How to estimate a wench.
I know when to lay a siege
Or just to storm the trench.
My sophisticated clothes,
Inspired by Esquire
Has got the township's gals
Tumultuous with desire.
When I sit before the piano
They never, never rail,
For with scarcely a pause
I play up and down the scale.
I brighten up a party with tales
Of islands, in the south;
When I get the "*line*" of Chidsey
A-flowing from my mouth.
I've persuaded all my friends to shoot—
Their double crossing wives,
For I know they are unfaithful if . . .
They remain alive.
I'm never short of money
For the "systems" you extol
Has got my pockets bulging
From the size of my bill-fold.
I can entertain a million
Or myself, in a chair,
For you taught me, in your pages
Ponderous games of solitaire.
Not only solitaire
But many other tricks!
I can make myself delirious
With your mathemalunatics.
I'm a Connoisseur of Arts:
Just to hear me is a treat
I know what men like to do
And what they like to eat.
When I meet a "tough egg"
I punch. And punch fast!
The first punch is important—
And also the *last*.
You taught me, Esquire
How to live in elegance
And how to make a gal—
Climb a barbed wire fence.
From the sophisticated boudoir
To the mossy banks of the glen
You're the fount of information
For gap-giddy men.

Thankfully,
George Hallberg
Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

AN ANSWER TO LEO FISCHER

I'm greatly concerned over the effect your March article, *Mayhem at the Box Office,* may have on the mothers and fathers of boys who play basketball today. Of course basketball is strenuous, but there's no cause for the alarm Leo Fischer expresses. Hockey, crew, football—in fact, most interesting sports are strenuous. But no boy who is physically fit will be harmed by playing modern basketball, so long as he is under good leadership. A good leader keeps constant physical check on his players, teaches them to pace themselves, keeps them from wearing themselves out, and the result is better basketball as well as healthy exercise. If an ex-basketball player develops heart disease in later life, don't blame it on basketball; blame it on his off-the-court life. Basketball itself can do no harm to a boy who keeps himself physically fit.

It seems to me that Leo Fischer is on the wrong track about the center jump, which he blames for excessive speeding up of basketball. The elimination of the center jump is the best thing that ever happened to the game! That rule gives the little man a chance to show his wares, makes closer, more colorful games. Remember, you can't score unless you have the ball—and under the old rules you couldn't get the ball if you were shorter than your opponent.

In my opinion your article was perfectly right on one point, however—there's too much distance covered, too much racing up and down the floor today. There's a very simple remedy—standardize the court to the minimum size, 75 or 80 by 50. Today's 94 by 50 courts are absolutely criminal; the necessary up-and-down pace brings on terrific contact and the possibility of injury. With a medium-sized court, there would be more sustained ball handling, more skill in plays—*and* the confusion we have today over variance in court sizes from league to league would be eliminated.

Cordially yours,
New York City Nat Holman
Coach of Basketball at the
College of the City of New York

ALL RIGHT, FOR A CHANGE

Just for variety, why don't you suggest to Mr. Hurrell that he photograph his women with the dress falling off the *right* shoulder? It would be a welcome change.

Very truly yours,
Stanley H. Abrons
Fayetteville, Arkansas

BANNISTER BATS FOR TY TYSON

Your story *Mob Rules in Sport* in the March issue of Esky, is a pip. May I respectfully suggest that you stay the hell out of the fair city of Cleveland in the future, as the denizens of said city are apt to treat you most unkindly when word gets around about what you've done gone and said about them.

No doubt you'll get plenty of unsolicited comment about your piece, so I'm hustling this off to be among the first.

I am not a native Detroiter, being one of the rare folk who manage to get born on Manhattan Island, and have lived all over the cockeyed country during my adult life, so have no axe, garnished with community pride, to grind. Therefore, I hope you'll take an observation on your piece without the customary grain of salt.

The reason Detroit is such a good sport town is that primarily it is a great baseball town, and the interest engendered in baseball slops over into other sports. And, for the exceptional interest in baseball, one Ty Tyson is largely responsible.

Check into this angle the first time you come out this way. You'll be surprised. Cordially,
Harry Bannister, Sales Mgr.
Radio Station WWJ
Detroit, Mich.

CHASING NATHAN FULL-CIRCLE

Month after month I read George Jean Nathan. I endure most of his stuff, but his attack on Disney and *Fantasia* in this month's issue is simply too much!

Nathan is sore as a boil because Disney dared try to interpret the music of some of our great composers. His arguments are nothing short of silly. According to Nathan—if we carry his ideas into other arts—no dramatist should ever write about anything because he isn't qualified to interpret the thoughts, philosophy and aims of others. No artist should attempt to paint, because his work may not be a true analysis of his subject. No inventor should try to invent, because his gadget may not be the most efficient possible.

Also, by the same reasoning, Nathan hasn't any damned business being a critic, because how does he know for sure his criticism is exact!

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. Stephen Tedor

EXHIBITION OF FREE SPEECH

Re: William Lyon Phelps's Queens Row list of eight American women novelists.

May I add the ninth—'Old Lady' Bill Phelps?

Crawford, N. J. Victor J. Zalonis

BULLETIN OUT OF THE BLITZ

As there was a picture of Buck's Club in Esquire some two years ago it may interest some of your readers to know that on the night of September 24th the Club lost its roof through enemy action — and most of its ceilings and all its windows and window panes. Still McGarry, the American barman, who has worked here for 22 years, continued shaking cocktails the very next day amidst all the wreckage and debris—and has continued to do so ever since whilst "first aid" has been rendered to the building. You may be also interested to hear that during this war even our oldest members have ceased to grumble—with one exception—and that was when our November issue of Esquire was torpedoed—still the Varga Calendar in the December number made up for it.

Yours truly,
Herbert Buckmaster
London, England

APPLAUSE FOR LEO FISCHER

I think Leo Fischer has the right slant on an important phase in basketball "the constant strain," which not only affects the heart but the nervous system.

I feel, definitely, that the present game is too strenuous. Especially when five players are required to play forty consecutive minutes. Sincerely,
Clair Bee
Director of Athletics
Long Island University
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

In 76 years we've seen nothing that can match

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

FOR FIVE YEARS AND LONGER, we've felt sure that the special whiskies we'd reserved for the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be extraordinarily fine.

We felt sure because of the painstaking care that went into their making . . . and because of the added knowledge, and added skill we applied to their aging.

But even we ourselves could not foresee the complete magnificence that has crowned the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses. It's whiskey finer than any we have ever known—and we've known many fine whiskies in our time. It's a whiskey we're certain you, too, will put in a class apart and above all others.

So—no matter when you last tasted Four Roses—a new and thrilling experience awaits you in this 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—today?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

TIRED, ACHING FEET WEAK ARCHES?

If your feet, tire, ache, burn; if you suffer from rheumatic-like foot or leg pains—it may be due to your ARCHES. Wear Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS in your shoes. You will enjoy real relief. With exercise, they relieve muscular and ligamentous strain causing these distressing foot aches, pains and fatigue.

Light, resilient and adjustable, Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS slip into any shoe like an insole. Interchangeable. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Department stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops. . . . . $3.50 pr.

FREE FOOT BOOKLET
Explains symptoms, causes and treatment of most all common foot troubles. Contains 153 illustrations. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dep. E, Chicago, Ill.

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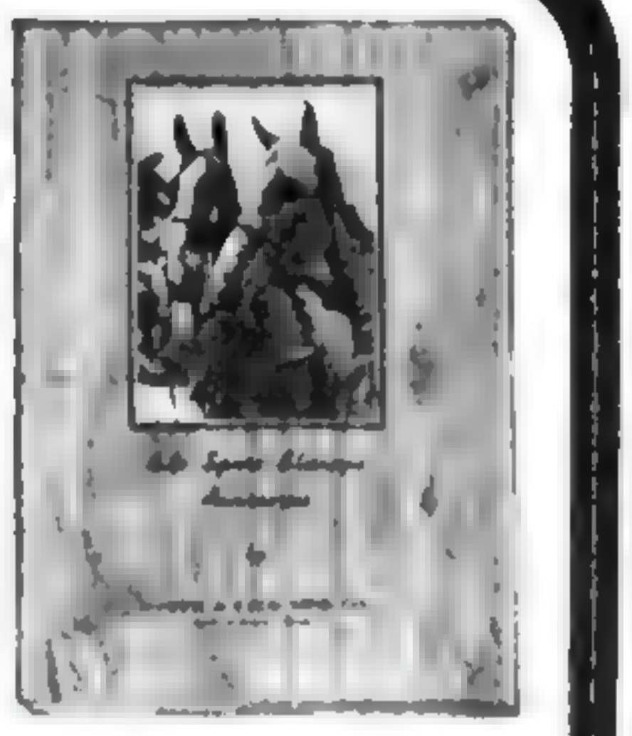

Free TO ALL HORSEMEN

This new catalog illustrating and describing in detail STAR STEEL SILVER Bits, Spurs and Stirrups Fashioned by American craftsmen from a metal that combines the brilliance of silver with the strength of steel, STAR STEEL SILVER is recognized as the world's finest riding hardware. Write North & Judd Mfg. Co., Dept. G, New Britain, Conn.

STAR STEEL SILVER
FINE RIDING HARDWARE

TUBE TWISTER. The bathroom shelf, littered with limp tubes of shaving cream and toothpaste, has long been a marital bone of contention. Now comes lucite to the rescue in the shape of a dispenser that hangs on the wall. A clamp at the bottom holds the tube, which, as you turn a small handle at the side, rolls up tightly inside the dispenser and gives with just the amount of cream or paste you need. The top is a toothbrush holder. Four colors.

CHASTE CHASER. When a knight of old went on a trip, his lonely wife was apt to slip. So, to eliminate the chance of any cat's-away romance, he locked her in a fancy belt; then, no matter how she felt, she had no choice but to be chaste—with ironwork around her waist . . . Today, when wives are more angelic, the belt of chastity's a relic. Instead of signifying gloom, it decorates the rumpus room. Faithful replicas may be obtained, complete with lock and key.

DOG HEYDAY. When he looks at you with those melting brown eyes, you'll forgive your pooch for practically everything, from taking a piece out of the postman to misinterpreting the function of the living room rug. Here are remedies for both offenses. A chain for keeping any size dog in the back yard and still giving him room for exercise. Its swivel top attaches to an anchor with three concealed spikes, which are sunk in the ground. Weatherproof-finished. For that rug situation, a new liquid just out is becoming a dog-owner's standby; removes stains, discourages repetition of the deed.

ON THE MAT. This belongs under the heading of what won't they do next with lucite. What they've done next is to take the highly practical lucite table mats and personalize them with a design of one's own choosing. This is making a great hit with sportsmen, and yachting men particularly – partly because lucite presents no laundry problems on board and partly because a favorite photograph of a boat lends itself to a most attractive design in oils. Painting is done on the wrong side of the mats and shows through the transparent lucite.

MARTIAL NOTE IN FRUGALITY. If your youngster won't save his pennies like a good boy, a drum coin bank should bring him around to the ways of economy. 3½" high, in brass with red plastic or chromium with white, it's adorned on top with two drumsticks and a practically immutable padlock. It looks like a Sousa march sounds, and is inexpensive enough to be in keeping with its intrinsic purpose. Use it yourself for your spare pennies.

ODDMENTS. A big chenille spider that turns all colors of the rainbow when you drop it in the fireplace . . . Two to the bar: a silver-plated valve jigger—you press the handle on the side and the good cheer comes out the bottom. And spiraled lucite cocktail picks that are corn cob holders, too . . . For love without too many commitments—a half-inch-wide sterling silver ring, plain except for the name you have engraved on it.

Ranger

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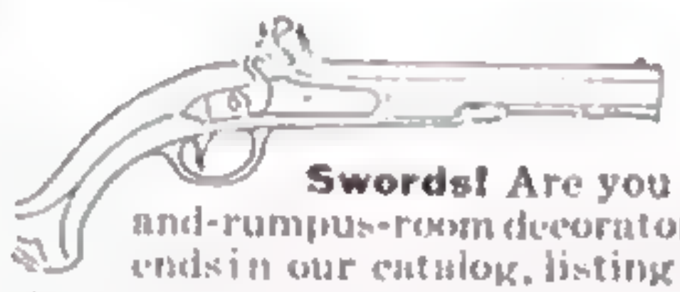

GUNS

Swords! Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: No. 2 Colt .41 cal. Civil War Six-Shooter 8-inch barrel, $12. No. 870 French St. Etienne sword bayonet with date bet. 1873-80, scabbard, $1.75. To get your catalog (completely changed every 2 months), send 10c to cover postage and handling, to

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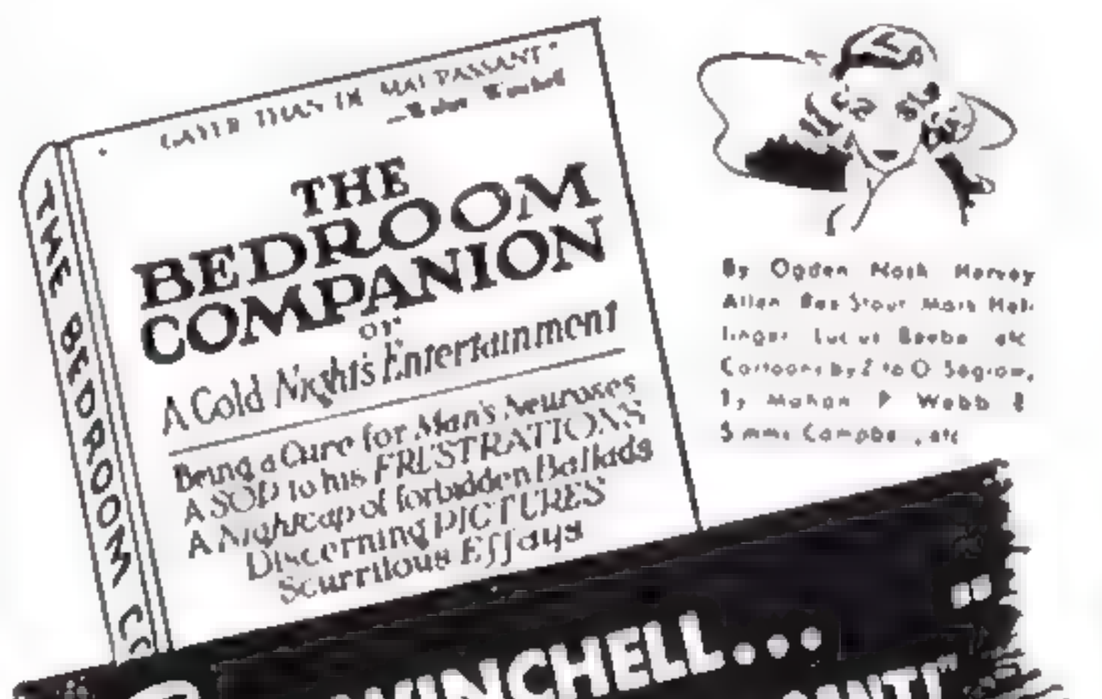

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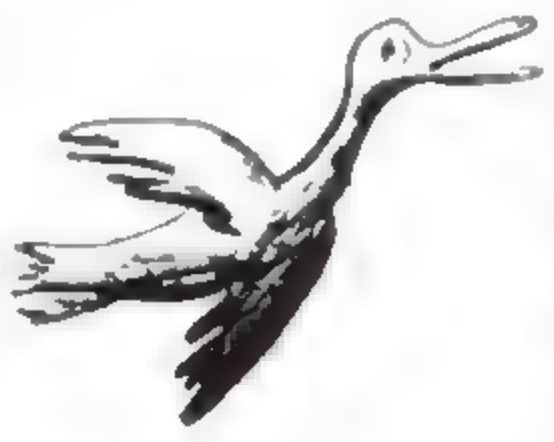
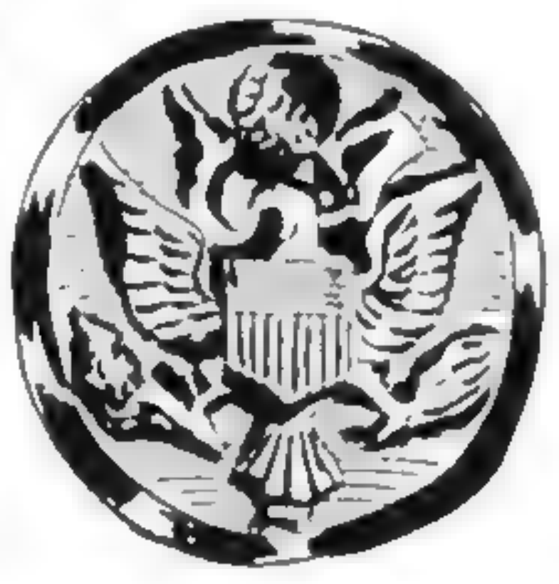
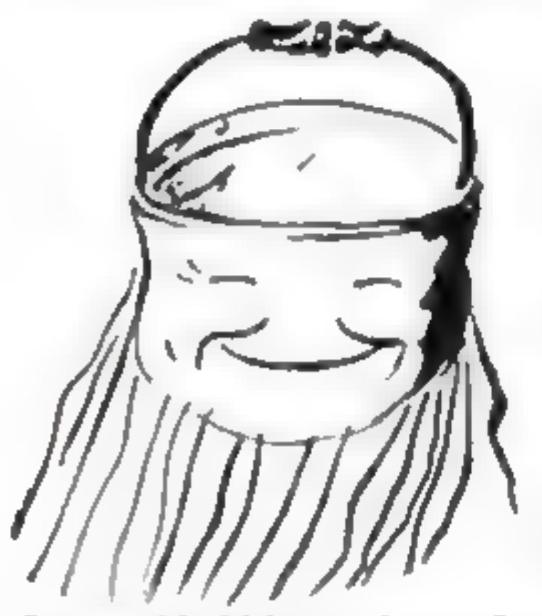
BIRDS IN THE BATHROOM. Having our little feathered friends in the bahth would seem to connote bats in the belfry, but the nicest people are doing it. You've seen, no doubt, realistic high-relief mallards and geese winging their way across many a stylish game-room wall. Now you can get sea gulls in authentically rendered flight position to enliven the bathroom walls. The wing spreads of from thirteen to seventeen inches are impressive. Also zooming toward the medicine cabinet in predatory flight are flamingos. They are twelve inches long, and the color is just what you might expect from a flamingo.



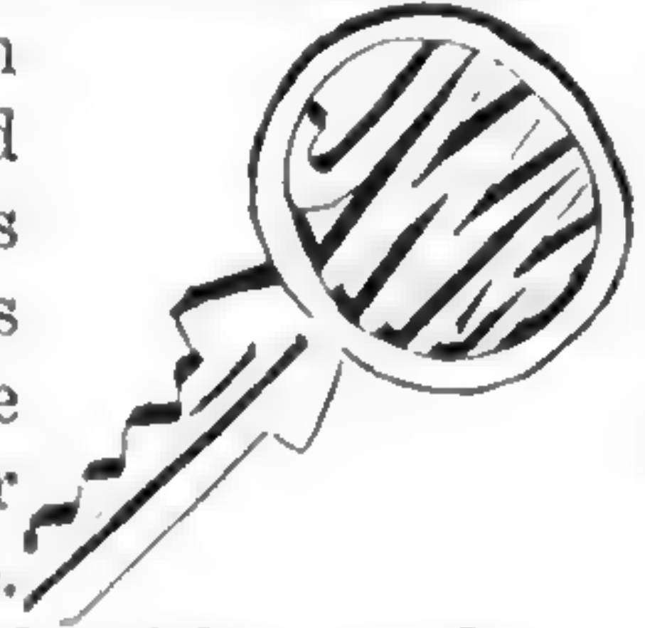
ARMY GIFT BULLETIN. What to give the trainee is a harder nut to crack than Christmas, since lavish donations are out, and only gifts that are strictly to the point are acceptable. Try to be there first with a writing case, which is a "must" in any duffel bag. The best one we have come across is one of the least expensive, but it's so well planned as to interior—containing standard-sized paper, envelopes, address book, calendar pad, loop for pen or pencil, and storage space for letters from home—that it recommends itself to any note-taker, Army or otherwise. Lined with khaki, it fastens with a zipper on three sides. Two sizes . . . Then there's a small leather picture frame, surmounted by the Army insignia, for his snapshot of the One and Only . . . If you're determined to think of everything, send along a button board, too. Made of brass, it's very inexpensive. Fastens scissors-fashion behind a whole row of those buttons that must be kept shiny, and makes it possible to polish them, leaving the uniform itself pristine . . . Most useful of all, perhaps, is the box containing absolutely, so help us, indelible ink, and a rubber stamp with his name and regiment on it. Takes care of marking clothes in nothing flat, and the name is there to stay.



THE OLD CANVAS BUCKET . . . the iron-bound, collapsible bucket, that doesn't hang in the well, but comes in mighty handy on camping trips. Ingeniously constructed, it folds into just about half the size of its base. Otherwise, it's as adequately-sized a bucket as any you ever saw in or out of a well. You don't have to puzzle over the mysteries of collapsibility in the middle of the backwoods, for it's as easy to open up as it is sturdy. There's a canvas washbasin to match, proving that good things come in pairs.



MONOGRAMMED KEY. You might file this away against the day when you have a problem child on your gift list, for it's at once personal and useful, and not nearly as expensive as its gold predecessor. His or her door key is transposed into silver—plated as to the business end, with sterling silver two- or three-letter initials forming the handle. You could give a pair of them to newlyweds without undue pain to your pocketbook.



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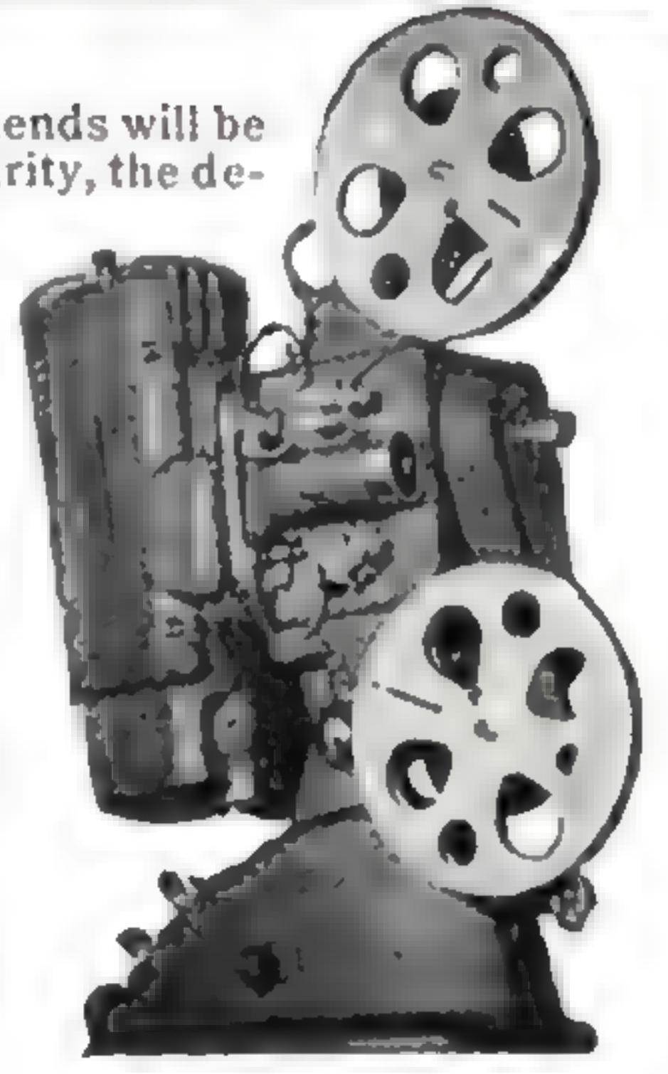

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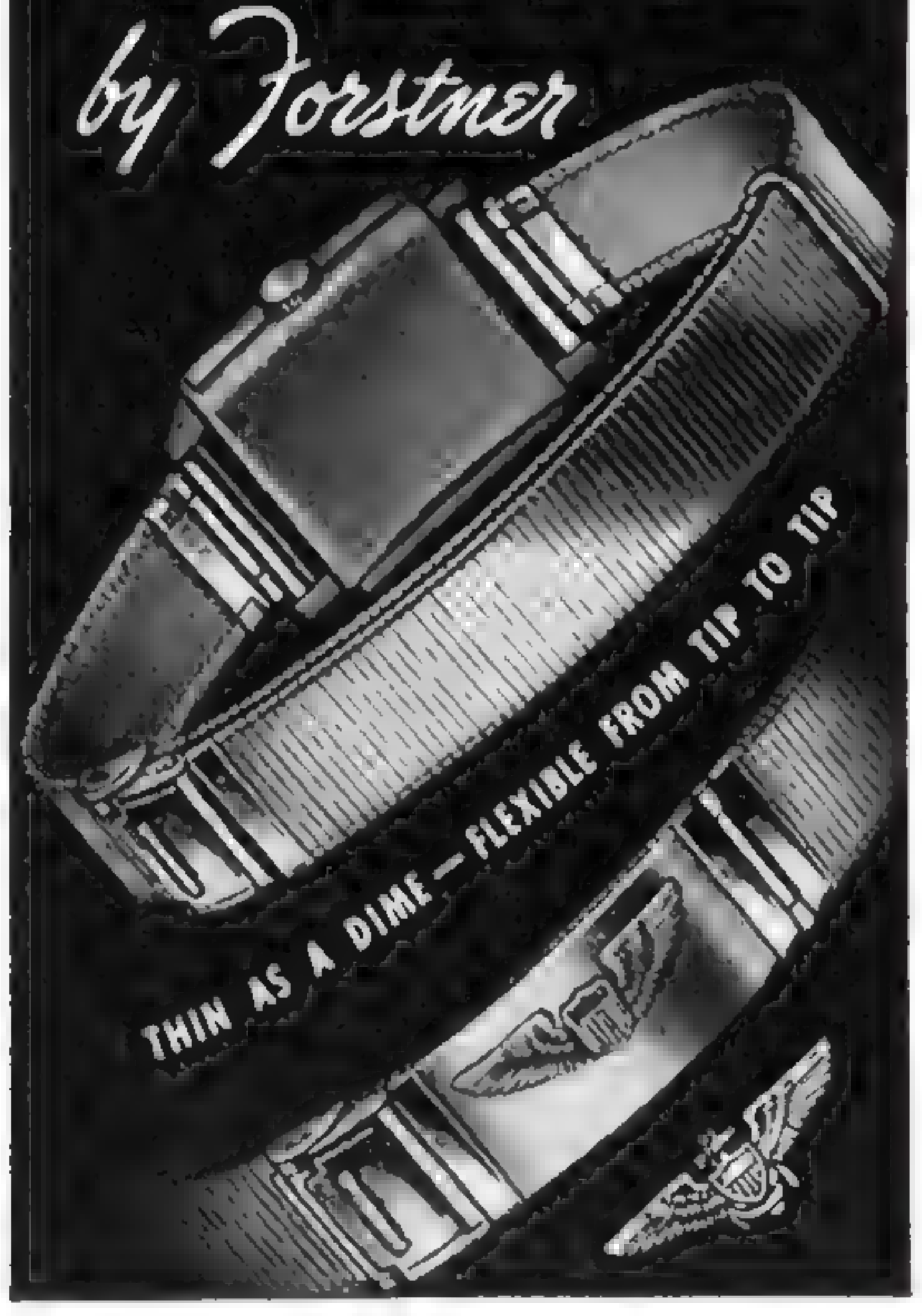
by Forstner



If you really want the *smartest* thing in watch bands, here it is! *Stainless* steel lined—non-corrosive in any climate or season. *Adjustable*—just *slide* to fit. There's nothing that compares with Komfit by Forstner! Komfit is also available with Army Aviation or Navy Aviation insignia.

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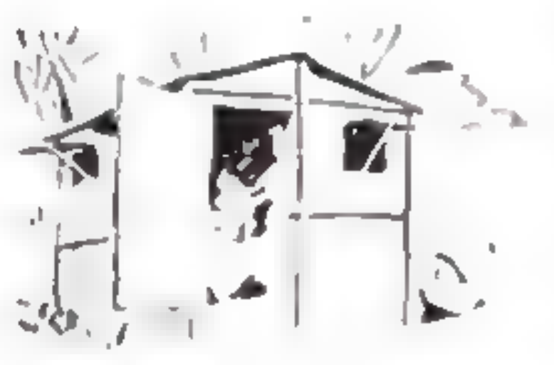
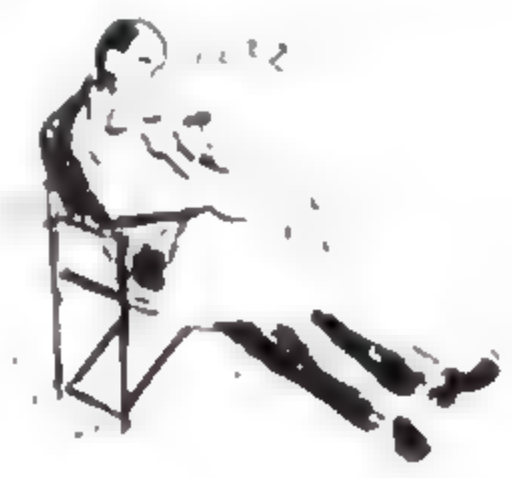


CHAIR IN HAND. We're still folding up on you, but compactness has its recommendations, especially when you get more, not less, convenience into the bargain. A case in point—an outdoor chair that folds up and fits into the pocket that does double duty as chair-back. You wouldn't believe this potential handful could be so comfortable, for the seat is just over a hand-span in depth. But eyes deceive—it's lollers' Nirvana.



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD. Stamps, we mean; or more particularly, a small but useful leather folder for the stamps you couldn't keep in your pocket before. This should do it—it opens out into four flaps, transparent-covered; there's a section for one, two, and three cent denominations, and one for air mail stamps. Fastens with a leather button; many colors. It's inexpensive, so you can give one to each of the stamp moochers you know.

TWO FOR MOTHER'S DAY. Today's *materfamilias* gads about and needs a watch to keep her eye on. If she's ultra-chic into the bargain, what could be better than a chameleon watch—one with three separate cases and straps to fit interchangeably over the 7J watch-face. There are three colors—red, blue, and tan morocco—to add zip to any number of outfits. . . . Chances are she knits. Then how about a sterling silver knitting bracelet that has a rod suspended from it with which to skewer a ball of yarn. A cloisonné tip keeps the yarn from falling on the floor.

ANOTHER FOR MOTHER. If she doesn't gad about and doesn't knit, and writing paper is the only resort, be of good cheer, for then you can have her signature wrought in plastic to affix to any stationery you fancy. The sky's the limit in your choice of colors; her first name, or her full signature, add a mighty handsome three-dimensional fillip to her notepaper. The possibilities of these plastic signatures, incidentally, are almost infinite. Informal calling cards, for instance; or bookplates.

OR HOW ABOUT PERFUME? For the "great lady," *Lenthéric's* Miracle, a perfume classic...If she harks back to the good old days down South, *Shulton's* Friendship's Garden—or Old Spice, if she's from New England. Jet, by *Corday,* is fresh and feminine. *Elizabeth Arden's* Blue Grass is a favorite with outdoor girls of all ages.

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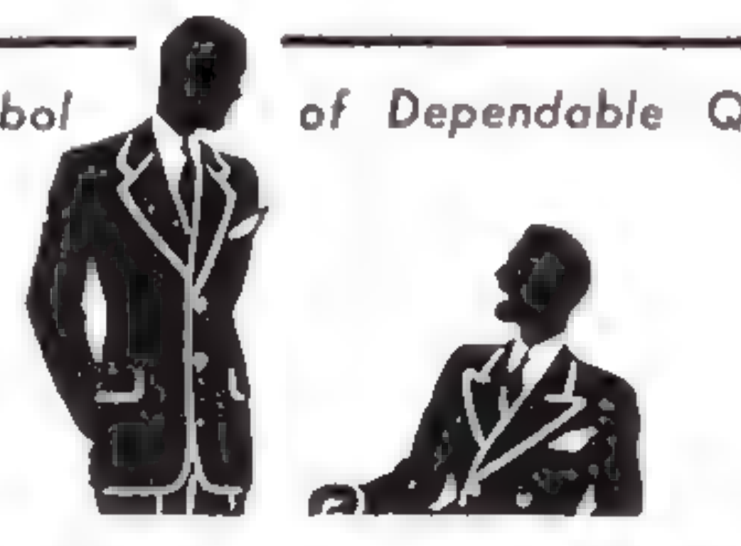

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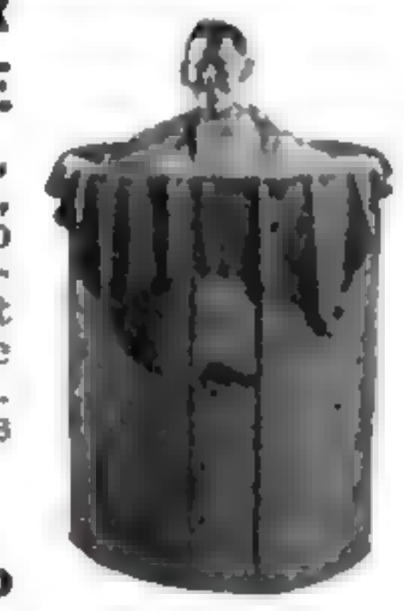

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YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

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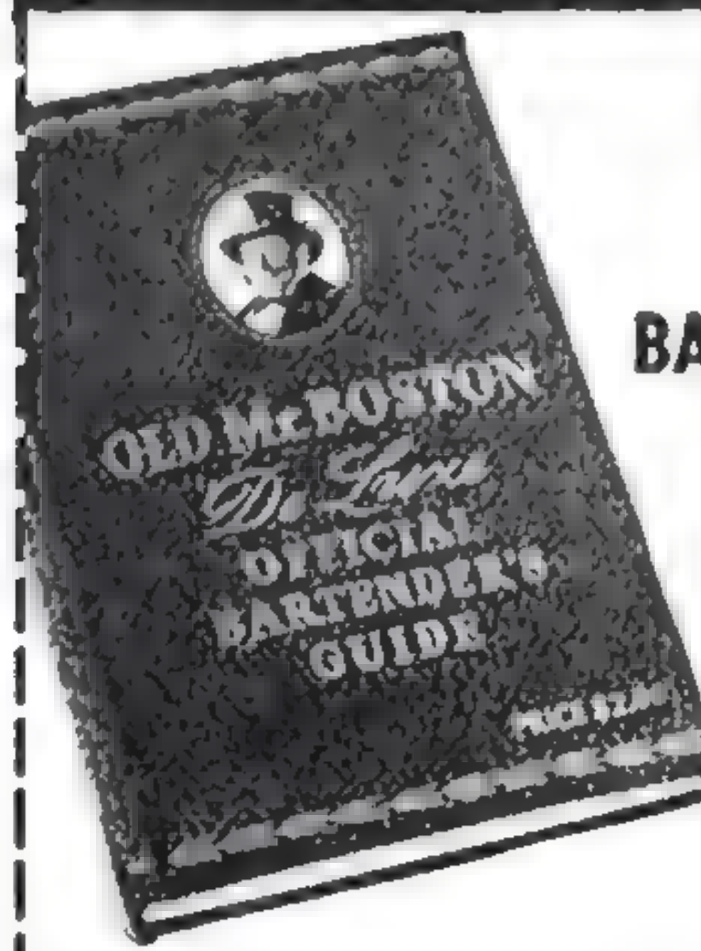

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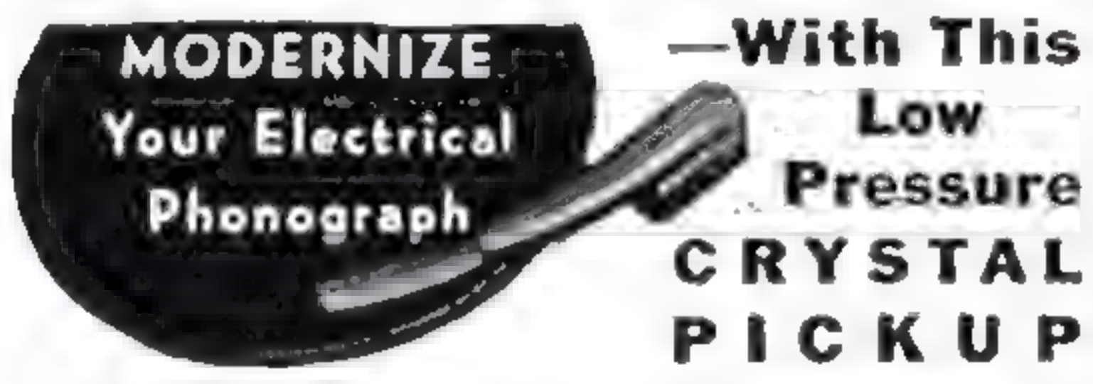

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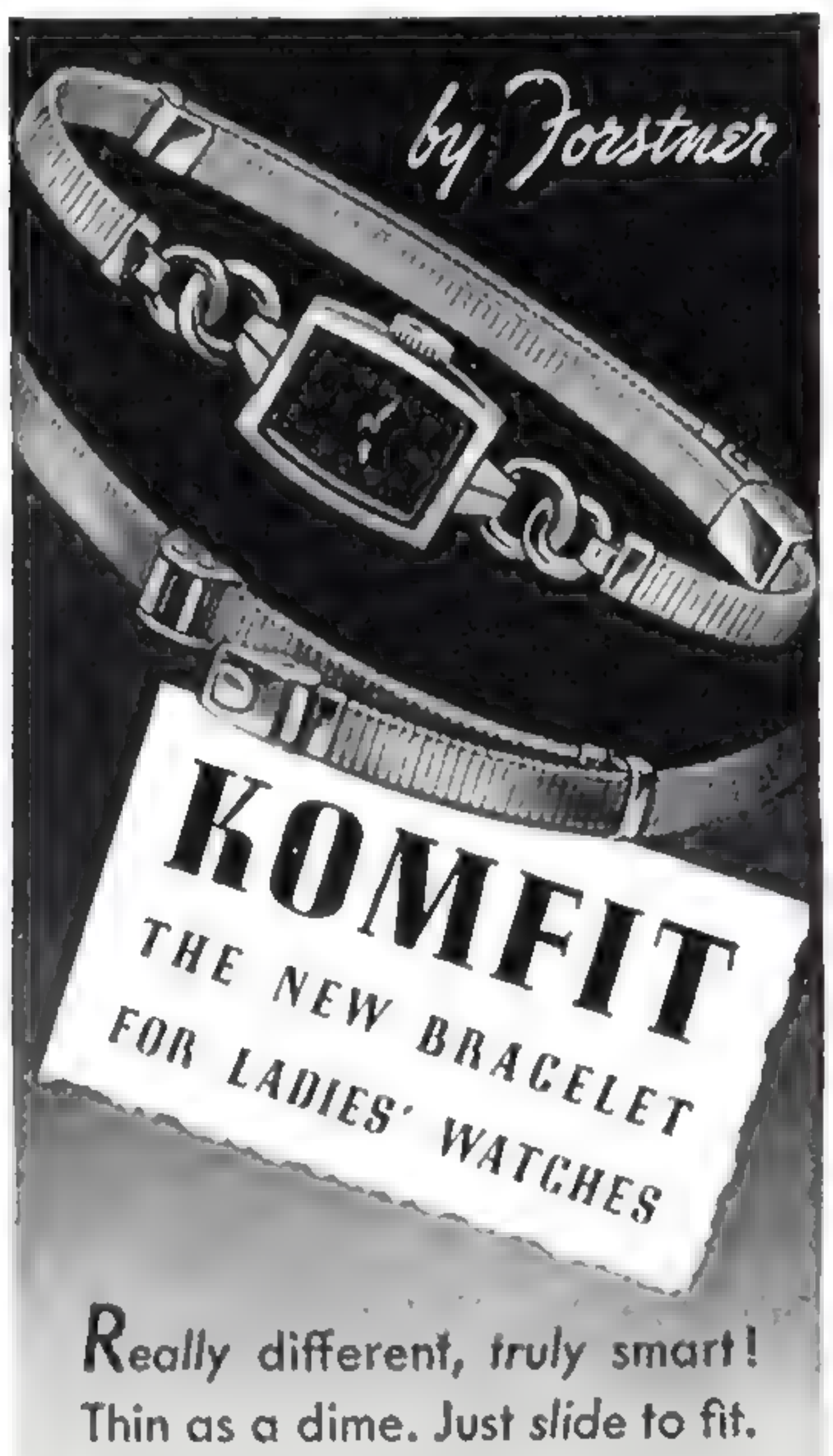

by Forstner

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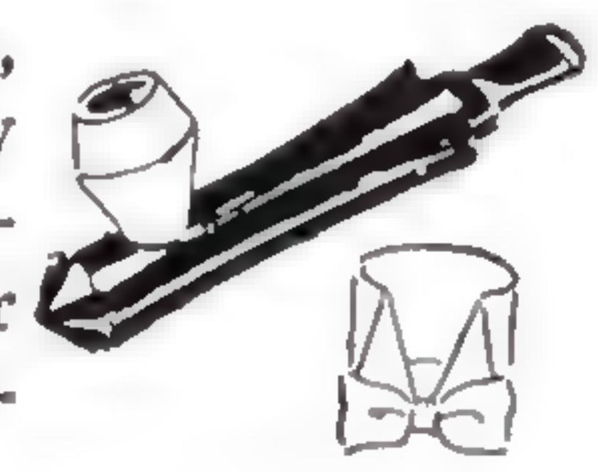
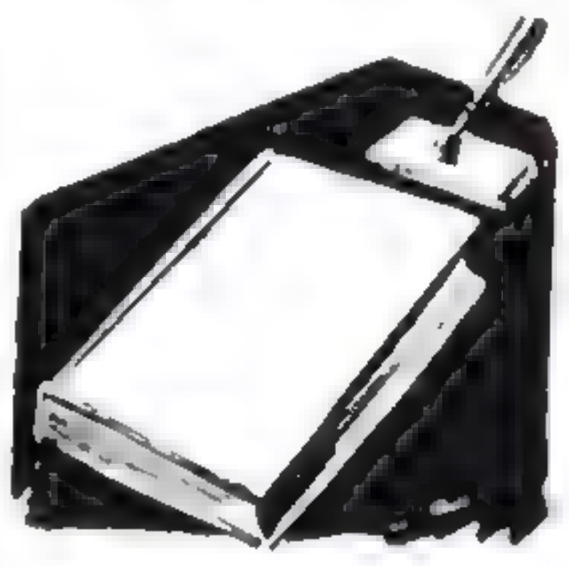
WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT? If you're smitten with the irresistible desire to smoke a pipe at formal functions—lo, a black lucite pipe, with white meerschaum bowl, expressly designed to blend with your black-or-white-tie attire. What more could a smoker ask? (No, Junior, they don't have black-and-white tobacco.)



THE GAME BIRDS' CORNER. If you used to get A in Spelling, there's a new game on the market that you and your cronies should sail for in a big way. It involves, among other things, grubbing in a pile of assorted letters with sticky-tipped utensils, and making words out of the letters so obtained. A completed word entitles you to a share in a gold mine, no less, and five shares entitle you to a gold brick. Three gold bricks, and you're The Winner. Two to six people can play. It's a swell solution for that awkward problem: What to do when there's no fourth for bridge?

WHAT'S IN A WORD? This seems as good a time as any to call your attention to a new desk dictionary, combining the best features of both dictionary and encyclopaedia, in a handsome binding. Among its many helpful features: really legible type; a sensible system for indicating pronunciation; illustrations and maps that are truly worth the proverbial thousands of words. All told, it contains useful data on some 63,000 words, and is up-to-date enough to include "blitzkrieg" and "swing music". (Incidentally, although the publisher calls it a "streamlined" dictionary, there ain't no such animal, as we discovered by looking up the meaning of "streamlined" for ourselves. Let's call it "modern" and let it go at that.)



PRETTY PICTURES. If your friends and relatives seem a bit restive when you proudly display those vacation movies you took last summer, you might investigate the resources of a New York concern which rents and/or sells old-time movies on 16 mm. film. At present, they point with pride to their Kodachrome reproductions of the first films in color. (The originals, made some 35 years ago, covered all types of fashions, house interiors, and the like, and were tinted, frame by frame, by hand.) They'll also provide you with the first, pre-Disney animated cartoons—remember Gertie the Dinosaur, and Little Nemo?

Ranger

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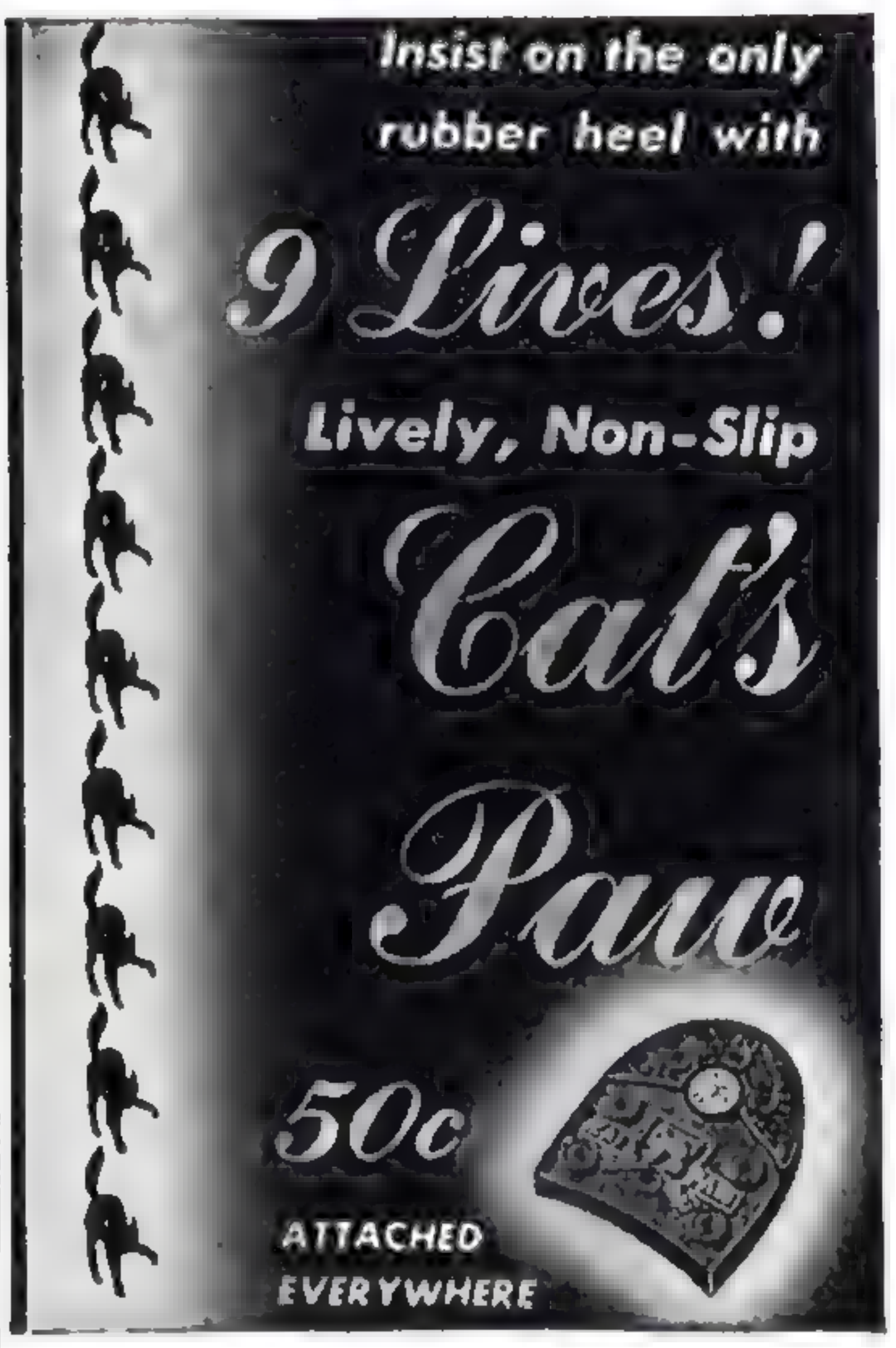

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Men entering any branch of the Service...or already in...will find Brooks Brothers an *officially* recognized and thoroughly dependable source of supply for Uniforms and Accessories of every approved type.

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(*Rank Insignia Extra*)
Ready-made Blouse, $47
Ready-made Slacks to Match, $18
Service Cap (imported fur felt), $14
Field Cap, $4

NAVY
(*Rank Insignia Extra*)
Ready-made Blue Serge Service Jacket & Trousers, $55
White Jacket and Trousers, $12
White Mess Jacket, $9.50
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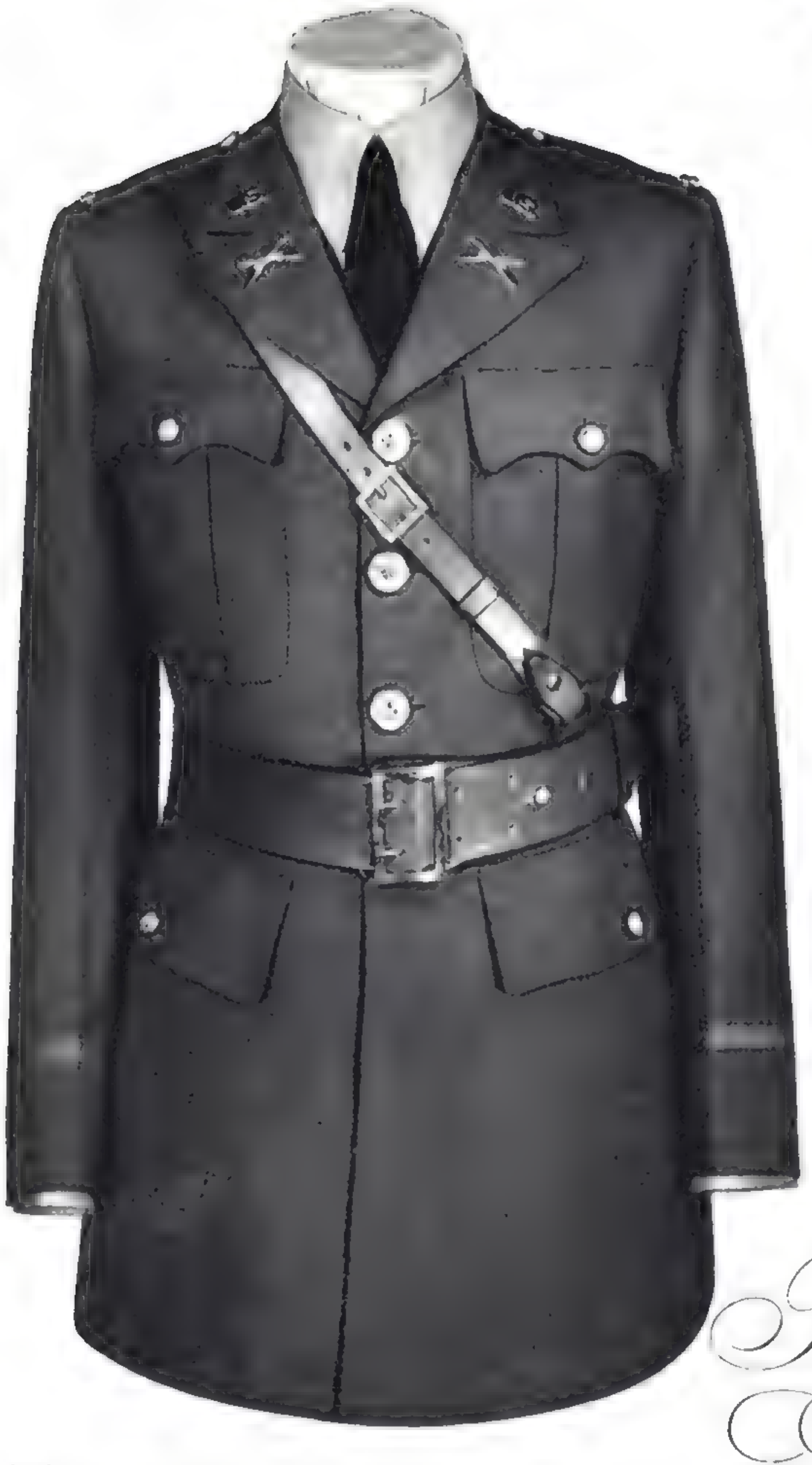

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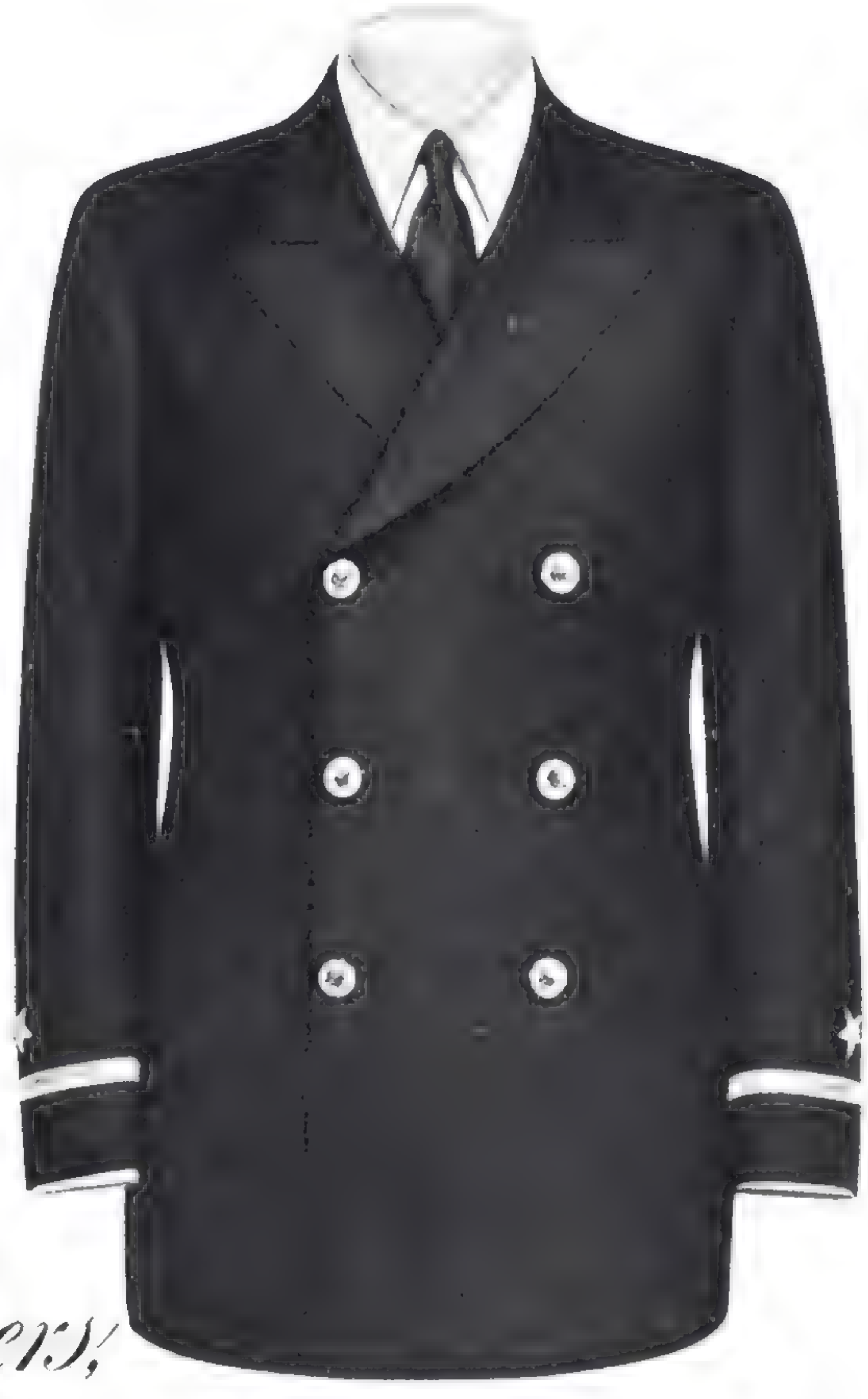

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ANYWAY, IT'S CLEAN

Whoever discovered the germ certainly started something. Every week since then, practically, someone runs into a new kind of bug to look out for. And as fast as one is dug up, there's a new system evolved for getting rid of the little blighters, all the way from strong soap to wishful thinking.

Our own scientific Oscar for 1941 goes to the Hotel New Yorker. Their new defense weapon against bacteria has everything, including the psychological. The psychology of a bathroom 99% free of bacteria, desirable or undesirable, of any kind or description, has gotten the management whooping with delight, because they've found the answer and are even now purveying the results to a germ-conscious public.

It's all done with ultraviolet ray, by means of a gadget that's a wonder to behold. Not only that, but it costs a pretty penny for this ultraviolet psychology, and the New Yorker, being a good-sized inn, has had to lay in quite a store of them. However, they figure it's worth it.

In early February of this year, the first guest bathroom door at the New Yorker was sealed with a cellophane strip, indicating that purity lay beyond and that no germs from Podunk were lying in wait for the subsequent visitor from Scranton. They had been killed dead as a doornail in ten minutes flat by means of an odd-looking contraption wheeled in and left there with the juice on by the hotel maid while she did up the room. Through the aegis of electricity, not only had the floor, walls, and plumbing been sanctified, but the inside of the drinking glass and the interior of the medicine cabinet as well. What won't they think of next?

ULTRA-VIOLET

The idea of bathrooms sealed in cellophane was whipped up last year by the executives of the Hotel New Yorker in congress assembled, and put into operation by a subsidiary of the General Electric Company. The principle is substantially the same as that used at the Cradle, famous foundling home in Evanston, Illinois, and in the Children's Hospitals in Philadelphia, Boston, and Toronto. Experiments showed that the rays of ultraviolet sterilizing lamps prevented the spread of bacteria from one baby's crib cubicle to another. The rays simply caused bacteria to disintegrate and disappear even under the microscope, before they'd had a chance to reconsider the error of their ways.

Armed with data on the case of the disappearing microbe, the New Yorker staff had their own machines designed and built, and then subjected to tests by the United States Testing Laboratory, which went to bat with scientific forthrightness and found the machines to be 99% effective in destroying bacteria present in the bathrooms where the tests were made. You'll just have to take your chances with the other 1%. Anyway, after going through all that, they should be allowed to live.

On the day the ultraviolet machines were officially introduced to the public, the New Yorker, trembling with suppressed excitement, spotted sleuths about the corridors, and they accompanied new and unsuspecting signers-in to their rooms, where the treat was waiting for them. Perhaps the most poignant reaction came from a man who carried his own specially prescribed athlete's foot powder around with him in his suitcase. But even the hardier souls who take their germs where they find them were excited even as little children at the idea of breaking the cellophane tape themselves with a hot and cold running shower as the reward. It was almost as good as opening a bridge, with Tammany standing by, cheering. In other words, the public was nuts about it.

Mark our words, though, this sort of thing is what causes unrest in the country. The New Yorker is the only hotel that is equipped with ultraviolet sterilizing lamps, having the exclusive right to them. Then what about the salesman who goes from his unsullied New Yorker bathroom to the provenly less antiseptic one on his next overnight stop—who goes away for a vacation—who spends a weekend with the Smiths? If he's the kind of man we expect him to be after the New Yorker has gotten through with him, he'll be an anxious, harried creature, twitching with imaginary infection, fearful to leave his aspirin in the medicine cabinet, miserable until he gets back to the pure, unblemished tile of the New Yorker's bathroom refuge, where not so much as a *staphlycoccus epidermis albus* can get at him.

Ranger

IT CAN HAPPEN AT ANY BREAKFAST TABLE!...
"WELL, HERBERT, YOU CAN'T SAY I DON'T TRY TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE"
"NO, BUT THE RESULTS YOU GET ARE PRETTY TRAGIC"

Pst! Pst! Mrs. Marshall

...why don't you switch to mellow mountain-grown Beech-Nut!

IT'S REALLY A CINCH for Mrs. Herbert Marshall, or for you, to serve perfect coffee. Just try Beech-Nut!

For, Beech-Nut Coffee contains such an *added* supply of flavor and fragrance that every single cup of it is delicious. That extra goodness is the result of blending, with other superb coffee beans, a generous extra helping of choice beans from South America's Mellow Flavor Zone. These mountain-grown beans give Beech-Nut its matchless taste-appeal.

At its moderate price, Beech-Nut Coffee is a luxury you can't afford to miss!

It's easier to make fine coffee with Beech-Nut!

THE MELLOW FLAVOR ZONE

Mountain-grown beans from the Mellow Flavor Zone add

EXTRA FLAVOR—EXTRA FRAGRANCE

IN 2 GRINDS—
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Drip Grind—The correct grind for all glass and drip coffee makers.

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STEEL CUT
Beech-Nut Coffee
DRIP GRIND
Beech-Nut Coffee

MR. & MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL
Herbert Marshall is the Star of the new Columbia picture, "SENATE PAGE BOY." Don't miss it—Coming soon to your local theater.

Beech-Nut Coffee
The luxury coffee . . . at the moderate price

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That is the way one of the largest buyers of advertising in the United States judges newspapers.

He went on to explain: "We national advertisers are too far from the scene. It takes us a year or more to sense the change in a newspaper field.

"The same is more or less true of the department stores. Because their organizations are so large and complicated, they must lay out their plans far ahead.

"Classified advertisers, the little fellows, flock like sheep.

"The specialty stores, middle advertisers with businesses doing between $50,000 and $5,000,000, can check more closely and promptly on advertising results than any other class of advertisers."

Philadelphia's "middle advertisers" . . . the specialty stores (clothing, food and so forth), increased their advertising in The Philadelphia Record during 1940 by 480,460 lines or 19 per cent.

The increase in all Philadelphia newspapers for retail advertising other than department stores was 1,337,691 lines or 10 per cent, for the same period!

"Watch the middle advertisers!" The Record's gain was more than double the average of all newspapers combined. And this gain was accomplished without any change in rate, special discounts on certain days or any other artificial method of increasing linage!

The Record's circulation and advertising linage are climbing . . .

In Philadelphia, *The Trend is to The Record.*

Philadelphia RECORD

Philadelphia's MAJORITY Newspaper

Jeweler Crafted Belts
...with the Mark of INDIVIDUALITY
BELT WITH UNI-GRAM BUCKLE, $1
BELT WITH TWINITIAL BUCKLE, $2
by SWANK

Designed and executed throughout in the traditional Swank jeweler-crafted technique...these splendid belts...cut from selected leathers...in colors attuned to seasonal ensembles...bear the wearer's own initials...in a choice of motifs.

Attractively packaged for gifts...at leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

Father's Day June 15th

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

STREAMLINED CIRCUS

April 1, spring, and the circus are interchangeable words to New Yorkers. Barring acts of God and freak weather, you can't have one without another. Should Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey one day change their minds and start their thirty-weeks' show in the West instead of the East, it would toss many an equilibrium off balance. We can get used to not having the World's Fair, but could we get used to Madison Square Garden without the circus as its April tenant?

There's another reason for seeing the circus this year than the merely sentimental one that accounts for many a ticket-buyer. Norman Bel Geddes, who has brought furniture and factories down to their least common denominator, is the spirit behind the circus this year. Starting with the tent itself, he has redesigned and recreated the physical aspects of the entire show. The traditional circus spirit still remains, but the approach of the head man in design has been tantamount to a shot in the arm. This year, you won't have to go back to your childhood to enjoy the big show. You can react as the person you are today, which will be all to the good unless you really prefer your circus corny. It is naturally to be expected that a streamlined circus – of all things – will elicit viewings with alarm from circus fans all over the country.

The idea behind the redesigning project, however, was not to eliminate all those non-essentials that are part and parcel of the circus spirit, but rather to do away with the confusion of color, line, and ideas that probably had as much to do with the kiddie's subsequent stomach-ache as too many peanuts and hot dogs. So, to begin with, the menagerie has been given a new setting. Instead of elaborate red and yellow cages, ornate and rococo, there will be a proscenium effect brought about by side wings that open up and join together, giving a continuous dramatic line. It has been borne in mind by the Geddes organization that a circus must travel and be prepared to move quickly. So the cages are as well adapted to transportation as they are to exhibition. The wooden partitions, for instance, that cover the bars when the animals are not on view, fold towards the middle horizontally. Opened, the bottom panel lets down to cover the wheels, and the upper one is raised over the top. The effect of a row of cages is rather like a partitioned stage, and very easy on the eyes. At the back of the cages have been painted lifelike representations of the native habitats of their respective occupants.

The big top itself—which New Yorkers never get to see, anyway, unless they see the circus out of town—won't be ready in its new form until next year, though the principle has been applied in a smaller version for the sole benefit of Gargantua, M'Toto, and their public. Four corner poles made of steel eliminate the multitude of props that have always been necessary in the past to hold up the tent. There will be much more freedom inside the tent for the staging of the show itself.

It was, in fact, the redesigning of the tent that led Geddes into redesigning the entire circus. Now, not a stone has been left unturned. Even the ticket-takers' uniforms have been done over. Incidentally, it was in the designing of these uniforms that the Geddes organization discovered a principle of streamlining that was news even to them. Seems that they can't be made with pockets; an old circus tradition. So pocketless they are even now.

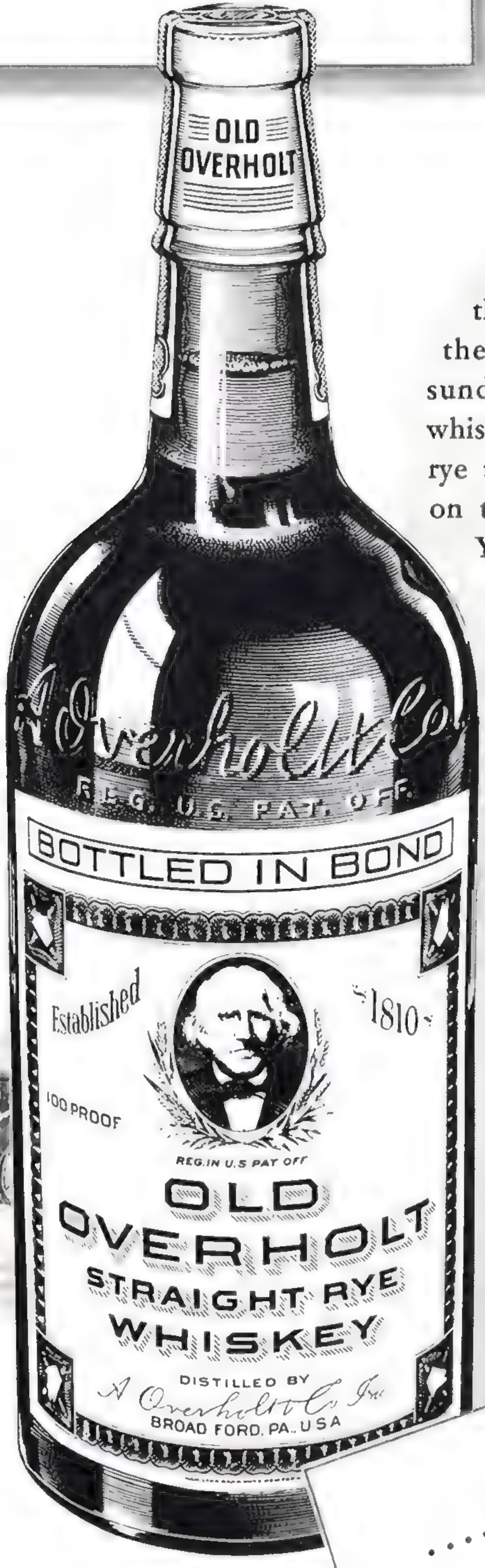
One of the obstacles that had to be faced by Geddes was the fact that all their work had to be done while the circus was in its Sarasota headquarters. On the road, it would have been possible to see the circus, in all its phases, in operation. Streamlining, after all, is based as much, and more, on the use to which the article is to be put as it is on mere appearance. The function, in other words, creates the design. But while the circus was in Sarasota, none of the tools of the trade were being used. So the designers had to rely largely on conversations with circus people, who knew from experience what could be improved and what was unnecessary. And also what traditions it would be heretic to overthrow.

For example, you can't get a clown to change his makeup. The way he puts on his white powder and greasepaint is his trademark. To copy another clown's makeup would practically be an infringement of copyright. To get him to change it would practically be revolution. When you see Felix Adler, dean of clowns, caparisoned for the

Continued on page F

taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE


OLD OVERHOLT
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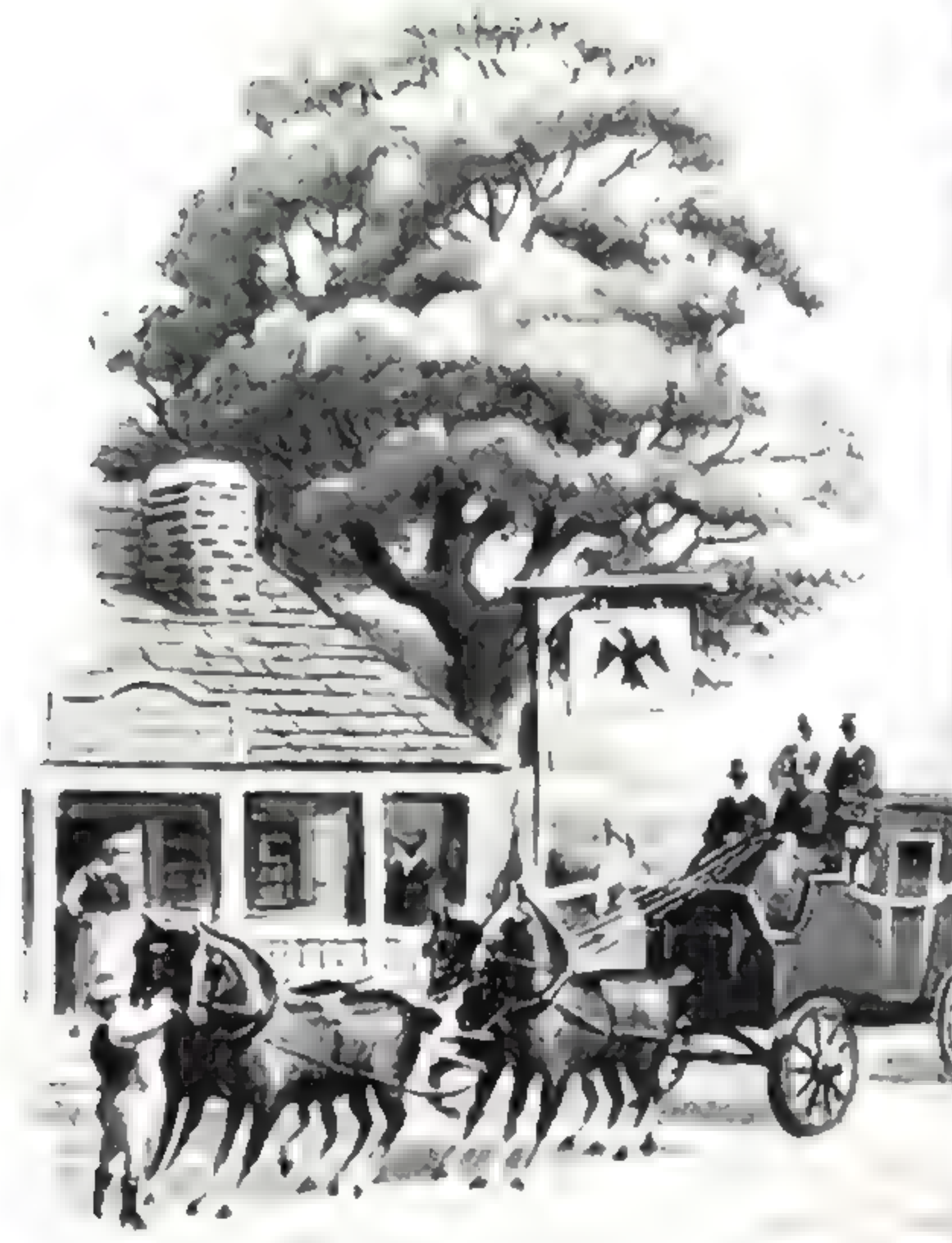
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.

In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until



THE SPREAD EAGLE INN *was located on the Lancaster Pike, 17 miles west of Philadelphia, and here travelers into the western wilderness often stopped for a meal and a nip of Old Overholt.*

. . . . IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

taste tells! 1941

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
Copr. 1941, A. Overholt & Company, Inc., N. Y.

Enjoy a Drink that's
FAR MORE DELICIOUS
THAN MERE
TOMATO JUICE!
COLLEGE INN
COLLEGE INN
THE Original
TOMATO JUICE
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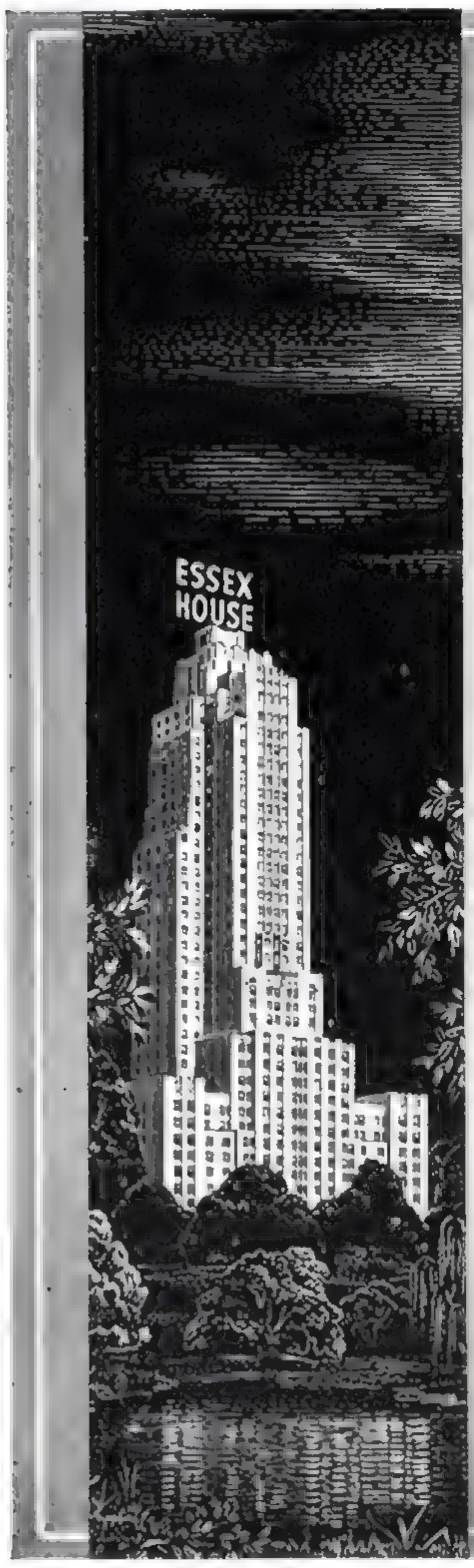
CHICAGO • ILLINOIS • U•S•A•
Far More
THAN MERE TOMATO JUICE

EXPECT A DIFFERENCE...a zestier, tangier tomato flavor when you drink College Inn Tomato Juice COCKTAIL. Its rich, bracing flavor is one you'll enjoy day after day. The children will too, and it's good for them.

SO ENJOY the juice of the choicest, sun-ripened tomatoes blended with a subtle seasoning that's College Inn's secret. Weeks of mellow aging produces an extra goodness that satisfies. To serve, just chill it in its shaker-shaped glass jar! It's marvelous!

COLLEGE INN
Tomato Juice Cocktail



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more COMFORT

More and more people are turning to Essex House because it offers all the essentials of good living in suites of 2 or 3 large rooms—eliminating the care and responsibilities of running a menage of your own. Enjoy the peace of the Park, smooth hotel service—your own kitchen, complete with 4-burner stove and refrigeration.

UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED
At attractive prices by the Year
for Immediate or Fall Occupancy

OSCAR WINTRAB, *Managing Director*

ESSEX HOUSE
On-the-park

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page D

purposes of this year's show as Old King Cole, his costume will be Geddes, but his faces will be Adler, the clown, as ever was.

As Old King Cole, Adler heads perhaps the largest designing venture of the circus in which Geddes has had a hand. The theme of the spectacle at the early part of the show, based on the Mother Goose rhymes, is a complete reversal of functionalism, if the period of costuming has anything to do with it. Eighteenth Century Porcelain, it is, staged by Albertina Rasch, executed by Brooks, and costing a pretty penny. Mother Goose herself is a man dressed in $800 worth of rococo frippery. To complete this costly extravaganza, there is every Mother Goose character that anyone could possibly think of—the man from St. Ives with his seven wives (dwarves in comic masks), Contrary Mary, the little pigs who went to market, Peter the Pumpkin Eater, complete with wife in pumpkin shell, and cock horses going to Banbury Cross—the horses' hind legs are shapely and feminine and belong to the top half of the horses' riders.

The super-finale, in which capable and attractive young ladies ascend to the top of Madison Square Garden trailing silver cloth, which reverses to display what but the American flag, is also being staged by Mme. Rasch, as is the other flight of fancy involving the same young ladies costumed as birds and swinging idly on trapezes. Brooks whipped up these creations, too, no two of which are alike, and completely covered with feathers attached by hand. Brooks, incidentally, and obligingly, had a hand in not only making the costumes, but in getting the right girls to fill them. When last seen, they were trying to locate past performers in Billy Rose's *Aquacade* as likely material. There should be about twenty-five New York girls hanging from the rafters in silver cloth and feathers, astonished but game, as the circus starts its thirty-week tour this year.

So when it comes to the actual business of the show itself, apparently Geddes has as much fun as anybody, and has proved himself a good hand at superpageantry. In fact, just to show his heart's in the right place, he brought the calliope out of retirement for this year's show, as a proper touch of antimacassar. Apparently there's no limit to the omnipotence of a Geddes once he gets started. It all began with a conversation with John Ringling North about a circus tent, and now look at the darned thing.

DOWNBEAT AT CARNEGIE

As if it weren't enough trouble just to form an attitude—to form, as it were, an editorial policy on the various phases of human existence—somebody's always coming along to shake them up. You decide you don't like modern art because it's obvious the man can't even draw and then you are shown some early Picassos that are as classic—and as boring—as any National Academician's. You decide that a musician aware of the public taste in dancing is too bound by crass commercialism to have any real intellectual standing, and the first thing you know he's giving a concert at Carnegie.

Paul Whiteman was the notable first to throw the conventional musical attitude off its feet, when he introduced Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* to a public composed as much of the long-haired boys as of the then equivalent of the jitterbug. Benny Goodman has done as much to disconcert the concertgoer; and now comes Mark Warnow to build further on the idea that even a vulgar broadcasting career can have artistic integrity. And what's more, bring to light something new in orchestral music.

Warnow has been working for some months on the concert he is scheduled to give at, if you must know, Carnegie, in the middle of May. He's giving it chiefly because he wants to; not because he expects to make a profit out of it, and certainly not because he has a lot of time on his hands, because he hasn't. In addition to being musical director of CBS, he batons the *Hit Parade*, gives the musical background to *We the People* and creates a tuneful melodic atmosphere to Helen Hayes' weekly dramas. Among these three widely divergent programs his many-faceted musical abilities spread as smoothly as maple syrup over pancakes.

We the People is the program that yanks people who are in the news over to the studio to reenact their claims to fame. The accompanying music falls into approximately four categories; sad, humorous, dramatic, patriotic—the latter a comparatively recent acquisition, and the only one that doesn't require original music. For the dramatic "My-

Continued on page G

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page F

God-he-shot-her!" type of sketch ending, Warnow lets go with a "stinger"–his own word for a crashing chord to heighten dramatic effect. He has about six stingers in use, and in rehearsal he'll yell, "Okay, boys–stinger four!"

The headache on the Helen Hayes show is one of change-of-mind. The mood of the music is entirely dependent on the last line of the scene, and so if the words are merely transposed at later rehearsals to give a different inflection, the music Warnow has written is out, and new music must be composed to conform to the new note of levity, sincerity, poignance, etc. These musical "bridges" are very important to a drama, inasmuch as they not only occur at the ends of scenes, but are used to indicate a lapse of time, or simply as a background.

The shindig at Carnegie is unusual in that it promises to be the most controversial program of music to hit the country since Whiteman brought Gershwin to the classes. Warnow, however, is no man to shy away from innovations. He's the guy who introduced his brother's, Raymond Scott's, music to radio. The concert scheduled for May 15th will feature contemporary American music, more than three-quarters of it never before heard. The composers represented comprise some of America's greatest living artists, who are delighted that their music will be given a good break–that is, it will be conducted by a man who understands and appreciates what they're writing – and expertly played by men who feel the same way.

For his concert, Warnow is using all forty-five musicians on the *Hit Parade*, plus forty or fifty extras. Most of these latter will be used to pad out the string section, for Warnow considers his radio brass section the finest in the world. The *Hit Parade* boys, a dozen of whom have their own bands, by the way, have been sneaking in rehearsals with Mark ever since the middle of January. As soon as the ink is dry on a composition, as many as are free get together to give it a quick run-over. Masters of their instruments, they understand and love the music they're working on, which augurs well for the concert.

The program is filled with the type of ribbing musicians love. One piece, for instance, is titled *The Three B's*. A simple (and corny) folk song was turned over to some brilliant arrangers, and the result is three intricate compositions in the respective styles of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. The musical horseplay is a work of ultra-subtle art, designed to show off the arranger's talent as such. Another sly by-play will be a selection called *Method by Schillinger*. There's a story attached to that. About two years ago Warnow became aware that his arrangers were in a dither about a new and radically different method of arranging. Every time they got into a musical discussion, the magic word "Schillinger" would cause a furore among the boys. Warnow, not one to be left behind in any new musical development, looked up Mr. Schillinger, and enrolled for a full course of lessons, which lasted a year. The Schillinger method (which was imparted to Gershwin, by the way) may best be described as arriving at music by mathematics, or as one of the non-Schillinger disciples once said, "Bach without melody." The man has something, though. *Method by Schillinger* will be an interesting composition to the uninitiated, and a witty musical satire to those in the know.

The closing piece, as another instance, is titled simply *Closing Piece*. It's Warnow's own idea. "For years," he says, "conductors racked their brains for closing pieces; chestnuts like *Marche Slav* and *1812 Overture* were overworked, and more recently the boys have been using Wagner and *Rienzi Overture* for a sock finish. So I decided to title the closing piece, which was written by Raymond Scott especially for that purpose, *Closing Piece*."

Still another plum the program holds out is a preview selection from Earl Robinson's yet unfinished opera, *The People, Yes*, which he's adapting from Carl Sandburg's poem. The composition, tentatively titled *The Plains of How-de-How*, features, in addition to the full-sized symphony, a chorus and solo voices. Robinson's fine sense of musical drama can always be relied upon for a sock number, as they say in the trade. Warnow's method of programming the concert is a startling innovation in simplicity. It's in four parts: first, Arranger's Art; second, Serious Music; third, Words and Music; and last, Entertainment Music.

This concert should give you an idea of what a musical director means when he says, "Some day, I'll give a concert . . ." It's a radical departure from the standard Carnegie Hall concerts, although that wasn't Warnow's sole idea. They were, until a short time ago, merely dreams that he mentally filed away against a day in May, 1941.

Ranger

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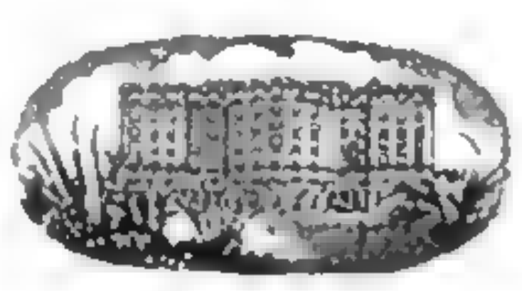

ARTHUR L. RACE, *Managing Director*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

HERE'S MORGAN

One of the best shows in town emanates from a two-by-four glass-partitioned room without benefit of studio audience. It consists entirely of Henry Morgan, and even the engineer laughs when Morgan sits down to broadcast.

Henry Morgan may be just the name of a pirate to you if you put in a lot of overtime and never get home till after seven in the evening. But for every non-Morgan listener, there is a coterie of Morganites who are constantly discovering each other at cocktail parties and mass meetings, forsaking all others to quote Morgan's latest. Having Morgan in common is the begining of many a beautiful friendship.

Larger and more conspicuous radio programs are the result of careful soul-searching on the part of their sponsors, waiting on the every whim of the possible program listener and potential merchandise buyer, who is subjected to surveys, research, and telephone calls asking whether he is listening to Malarkey's Minstrel Show and if not why not. No element is left out except the element of discovery. Possibly the chance of finding out for yourself is too much of a risk for a program that has to show returns in dollars and cents. Lucky, therefore, for Morgan and WOR that they can make use of that almost unknown quality, largely untapped in radio audiences—spontaneous listenership.

What tickles the risibles of a promotion-weary citizenry is Morgan's sly and forthright pokes at the industry itself. This flusters WOR slightly, not to mention Morgan's various and assorted sponsors, who know they have a gold mine on their hands by the very fact of their bright boy's brashness, and yet sense a certain indignity in having their foibles brought to light. When little Willie's high I.Q. results in his writing a brilliant treatise on why daddy can't win at poker, daddy doesn't know whether to whistle or to wallop, but you don't catch him sending Willie out into the snow.

As a matter of fact, Morgan has on occasion been the recipient of an authoritative tut-tut, but since he uses the details of the carpet encounter as material for the next day's broadcast, he is usually left alone as the lesser of two evils.

Morgan writes his own material. For a time, while he was doing routine 9-to-5 announcing in addition to two broadcasts, his material was contributed to by a Brooklyn school-teacher who has since been drafted. Now he's on his own again, giving six fifteen-minute programs at 6:45 every night, with very few off-nights. He rebroadcasts again at 7:15 for the Mutual network, minus commercials.

There is probably no phase of human existence that he has not covered at one time or another since WOR gave him a program of his own last summer. The weather is a favorite topic. One day, his prediction will be, "Snow, followed by little boys with sleds," or, "Instead of raining cats and dogs, it's hailing fellows well met."

He conducts interviews with the man or woman on the street, consulting a Bronx housewife (played by Morgan) on subjects such as how to remove spots from radio programs. He frequently reminds his listeners that if they don't like him, there are other programs on at the same time.

There is music on Morgan's program, too, but like nothing you've ever heard before. He has collected records that nobody would possibly consider as giving pleasure to the average music listener; South African tribal music, for instance, or Chinese orchestral selections. Hot jazz is a frequent *pièce de resistance*, and he ribs the fervid and slightly precious collectors of early swing band records by heckling the invisible orchestra as it gives forth hot licks. His own theme song is a screwball record of *We Won't Get Home Until Morning* that sounds like someone falling down the cellar stairs. It ain't art, but it means fifteen minutes of good fun to a goodly handful of radio-owners.

It can be considered as a rare tribute to Morgan's manner that radio men themselves like his program and make a point of listening to it. Even in the studio while his act is on the air, the engineers and officials present have a good time in a slightly mad atmosphere of ringing telephones and noisy conversation. Business apparently goes on as usual while Morgan sits at a desk behind the glass partition that separates him and the audience from the din and reads, with gestures, from his personally-typed script.

He hates studio audiences, and very rarely does anyone not connected with the broadcast see as well as hear him in action. In the first place, there's barely room for an extra person, and in the second place, his reactions to people in the flesh are unpredictable, which of course is part and parcel of his own inimitable radio style. A person whose observations of the passing show

Continued on page 3

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4 Dashes of Angostura Bitters
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Ice
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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 1

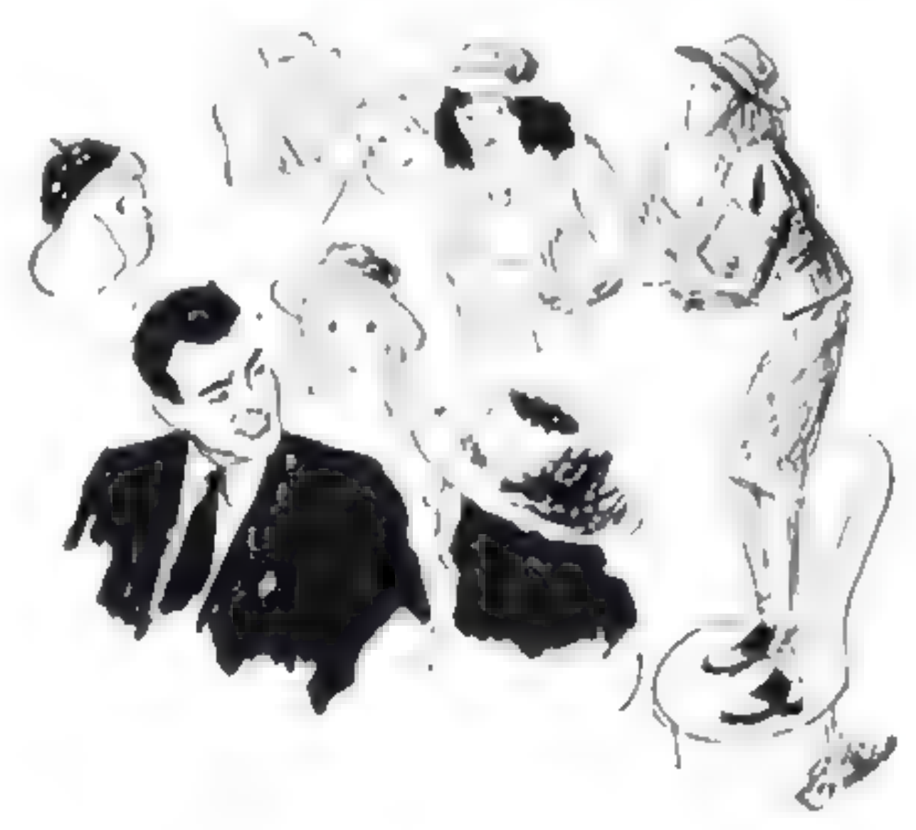
are as canny as Morgan's is not necessarily of the same temperament as a hardware salesman with a front and back yard in Ozone Park, who would think twice before owning up to (a) claustrophobia, (b) potential authorship of a book on economics, and (c) claiming that he is the only sane person in the world.

Morgan has decided he has claustrophobia because he doesn't like to look out on a courtyard. He feels better on the eleventh floor of his Greenwich Village apartment, where he ekes out a precarious bachelorhood.

He thinks what the world needs these days is economics. The best book on the subject, he believes, is one he is about to write entitled *If I Had a Ton of Coal,* and subtitled, by way of enlargement and amplification, *And You Had Five Dollars to Invest.* In two volumes, beautifully boxed.

His reasons for claiming that he's the only sane person in the world are one of two: either he *is* the only sane person in the world, or he's crazy. In either case, he ought to be encouraged.

He numbers, in fact, folks of dubious mentality among his ardent supporters as well as such reliable citizenry as the clergy. A letter to him begins, "You will doubtless be flattered to learn that your program is extremely popular at the above address, which happens to be an insane asylum." While on the other hand, the gentlemen of the cloth appreciate him because although the range of his humor is all-inclusive, it can be put into the hands of young girls, who, if they don't always get the complete essence of his jibes, at least don't stop going to Sunday school because of Ideas he has put into their heads.



The youngsters, in fact, were among the first to discover Morgan. He claims that he has been interpreted in at least thirty high school papers. Sophomores in saddle shoes and pork pie hats besiege him for interviews, and he is more obliging to budding journalists than he occasionally is to the more hard-bitten salaried ones. His high school inquisitors invariably try to be funny, he says, but they're pretty cute, and no two interviews are alike. One set of kids cued their questions to each other in code, like football signals.

It isn't an unconscionably long time since Morgan was in high school himself. He's just edging 26, but has been in radio eight years—ever since he decided he couldn't stand any more than two months of City College. Fortune and a chance acquaintanceship with Douglas Flamm of WMCA landed him a job as a page boy. He won his first announcing job with Columbia after being the 150th interviewed, and landed in Philadelphia. From there he went to Duluth, an increase in salary being the only incentive to going, and the receptionist in the station being the only incentive to staying. He was demoted from his job as program director in Duluth because he started to direct the receptionist, too. There was only one phone between the station and nearby Superior, and very little business was transacted over it while Morgan entertained his audience of one.

The present phase of his career didn't really begin to sneak up on him until he joined the staff of WOR two years ago, doing routine announcements of dance programs from places like Kelly's Bar and Grill on Route 80, Mohawkie. The announcements weren't routine for long with Morgan at the helm, however. He felt there was more to the power of speech than "And now we hear—" so he threw in a dash of Morgan here and there. This was considered highly irregular by the studio executives, and he would probably have been included out except that they realized all of a sudden he was just what radio needed. So they gave him a five-day-a-week morning program to fool around with. When this proved to be no accident of judgment, he was graduated to his present 6:45 six-night spot on WOR. His announcing days, apparently, are over, except as they directly pertain to Morgan himself; though at a station in Boston where he worked once, they still use a tape of the Morgan voice giving the station call letters to all posterity.

We don't feel we're speculating when we predict an even larger demand on Morgan's time and ability in the near future. Once, he wanted to be a news commentator. But news, he says, looks funny to him. There *is* a humorist. More power to him.

Ranger

"What's Father's Day, Daddy?"

She'd better ask Mother and not embarrass Dad. For it's the one day he alone is on the receiving end—and he'd rather do anything than mention it.

This year Father's Day comes on June 15. There will be gifts . . . and kisses . . . and warming words. Big things and little—but all expressing something very real.

Again The New York Sun will play a major part in making Father's Day memorable for fathers—and for advertisers. The Sun's annual $500 competition for the best Father's Day campaign will attract entries from top-flight copywriters and artists. And the winning campaign will appear in The Sun and cooperating newspapers the week before Father's Day.

Around this campaign The Sun has built a sales-compelling program. You should know about it early. It assures advertising in The Sun the attention of everyone in New York's most select family market . . . when their interest is steadily and persuasively focused on Father's Day gift buying. Five days of response-assured selling in the daddy of all Father's Day markets! Interested? Let's hear from you.

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AMERICAN RED CROSS
Give Through Your Local Chapter

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

TWIN BAND TWIN BAND

A goofy idea is something you ordinarily get on the spur of the moment. Occasionally it turns out quite well, if put into practice. Sometimes not. But you find out quickly enough how effective your inspiration was.

A goofy idea that started seven years ago and is still going strong would therefore seem worthy of note. Like the Beverly Twins' Orchestra. Here are a couple of guys who are not only twins, but who are so wrapped up in the idea that they have formed an orchestra consisting only of twin brothers—seven pairs of them, as alike as peas in a pod, or the Beverly twins themselves. And so great is their dream of times-two music that this is their third attempt to make a go of it, having been downed in their ambition, appropriately enough, twice before.

If the number three has broken the jinx, they should still be playing at the Arcadia Ballroom by the time you get around to this. In any case, the Beverlys deserve a tribute for grim determination. In the first place, lining up an all-twin orchestra gets harder, not easier, as it goes along. A routine type of orchestra that has an opening for a trumpet and trombone just sends out a call and gets the two instrumentalists with no great agony of spirit. But when the trumpetist and trombonist must be identical twin brothers, you might be said to have a slight problem on your hands. So, if you're the Beverly Twins, you get yourself a spot on Dave Elman's *Contact* program on the radio and send out your cry of pain to the world. And, of course, a friend of Myron and Harry Robbins is listening in and is impressed because it so happens that not only are Myron and Harry Robbins identical twins, but they play, respectively, the trumpet and trombone, besides having a professional standing in the field of popular music. Not only that, but they are ready, willing, and able, to be the seventh and final pair of twins in an all-twin orchestra. And there you are.

The dogged Beverly Twins can be taken collectively instead of individually, maybe because it's impossible to take them individually. So why try. Gene and Don are vastly serious young men of twenty-five of rather priestly countenance, so it does not surprise one that before they became *Downbeat* material they actually planned to become priests. A pair of tenor voices of equal calibre and range led them into more earthly fields. In spite of their seven-year musical thought-carrying, neither of them plays any instrument professionally. But they have done something few of us can hope to do. They have been adjudged the most identical twins out of three hundred pairs in open competition. That was in Camden, New Jersey, two years ago.

Probably the closest competition they would have had for those honors would be from the twins they have gathered around them. There are the Harmon twins, who might be told apart if you could decide whether it is Roger who plays the guitar and Rodney the bass, or vice versa. There's no hope at all for you with the McCarthy twins, because both Jim and Joe play saxophones.

Veterans in terms of age and service to the Muse are the Robbins twins, who are portly, affable, twenty-nine, and ex-members of the orchestras of Art Landry, Emil Coleman, Dave Rubinoff, Ted Lewis, and Meyer Davis. Youngest are the Whalens, Russ and Bill, who play trumpet and sax, and the Brudno twins, who keep busy with sax, trumpet, and trombone. All four were music majors in college; the Whalens at Superior State Teachers, the Brudnos at Ohio State; they are twenty years old apiece. The uniformity of the tastes of each pair of twins in the band should be a psychologist's field day. When they're not playing, they even relax in the same positions.

Anyone not a twin might be interested to know that twinship has its advantages, besides the fact that it's swell for clothes-borrowers. You can go out with each other's girls—which is sometimes not an advantage, nor are the uncalled-for pugilistics that sometimes fall to the lot of the wrong twin.

Whether double-talk and double vision is Art is something for the Arcadia patrons to decide. Anyway, the Beverly Twins' Orchestra has the edge on any band we know of for sheer goofiness, like we said. And that's something.

Their theme song—or did we tell you—is "Exactly Like You."

Ranger

THE TOWN'S TROPIC TOPIC!
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A succession of superb dishes, aristocratically served in an atmosphere of quiet charm and good taste.
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19 Bombed London Hospitals
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Can they count on YOU?
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The *"Miracle"* of Watchmaking—Now 50% Thinner!

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● Not we, but America's top designers, say it: "The new Gruen Curvex for men is the smartest curved wristwatch ever to come over the style horizon!"

It's so gloriously thin, *a full 50% thinner* in appearance than the old Curvex—and *that* was the most copied watch in the world.

Yet, basically it remains unchanged. As before, both men's and women's models have the revolutionary, patented Gruen Curvex movement—the "miracle" of modern watchmaking. Actually curved to fit the preferred wristform case, this movement makes room for the large, sturdy parts that give the Curvex its great name for accuracy and long life.

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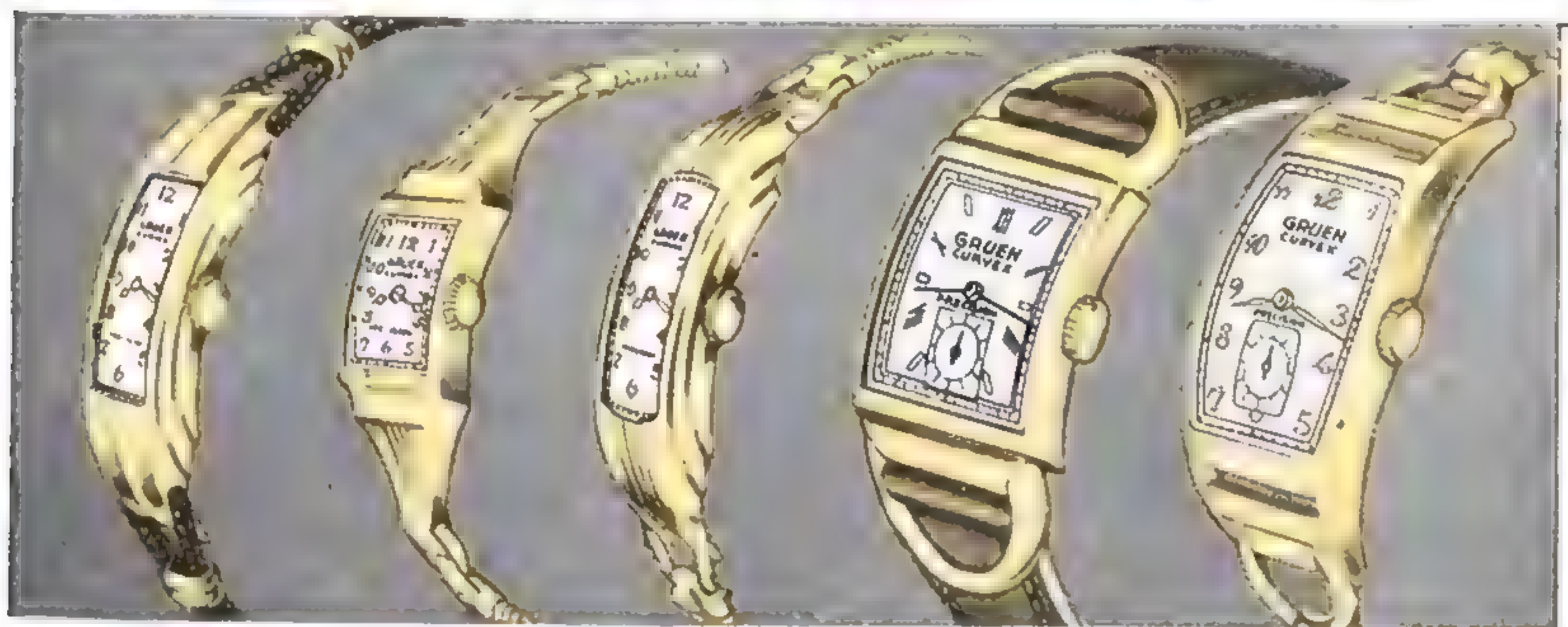

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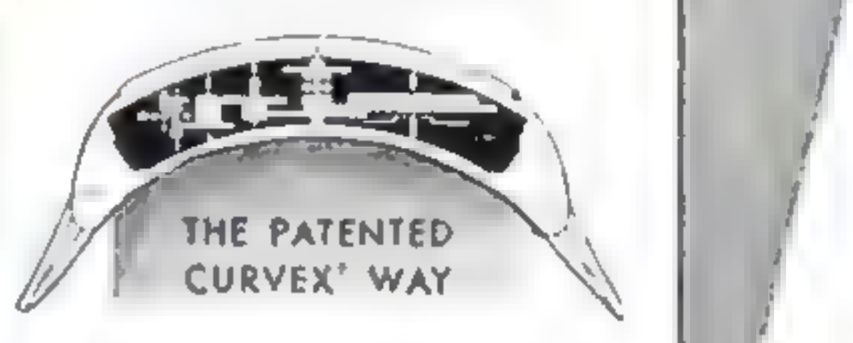
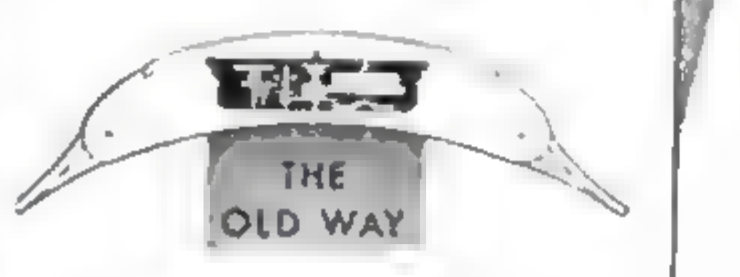


Only the Patented Gruen Curvex† movement is curved both top and bottom to fit the wrist form case. The Curvex construction assures pocket watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



An ordinary flat movement inside a curved case

[illegible]

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Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

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Its old neighbors—Shanley's, Rector's, Pabst Garden, the old Metropole, the Knickerbocker, Hammerstein's Victoria—have long since vanished, but the Hotel Astor goes merrily on, renewing its youth year by year like hale and jovial Fred Muschenheim himself. To put in on its mettle, the "Les Amis d'Escoffier" society, composed of the outstanding wizards of the hotel and restaurant food world, held one of their critical feasts there recently. Tucking their napkins in their collars and permitting no smoking till dessert, they tucked away the following: assorted hot hors d'oeuvre (dry sherry); glorified ox-tail soup with croutons dabbed with marrow; subtle-sauced mousse of Great Lakes pike (white Burgundy); boned squab, artichoke bottom stoppered with mushroom, string beans with fines herbes (red Burgundy); cold Virginia ham with aspic, green salad; frozen creation with fresh strawberries (Champagne brut); coffee, brandy, cigars. White capped chef Lucien Toucas was called in to receive his well-earned ovation. (No wonder the Astor is the scene of so many banquets.) Afterwards, there was a linger session, over beer, at a table in a nearby lounge, with learned discourse on great eats. Said our dean, white-bearded, rosy-cheeked Fred Muschenheim, "I tell you what's good—Long Island Slum. We make it here just as they do around Peconic Bay, with a base of nice fat soft clams, and oysters, and Long Island scallops, seasoned with onions and creamed corn, but no tomatoes! You spread it on toast and really it's tasty." He sighed, and we with him.

The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, doffing its ice for the nonce, is being floor-showed by suavely swirly Maurice and his lissome burden, Cordoba, a gal we'd be happy to give a lift to any time he gets tired. The musical stimulant is served by blithe Bobby Byrne and his able crew . . . We never really understood the science of sports announcing on the radio till we saw it imitated by screwball Doodles Weaver, the Algonquin Supper Club's red-haired riot . . . The Barberry Room, Norman Bel Geddes conceiver, lets you down when you come in (19 East 52nd), but only a couple of steps. And under the hostship of tried and true Jim Moriarty it feeds and drinks you handsomely, as might be guessed from the cognoscenti who foregather here. Upstairs is a sweet suite for private shindies . . . Charles E. Rochester, Governor General of the Hotel Lexington and its ever fresh caught Hawaii, which is roomed in the basement seemingly with a ten-year lease on popularity, continues to present croon-bandsman Lani McIntire and the pleasantly swaying Aloha Maids (this year's crop), with Aggie Auld, Napua, and tiny Momi Kai as featured hand-and-hip workers. Deep throated Maleo Shaw thrushes exotically, and coconut drinks score ten-strikes.

Cuisine events of special importance at the Restaurant Crillon (277 Park Avenue): Monday, Boiled Beef, always with a different Viennese side dish and a different horseradish sauce, as though all the king's horseradishes were at host Otto Baumgarten's command; Thursday, Loin of Pork with crackling; Saturday, Choucroute (sauerkraut if you must know) with toothsome smoked loin of pork, roast loin of fresh pork, saussice à l'ail (garlic sausage), salt pork. If such dishes are too hearty for your heart-interest, the menu can oblige with the lightest and most fanciful. And the cellar abounds with perfectly beautiful ideas . . . Still can't get used to the premises of the late lamented International Casino (Broadway at 45th) transformed into a clothing store. Under the old régime, clothing was the least conspicuous feature.

Reasonable is defined as inexpensive, moderate priced—equitable, fair and just—at the Savoy-Plaza rates are reasonable.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

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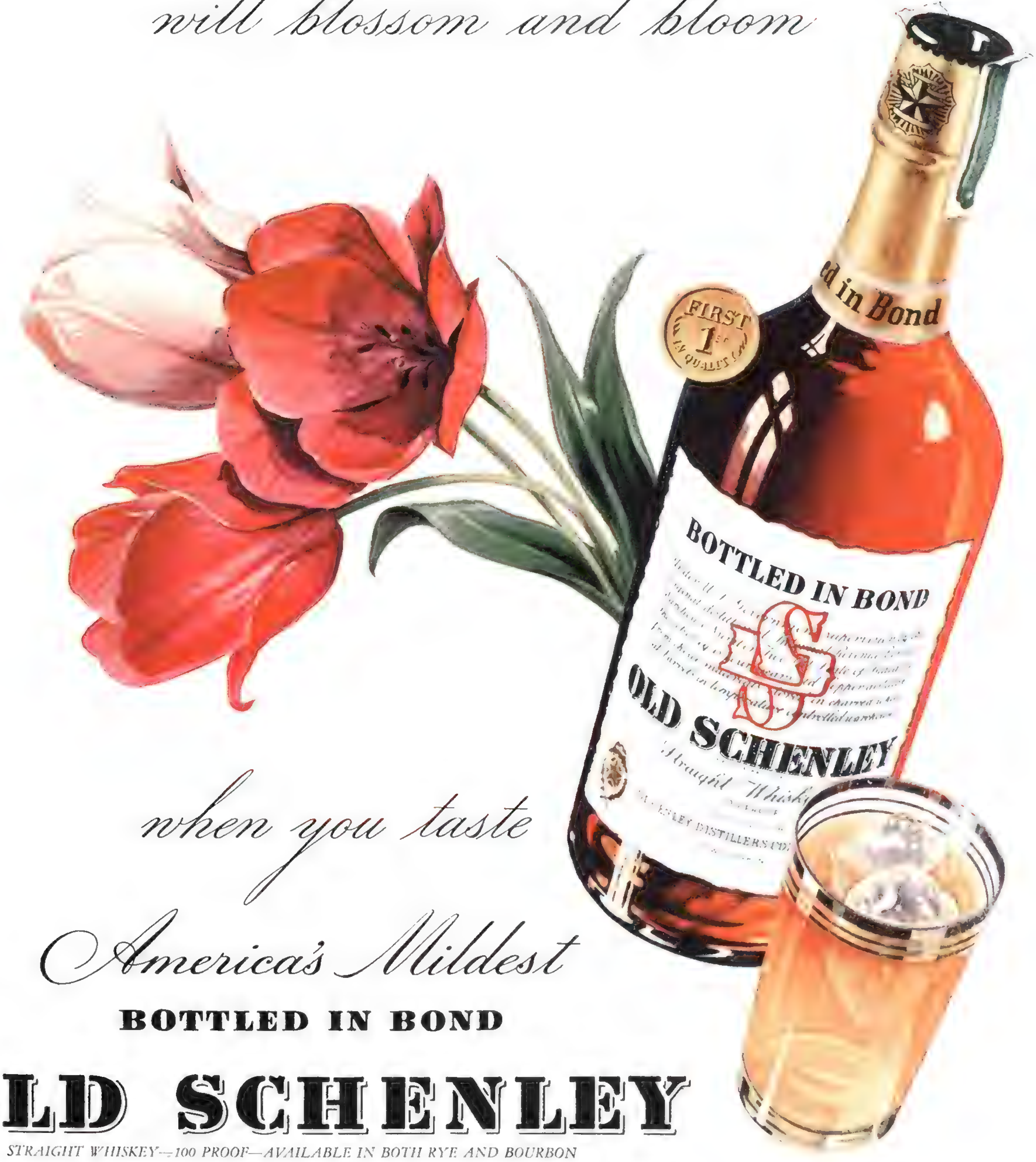
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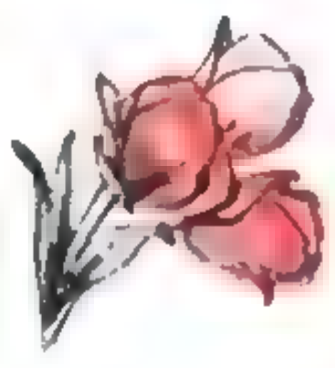

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Cosmopolite Frank A. Paget, who guides the destinies of the Hotel Pierre, has re-installed the treasured John Bonaudi as maître thereof. Shrewd, we calls it . . . New York's most superb-whiskered sommelier Ciro Possenti, hitherto one of the principal ornaments of El Morocco, is slated to be cellar spokesman at the Waldorf-Astoria's Starlight Roof when it officially starts its season. With him the opening of every bottle is a ceremonious occasion . . . When a restaurant flourishes for 22 years in one spot as L'Aiglon (13 East 56th) has done, the presumption is that it's got something. But there's nothing like verification, so we dropped in, stopped chez the bar for a Sweetheart (official cocktail of the maison), and then settled down to excellent marinated herring in the flower-conservatoried salle of eats. Lobster l'Aiglon also interesting (it's Thermidor plus white grapes), and chef Franz Theimer seems to know his way around a guinea hen. Service is amiable and attentive, with the trusty pair of Rudolf and Josef as co-headwaiters. Lunch and dinner only—no supper . . . The rhythms of sheepskinner Gene Krupa will hit the Pennsylvania's Café Rouge April 18th in the midst of soup to nuts doings. This large handsome room has been especially gone for of late because of the activities of a certain Glenn Miller, and frenzied Gene won't slow it any . . . Living up to our hunch about it, the new Café Arnold, at the west end of Central Park South, has copped itself a well-bred frequentage . . . Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights, alias all-evening troop of entertainers, are back at the Biltmore's Bowman Room after a fifteen months' land cruise. Hence the special impetus to Biltmore dining and supping . . . Constituting the southern exposure of New York's night life map, the cherished dining, dancing, and looking establishment of Jimmy Kelly at 181 Sullivan Street continues to be three alarm for visiting firemen. If the floor for dancing and revue purposes seems quite small, being in fact not much bigger than a keyhole, it is anyhow well crowded with entertainment of the bold fashioned vaudeville sort. Bubbles vary in size from the kind that come in bottles to the kind that young ladies tote and toss.

Though George Washington neither slumbered nor slaked there, the Pig 'n' Whistle Inn at Browns Mills, N. J., isn't squealing any. For it's only three miles from Camp Dix and is hence a natural for friends of the military who wish to put up or quench in the vicinity. Atmosphere smacks of the hunting lodge, with pine paneling, enormous fireplace, 19 acres of Norway pines, California blue spruces, etc., not to mention ably broiled steaks and chops. Hosts: Mary Felton Hart and spouse Frank. Chef: sepian Barney Keyes.

Virginia garden weekers and other smart springtimers are charioting to the stately porticoed Williamsburg Inn in John D. Rockefeller's pet history town of Williamsburg. The Governor's Palace and the House of Burgesses are swell restoration jobs, but no better than the restoration job that this choicely appointed Inn does on your urban-frazzled nervous system. Service is linked up with that of the Rainbow Room, and if the State which gave America six Presidents won't let you buy a drink of liquor, there are well-chosen wines, including the sparkling, and the back terrace commanding a lordly sweep of grounds is no mean place for sipping them.

Millburn, New Jersey's Bill Naue's Chanticler, which has been social swimming along all these seasons with two bars and only one orchestra, now has two orchestras: the much-liked Mace Irish for American stepping, and Cordero for the rhumba interludes. As ever, sterling Silvo supervises the eats.

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This month's award of the honorary degree of Doctor of Gastronomy—Prexy Esky, conferrer—is to his deferential highness John Kroll, superlative headwaiter of the Hotel St. Regis' Iridium Room and (in summer) Viennese Roof. Tall, dark-haired, faultlessly attired John, whose spare, military figure befits his gracious station as sentinel of this hostelry's evening parade of best people, began his career at the Carlton in London numerous years ago, whence he migrated to the Ritz in Paris, the Ritz in Montreal, and the Ritz-Carlton in New York where he was a waiter captain for a decade. Then followed seven years of leading a double life—wintering as headwaiter at the Colony Club in Palm Beach, which he opened; summering at the Pierre as aide-de-camp of Charles Silvani (now headwaiter of the Oval Room at the Ritz-Carlton). When the fabulous Iridium Room was unveiled, it was with John in charge, and he and the Room have been part of each other ever since.

As a diplomatist he sees to it that the Room is effectively decorated with the right people, and achieves this with a minimum of ego-bruising. Guests in informal garb are never blasted with a glance; they are shepherded to good tables next to the wall from where the ice-show is readily viewable, but are tactfully informed by John that they may not dance. His really headachy stage management problems are in accommodating parties of ten and twelve who want ringside position when space is scarce, and in persuading supper seekers to be content to picnic in the cocktail lounge till some of the dinner crowd are willing to budge and provide vacancies. Yet from John's easy, quiet manner, ruling his seven captains with a quiver of his eyebrow, you'd think he hadn't a care in the world and that the irreproachable ministering of St. Regis cuisine and cellar offerings occurred practically automatically.

Artful tune-twisting is on the agenda of the evening at the much, much agreeable Number One Bar, Avenue Number Five at Eighth Street. You are handed a card with eight numbers on it, and if you can recognize as many as five of the melodies contorted by twinned pianists Bud Gregg and Bob Downey, you are head of the class. In return, these skilled ivory operators will play any tune of the last twenty years you choose to name, or will buy you a drink as forfeit. Also heard from are radio singeuse Diane Courtney and the Alt-Wiener nostalgia tenor Clifford Newdahl, long a favorite here.

For jocund dining and dancing, whether formal raimented or not, that deb den, the Coq Rouge (65 East 56th), is a spot than which they don't come pleasanter. Harold Nagel's orchestra is small, as befits the well-bred chumminess of the salle, but it's got propulsion, and amiable host Frank Bonacchini and his suave staff know their business like nobody's . . . Not content with its broad acres of smörgasbord, which yours diligently loves to pluck from, the Castleholm (344 West 57th) has redone its bar into a tidy muraled Viking Room, where aquavit rites prepare you for the herring looting and folk dancing . . . Spot-hitting hot roast beef sandwiches attain the sublime at Cavanaugh's historic nourishment institute as dispensed there (258 West 23rd) since 1876 . . . Eddie Davis, the cuckoo Caruso of Leon & Eddie's, who was laid up with ear trouble, is back with fresh vim and vigor of lyrics . . . Playboy Ted Peckham is hosting the new Shanty Playroom, just east of Fifth Avenue on 53rd Street, where amateur chefs can cook their own hamburgers or scrambled eggs in the smallish hours . . . Last call for oyster stews at the Union News' Grand Central Oyster Bar!

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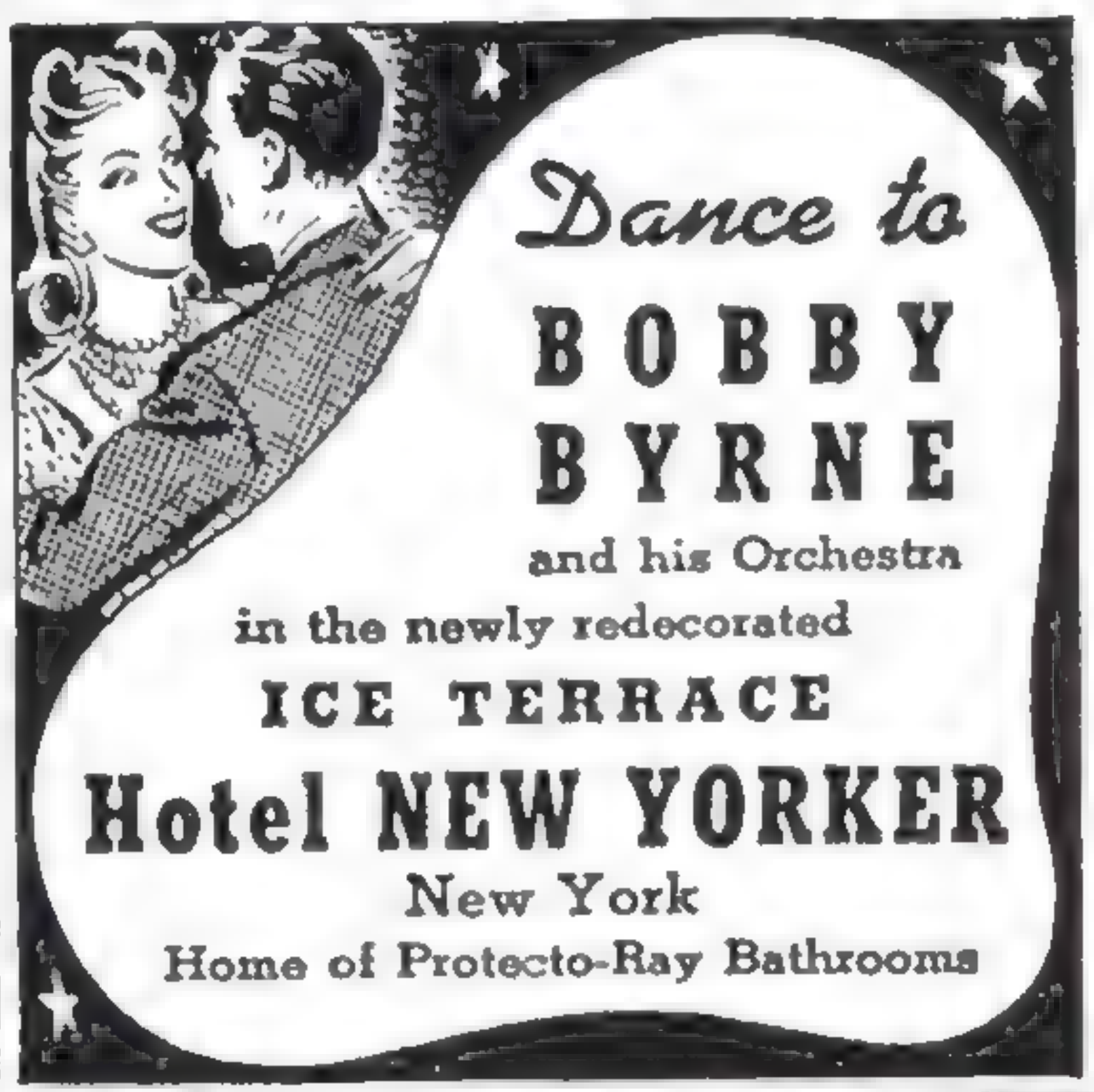

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Jack Miehls

John Gehrett Miehls was graduated from St. John's University into a job on the Toledo *Times*. Next came scenario-writing in Hollywood, followed by free-lance writing and publicity. Weary of all that, he started out on a trip around the world in a 40-foot yawl with two companions, sailing from Maine to Panama, where the boat was rammed and sunk in the Canal. Reverting to journalism, he covered the waterfront for the *Panama American*. Author of radio, stage and screen plays, he now lives in Chicago, doing free-lance writing and publicity. He is married, and has a three-year-old son known around the house as Dynamite.

•

Clyde Vandeburg says: "I grew up on a Colorado cattle ranch and sold my saddle for social veneer at Western State College. Confused by education, I set out to conquer journalism. Editors not impressed. I tried prize fighting, Fuller brushes, insurance—played powder monkey for an explosive firm. Recovered from education, I became Publicity Director of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and columnist on the *Tribune*. I was drafted in 1935 to head publicity for the San Diego World's Fair, did the same job for the Texas Centennial and the San Francisco World's Fair. After six years of hilarity, heartache, and hallucination, I entered the automotive industry where I am attempting a slow return to sanity."

Clyde Vandeburg

•

Born in Staunton, Virginia, Warner Lewis Olivier IV, says non-Virginians wouldn't be interested in his ancestry while Virginians, all being cousins and descendants of Pocahontas, know all about it. He attended Episcopal High School, Alexandria and the University of Virginia. Enlisting in 1918, his subsequent army life of 70 days consisted mainly in trying to wrap a size 44 army overcoat around his gangling 110 pounds. He began newspaper work in Staunton, worked on papers in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Paris and way stops. During the last election he organized the Willkie Democrats for Roosevelt, Inc. He's married, has a family, and is on the staff of *The Philadelphia Record*.

George Agnew Chamberlain ©DAVART

George Agnew Chamberlain lives on a farm in South Jersey—his reaction to a sardine existence in New York, compiling his views on Mexico, where at 38, he was sent as wartime Consul General. Looking backward—he spent seven years in Africa, as American Consul; three years preceding, he was Consul at Pernambuco, Brazil. At 26, he was Vice Consul General at Rio de Janeiro, where he landed from the chair of English at Mackenzie College, Brazil (founded by his father), which had rescued him from a job as clerk in the American Consulate in Bahia. Ginn & Company of New York had sent him to Bahia to corner the educational book market when he was fresh from specializing in English Lit and Romance languages at Princeton University. Before graduating from Lawrenceville in 1898 he was expelled from schools in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Greenwich, Conn.; Media, Pa.; and Northfield, Mass. At Northfield he ran afoul of the blizzard of 1888, which he assumed was sent to assuage his rage at learning snow does not come down in snowballs, ready to throw. He made his discovery in Albany, where he had arrived from South America to visit his grandmother, seven years after having been born in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

•

Aaron Davidson lived in Omaha till he was twenty-one and joined the A.E.F. His old clerical work with the Union Pacific seemed drab after army life so he got a job as cub reporter in McAlester, Oklahoma. He worked subsequently on various Nebraska papers, went to New York in 1927 to write publicity, then edited trade papers (restaurant and brewing) for awhile. There was a brief tenure of publicity work for Ely Culbertson, and sports columns for several midwest papers on cornbelt athletes in the East. Now he's doing publicity writing in New York. He's married; has a daughter, ten; and a son, three.

Klaus Mann

Klaus Mann published his first book at eighteen; appeared as an actor in his own plays at nineteen; and now, at thirty-four, has written seven novels, several plays and various volumes of short stories and essays. His books include *The Fifth Child*, *Alexander*, and *Journey into Freedom*, and he is co-author, with his sister Erika Mann, of *Escape to Life* and *The Other Germany*. He left Germany in 1933 as a voluntary exile; founded a literary magazine, *Die Sammlung*, in Amsterdam, and since 1936 has lived in the United States. He is the editor of *Decision*, first issued in January.

•

After four years on Chicago newspapers and publicity, and a brief New York advertising career, Lynn Montross decided to free-lance. He's published two novels, many stories and articles. He recently finished a book outlining warfare from Marathon to the present. He lives in Pensacola, Florida with a wife, small son and infant daughter.

Fred D. Miller, D.D.S.

Dr. Fred D. Miller practices dentistry in Altoona, Pa., is the son of a dentist, and father of another. He was graduated from Pennsylvania University in 1912, is a Fellow of the International College of Dentists, a member of the American Academy of Restorative Dentistry. He has contributed to dental publications but *Saving Your Face* is his first appearance in a general medium.

•

Jesse Stuart's time is taken up with farming, near Riverton, Kentucky. His most recent letter said, in part: "Tonight, I'm sitting with my rifle and automatic twelve-gauged shotgun loaded and ready for sheep-killing dogs to return to my sheep. I've had thirty-four sheep killed by dogs in one year. I'd rather kill the dogs that killed four of my sheep last Tuesday than write a good story or even a novel."

•

Edwin Corle has a new book coming out next month: *Desert Country*, of which *The Ghost Town of Rhyolite* (page 34) comprises a chapter. Duell, Sloan & Pearce are his publishers. He is the author of *Mojave*, *Fig Tree John*, *People on the Earth*, *Burro Alley* and *Solitaire*. He has dramatized *Solitaire*, his most recent novel, and the play will be tried out in Cleveland.

Edwin Corle

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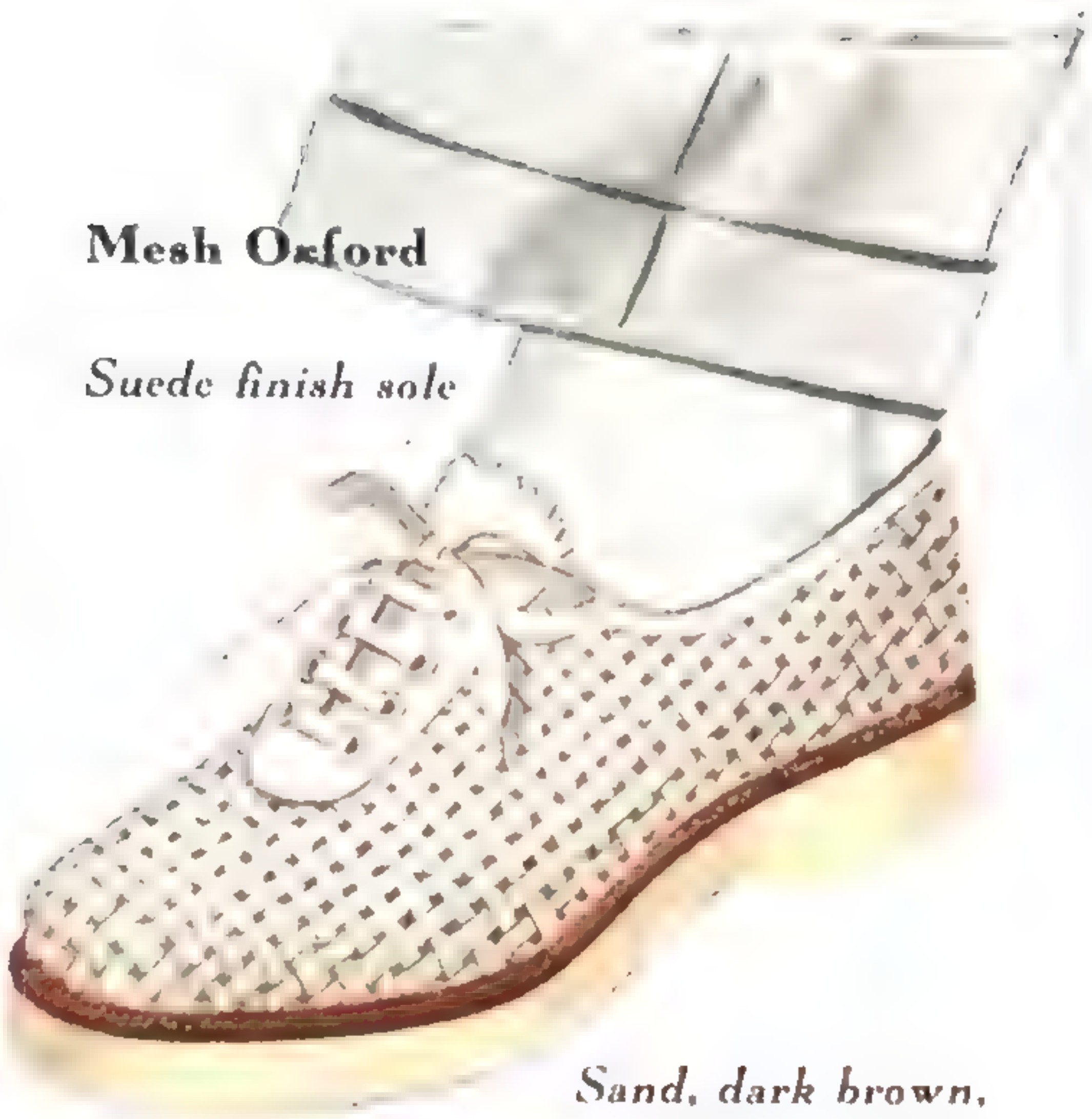
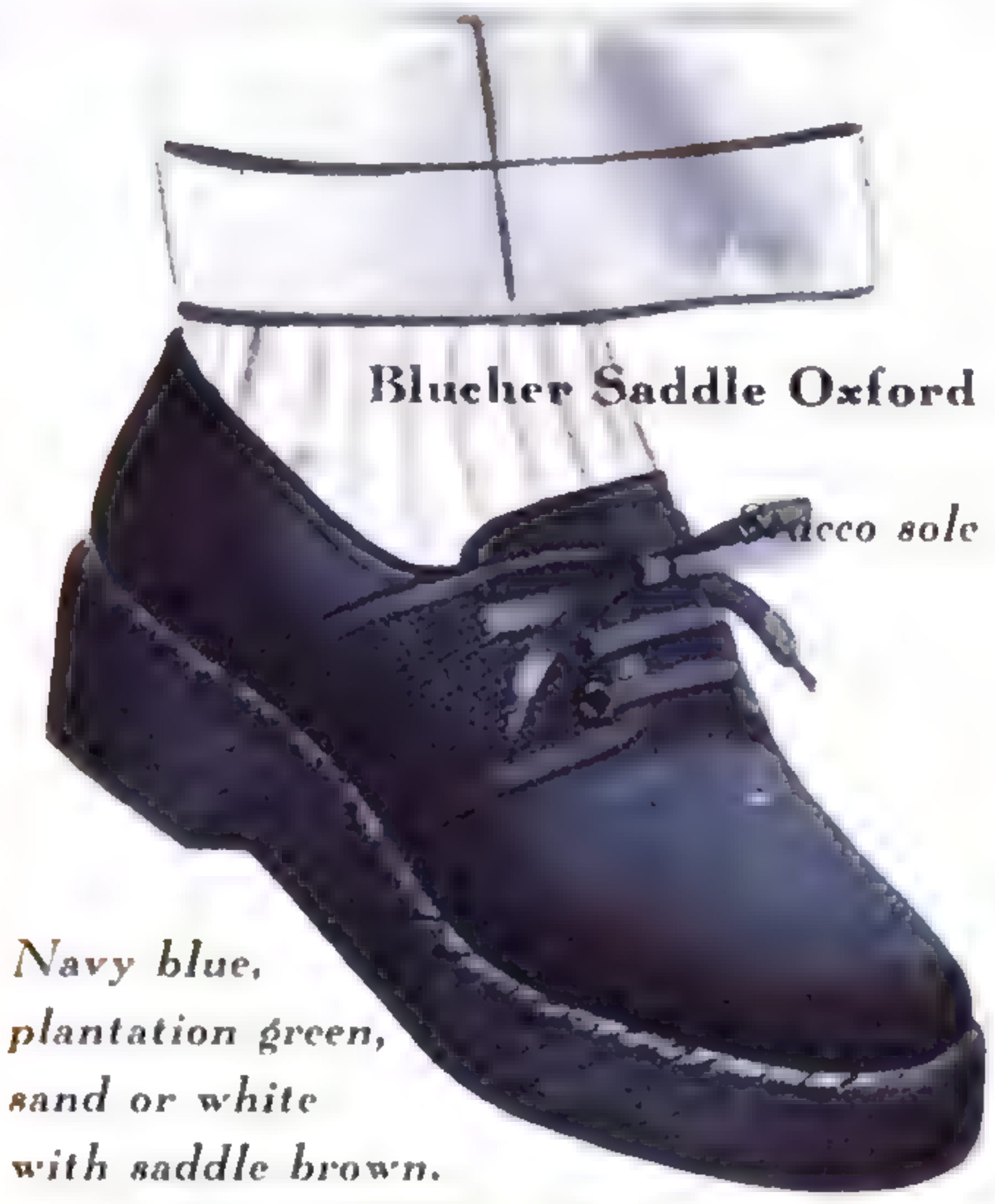


Mesh Oxford

Suede finish sole

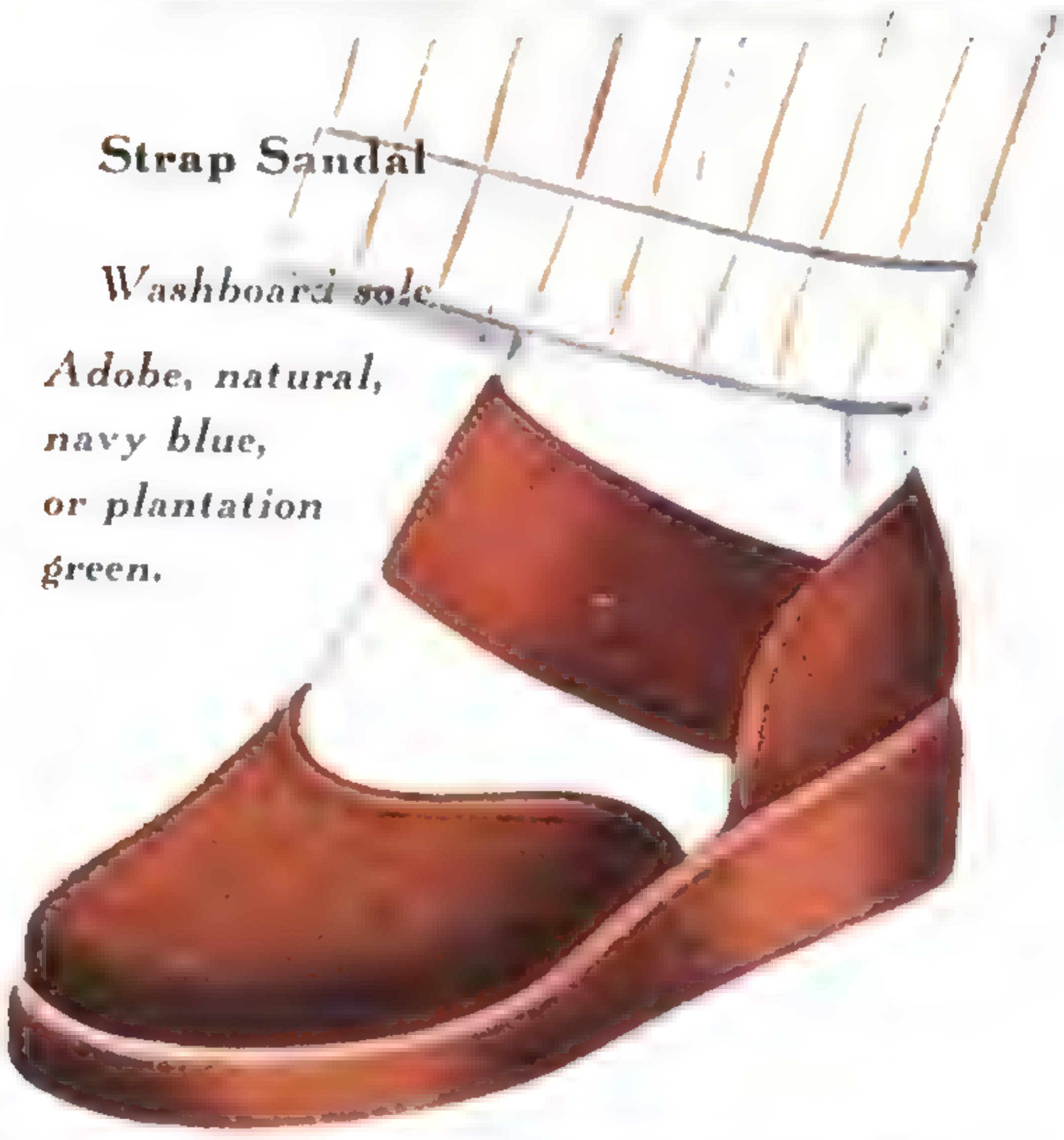
Sand, dark brown, navy blue, or white.



Blucher Saddle Oxford

Stucco sole

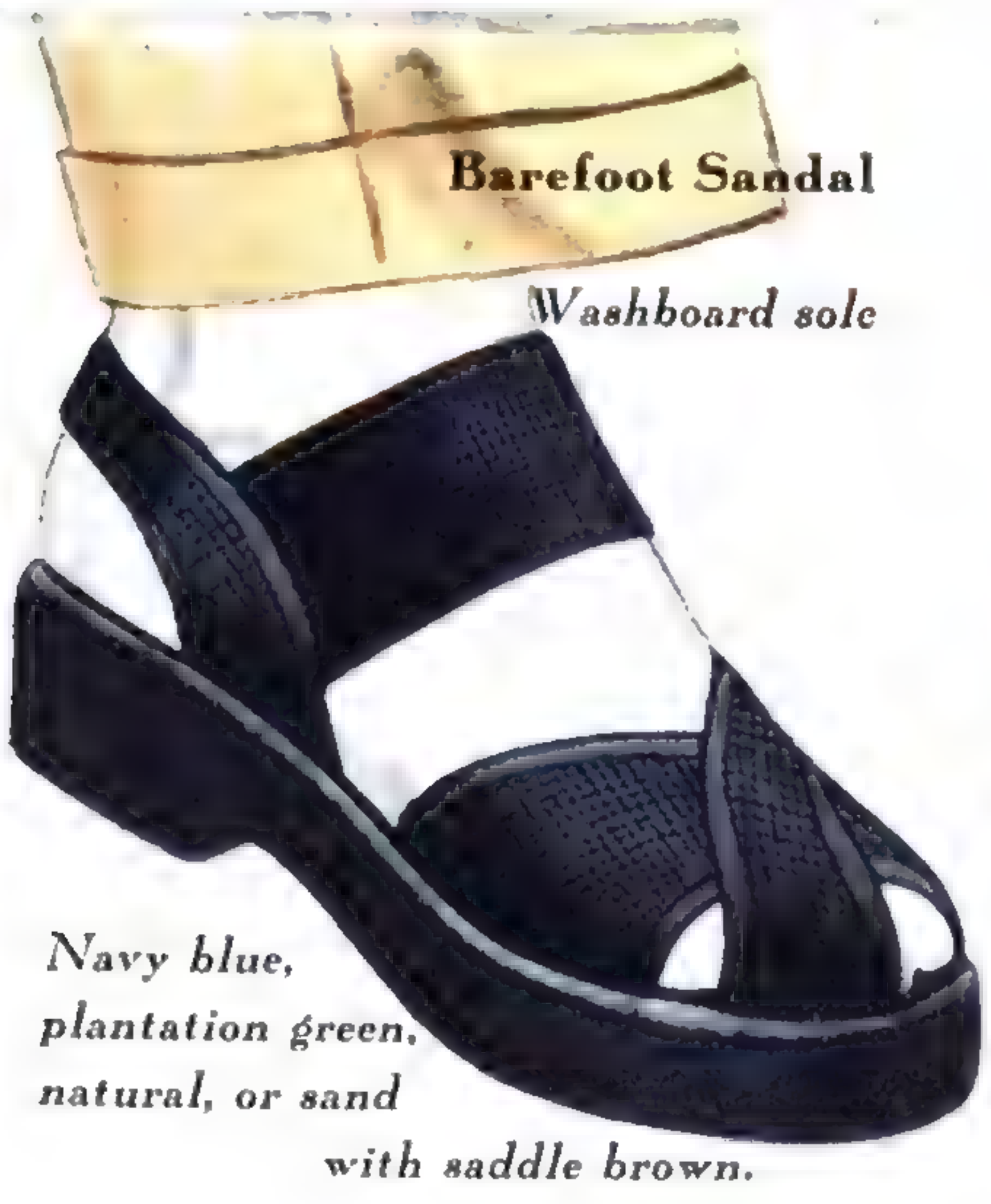
Navy blue, plantation green, sand or white with saddle brown.



Strap Sandal

Washboard sole

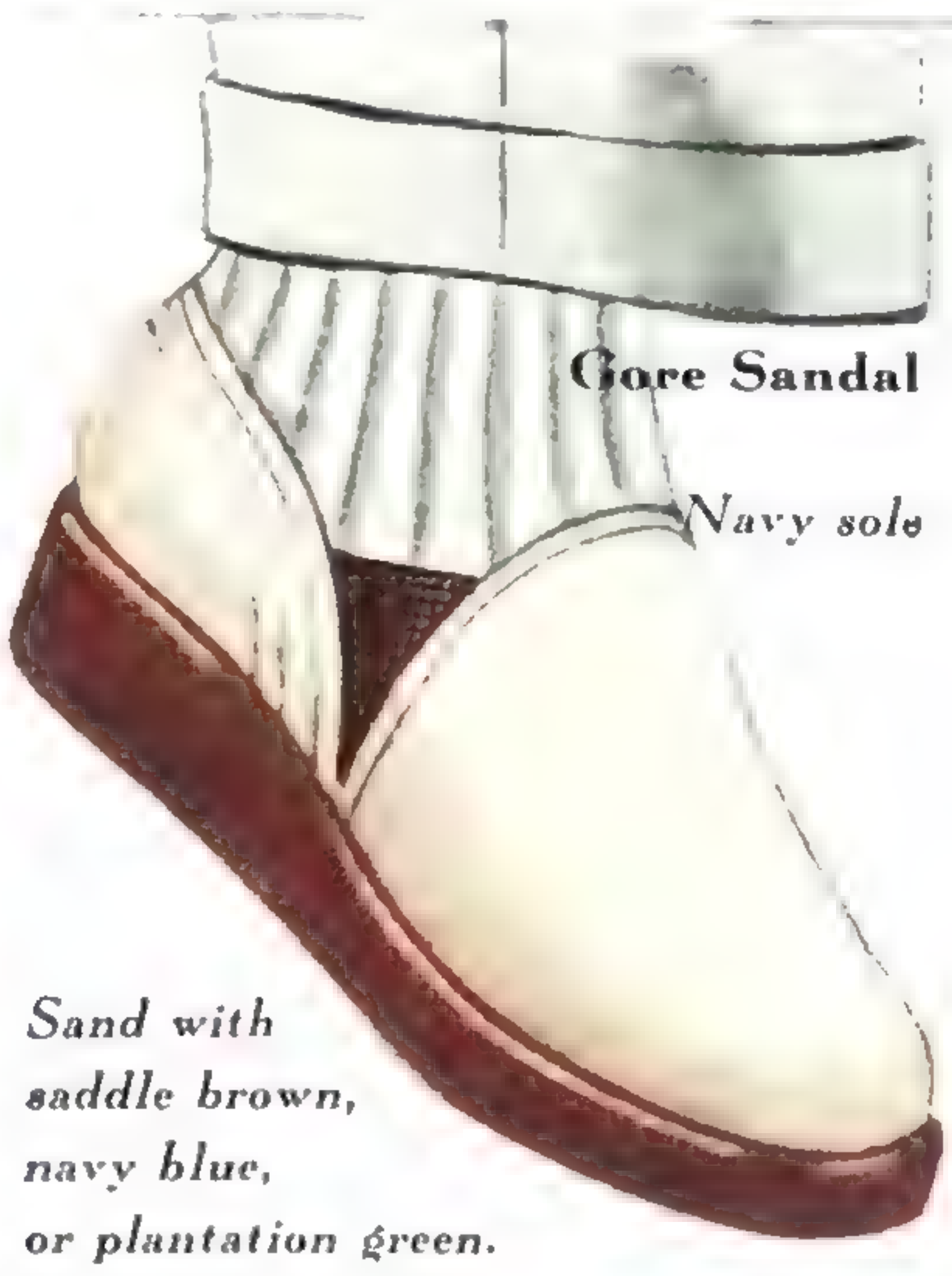
Adobe, natural, navy blue, or plantation green.



Barefoot Sandal

Washboard sole

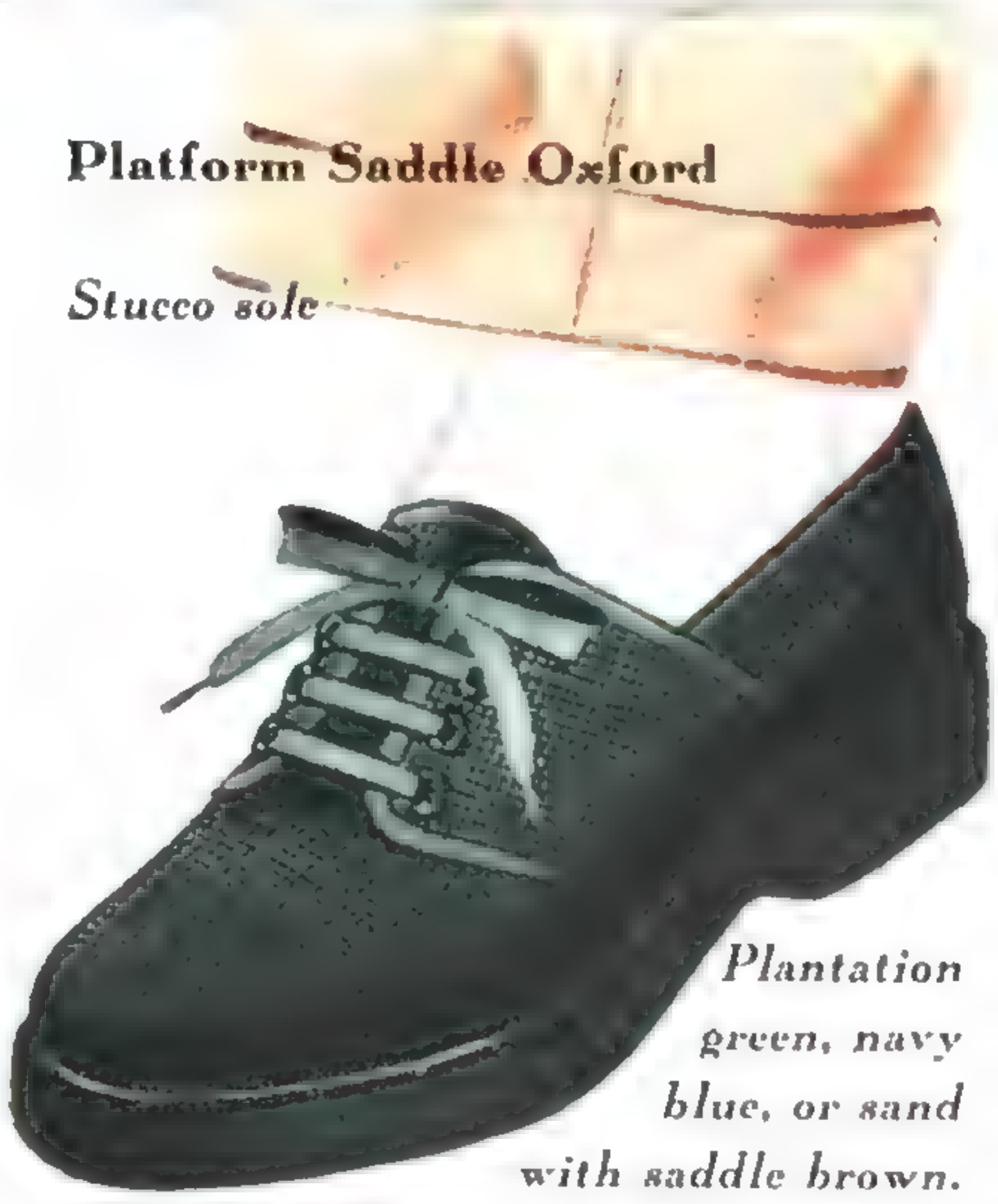
Navy blue, plantation green, natural, or sand with saddle brown.



Gore Sandal

Navy sole

Sand with saddle brown, navy blue, or plantation green.

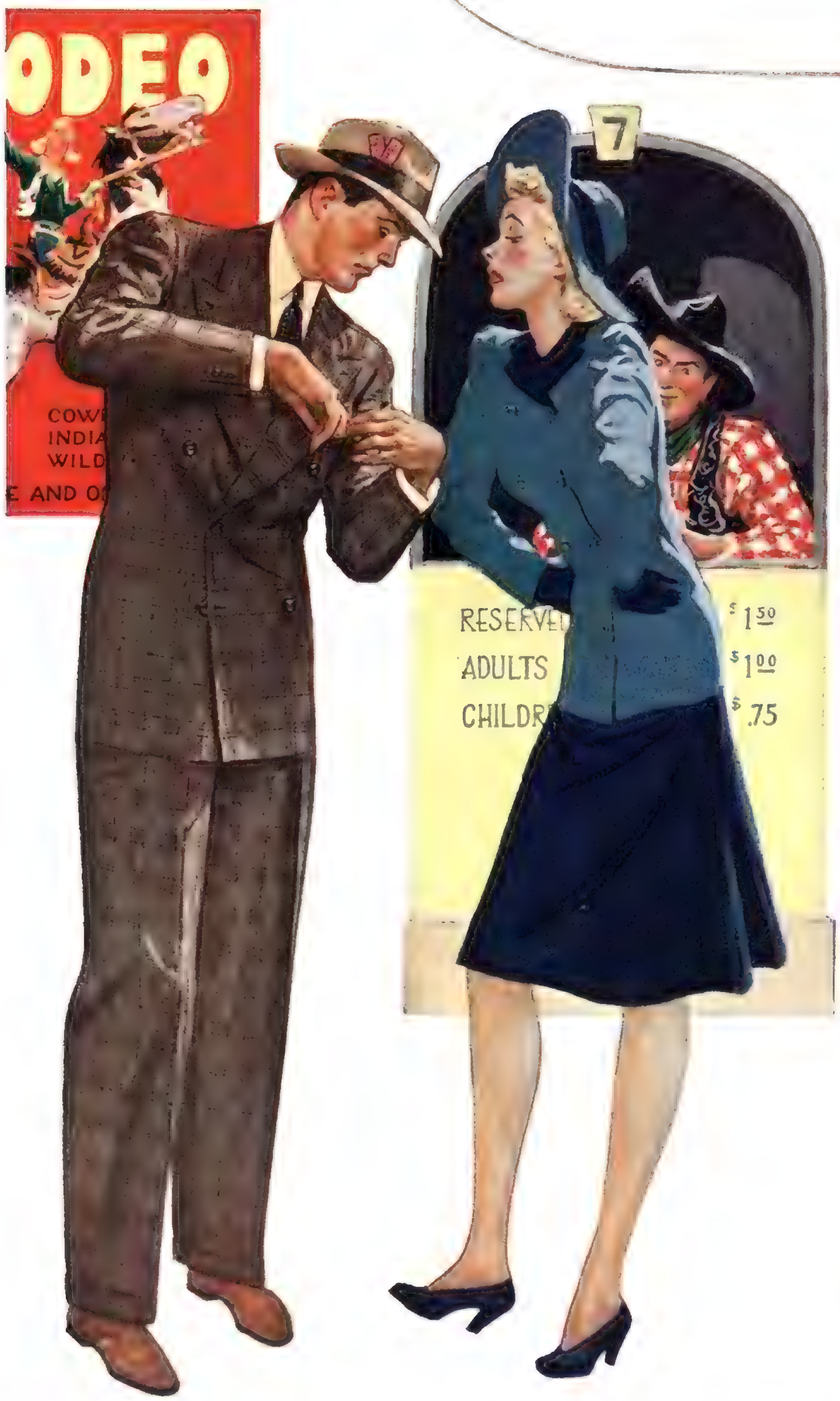


Platform Saddle Oxford

Stucco sole

Plantation green, navy blue, or sand with saddle brown.

Buffaloed by your build?



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Time and Detroit Can Do It

But don't expect the motor industry to hatch a miracle, making tanks and planes on automobile production lines

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

• ARTICLE •

WITH devastating finality public opinion has moved up to fix America's first line of defense behind the smoking chimneys of industry. Thrust into the hero role by the hysterical pressure of national blitzkrieg thinking, the captains of industry find little comfort in the unsought part.

Looking back upon the headlines that began it, one cannot fail to associate the momentary confusion of American industry with the strange international time cycle with which public opinion would try to gear it.

The war of movement was introduced to the world when Hitler moved from behind his deep screen of preparation to launch the "Blitzkrieg" upon a slumbering Europe. Built and geared to start and operate in "high," the Hitler machine came down like a thunderbolt upon the conventional war machines of his European adversaries. As the vanquished nation of World War One, Nazi Germany was merely applying to the victor nations of another generation the age-old truth that what the vanquished remembers, the victor will forget. Better than anyone else Hitler knew and used an international time factor that has won him momentary mastery of the European continent. Geared to a schedule of hours and minutes, he threw his swift machine against a clumsy French-English vehicle dating from World War One and timed to a schedule of days and months. In Joseph Stalin, Hitler foresaw another dangerous adversary. Again the time element became a deciding influence when Hitler properly relegated Stalin and his slow Russian power to an action ratio of years and decades. The results of the Hitler time table are now history in the world.

Sitting more in isolation than as isolationists, the American public watched the devastating "war of movement" and drew from the headlines a well-ordered series of wrong conclusions. "Machines," they said, "are the answer to Hitler's success. Miraculous mass production of motors, and planes, and tanks constitute the wizardy by which the 'clown of Europe' has overcome his enemies." With one accord the American nation turned its eyes to the chimneys of Detroit and raised its voice to demand an equal miracle of industrial war machines. Overnight President Roosevelt gave substance to the wish when he blandly announced a schedule of 50,000 war planes for American armed forces. It was all over then but the inevitable grim awakening. The stage was set; the play written; an angel had announced himself. It remained only to stop the assembly lines of Detroit industry long enough to remove the automobiles and replace them with tanks and airplanes. The rest was as simple as the familiar annual miracle of a new automobile that comes each year to replace the old in a period of weeks. The public returned blissfully to work. America was entered in the race for wings and a legion of bewildered industrial captains elected to the role of national saviours.

There might still have been time to save the public from the disillusioning impact of truth had it not been for certain well-intentioned statements made by Detroit industrialists concerning the capacity of their individual plants. Having no conception of the public's vast ignorance of industrial capacity, or of the law of tooling and make-ready, Henry Ford gave unintended solace to wishful thinkers when he announced that his company could build a thousand planes a day. Headlines whipped his announcement from coast to coast and neglected to specify the qualifications under which his statement was made. A thousand planes he could build . . . a thousand simple, uncomplicated, standardized planes built to exact specifications with the first plane off the line identical with the last. Ford did not feel like explaining his earlier claim after public criticism fell upon him at his later refusal to manufacture in extensive numbers a complicated, foreign plane engine. Other Detroit industrialists made fruitless statements in an effort to clear the record. M. M. Gilman, speaking for conservative Packard, said, "There is as much difference between building an automobile motor and a plane motor as there is between manufacturing a pair of shoes and a hat."

Boss Kettering, sage of General Motors, knowing the truth behind the seven-year program of preparation for the Hitler "Blitzkrieg," did his briefly recorded bit for sanity when he said: "Just because one hen can hatch a clutch of twelve eggs in three weeks, don't get the idea that two hens can hatch a clutch of twenty-four eggs in one and a half weeks."

These men were trying to say to a public that did not want to hear that most miracles are the result of well-ordered preparation. They were trying to say that while industry might double its effort by the employment of two hens, the period of time for the miracle would remain the same.

Nobody believed so nobody listened.

American industry, as symbolized by the principal actors in the Detroit automotive scene, now finds itself in the embarrassing position of trying to explain why a forty-year miracle in automotive production does not beget an even greater one-year miracle in defense production. The automotive magnates will be the first to tell you that there is nothing mysterious or abstruse in the forty-year program of automotive production. A four-wheeled vehicle, propelled by a gasoline burning engine was introduced to the public in the last ten years preceding this century. Today, after almost a half-century of develop-

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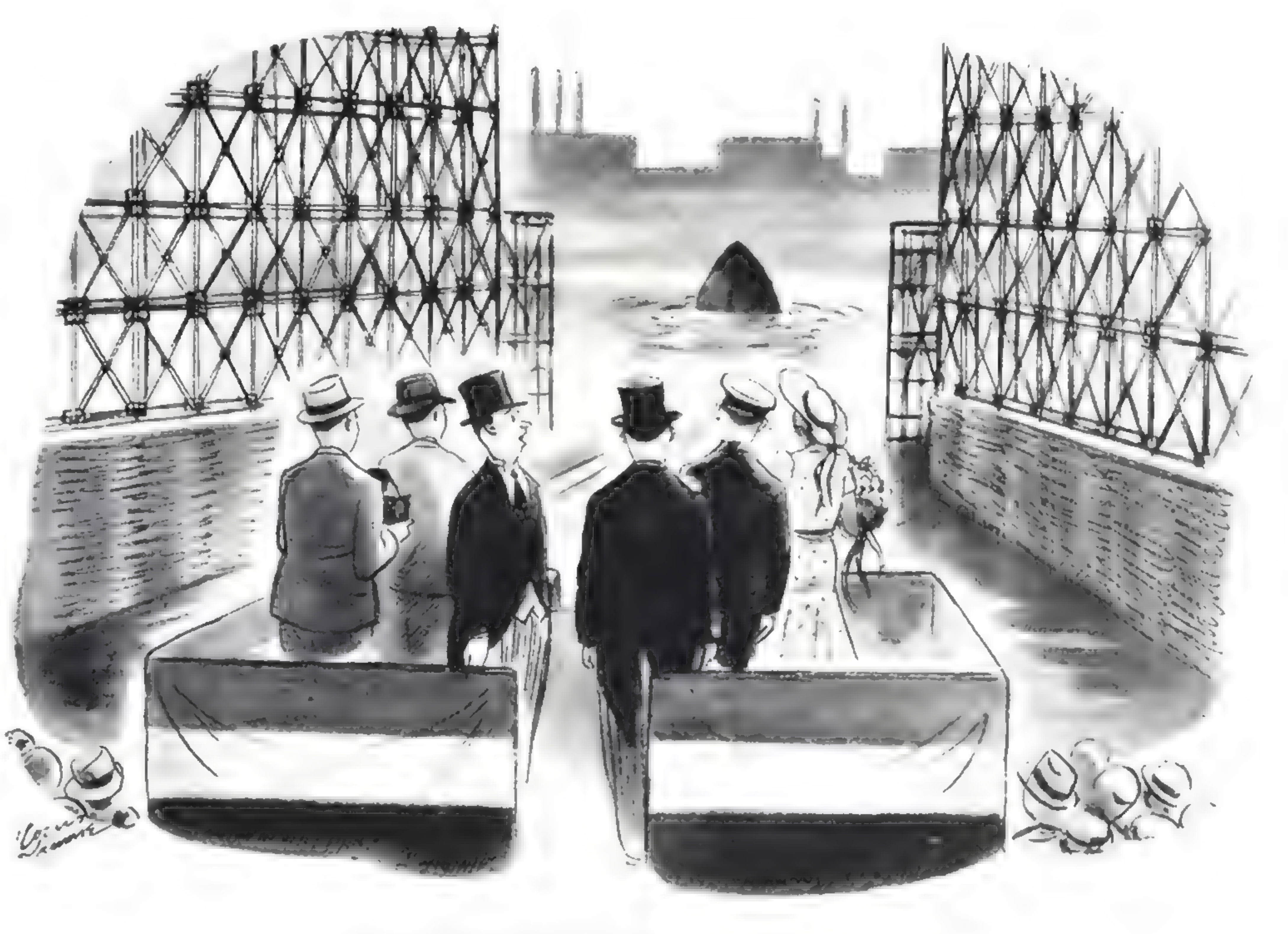


"I guess we built that one too fast"

Le Dernier Cri

The concierge seemed both pleased and alarmed when asked about the mystery of the so-called Baroness

by KLAUS MANN

• FICTION •

What a weird idyll it was!—that provincial Austrian watering-place and its representative hotel—the Bellevue. I don't remember who had recommended the dreary place to me, nor why I stayed there for a fortnight or even longer—instead of rushing to the next train at once when I had glimpsed the dull promenade, the sleepy *Kurhaus*, the dusty palm trees adorning the deserted lobby of the Bellevue.

There was something uncannily depressing about that hotel in all its faded splendor. The whole establishment—luridly pompous as it was, with its marble staircases, vast ballrooms, sultry *chambres séparées*, and secret corridors—exhaled the most penetrating nostalgia for those legendary days of abominable taste and tremendous fun—when Russian Grand Dukes, roaring with savage laughter, used to chase buxom chambermaids; Austrian officers sipped champagne out of a lady's slipper, while handsome princes of the House of Hapsburg kept their "incognito" obstinately, though their true identity was only too well known to everybody: the imposing doorman—very Franz Joseph-like with his magnificent pair of whiskers—had a sardonic smirk when he addressed his Imperial Highness simply as *Herr Baron*. . . . How remote it seems! how unreal!—this withered glamor of forgotten festivals—the weightless merriment of laughs and waltzes long died away . . . I recognized the charm and the absurdity of that sunken-down world as I gazed dreamily into one of the dingy mirrors decorating the walls of the Bellevue Bar.

It was in that gold-framed mirror that I caught the first glimpse of the Baroness. Her fragile figure gradually emerged from the shady depth of the glass as a mermaid slowly rises from her chilly hiding place. She entered the bar on the arm of her ungainly cavalier. She laughed. She was very attractive.

What I noticed first of all were her eyes—disproportionately big: inconsolably sad under a saucy hat. My heart smote me as I watched her crossing the empty bar—royally erect; shrouded in the provocative sweetness of her perfume and the triumphant cascades of her pearly laugh. I was struck, ravished, bewildered—by the glimmering pallor of her ageless face, the strange elegance of her clothes, and above all, by the disquieting contrast between the elated melody of her laugh and the unfathomable melancholy of her eyes.

Never shall I forget this first performance of her repertoire I witnessed. Her companion was a middle-aged fellow—hook-nosed, swarthy and greasy—probably a minor businessman from the Balkans. They drank champagne—what else could they possibly drink? Champagne is an indispensable ingredient of the traditional setup: it just belongs to the show—as Ophelia's flowers or the death's-head are essential for any *Hamlet* production.

Everything was perfectly *comme il faut*—arranged and acted according to the rituals of a classic pattern. His trivial jokes and her silvery giggle; the naughty refrains of dated French *chansons* that she recited with a provoking nonchalance; his delight and clumsy efforts to be sparkling too: it was altogether like a scene out of a musical comedy—long-rehearsed, often-tested.

While she flirted with him, and called him *mon choux* and *mon petit coco*, she wanted me to know how disgusted she really was with his poor manners and his ugliness. She made faces behind his back and darted scornful glances—just to inform me that she thought him a bore and that he annoyed her to madness. Her disgust was, of course, more honest and authentic than her artificial merriment. Yet, strangely enough, even this tragic attitude of hers was not *quite* sincere. The suffering that she seemingly tried to conceal, was really just another aspect of the traditional pattern: Here I am, in all my sordid depravity!—my poor heart bleeding, corroded with shame and pain—while I pretend to have a wonderful time with that hideous moron . . .

When she had left, not without having presented me with a plaintive but promising smile, I asked the barman if he knew who she was. "That dame?" he shrugged his shoulders and seemed slightly shocked, either by my ignorance or else by my frivolous curiosity. "Why, of course, it's the Baroness," he said, not very enthusiastically; then added, while he kept moving his cocktail shaker in a bored, mechanical way: "She's been living here for many years." I was not quite sure if this meant, in his opinion, a fact that spoke for the Baroness, or rather if he disapproved of her long stay at the Bellevue Hotel. While I was still musing on this puzzling question, he informed me, casually but in the discreetly lowered voice of an experienced bawd: "Apartment Thirty-six, in case you're interested . . . But you'd better give her a ring before you drop by to see her. She is pretty busy—sometimes. . ."

I assured him, rather indignantly, that I certainly had no such intentions, whereupon he shrugged his shoulders again and retired.

A date with her? What a ludicrous idea! True, I liked the dainty oval of her pallid face, and there was something in her voice and smile that affected me. She had been rather exciting, indeed, when she gave me those treacherous looks, behind the back of her lover . . . But—a date? It would probably be expensive—and hardly worth the price. . .

Yet, when I crossed the lobby I stopped at the desk from where the *concierge*, Herr Tulpitz, majestically supervised all goings-on of the Bellevue. He was an imposing old fellow, Herr Tulpitz—; in fact, an ideal *concierge*—dignified, thoughtful and kind. He would tell me, in a plain and yet tactful way, if it was advisable to make friends with that so-called Baroness.

His reaction to my casual question was apt to astonish if not to frighten me. He seemed unduly pleased and at the same time alarmed, tickled as well as puzzled, and altogether muddled and overwhelmed with excitement. —"The Baroness de La Motte-Tribolière?" he asked—pronouncing the grandiose name with a certain solemn tenderness. There was a long, stony pause before he added—all severity and serious disapproval—: "I am surprised, Sir. Very much surprised, indeed."

I smiled uncomfortably, feeling rather foolish and guilty. Finally I ventured to say, very timidly: "She is sort of famous, I suppose?"

"*Sort of famous?*"—Now he seemed saddened rather than angry. His eyes, moist with sorrowful love, stared through me without seeing me.—"She is the Pride of the Bellevue," he stated at last, nodding gravely. "His Imperial Highness used to call her 'my darling butterfly' . . ."—How soft his voice sounded now! He shook his head—absorbed in memories. "The Pride of the Bellevue . . ." he repeated musingly. "The Pride of the Bellevue—for twenty-seven years. . ."

"*For twenty-seven years?*"

He started as if awakening from a ghastly dream.—"You'll excuse me, Sir," he said briefly, in a strangely peremptory tone—it was almost rude—I had never seen him in such a state. "I am very busy."

He concluded the conversation as a monarch concludes an audience.

When I passed by the next morning, however, he beckoned graciously, and as I stopped in front of his throne-like desk, he whispered to me with a sort of restrained passion: "How are you this morning, Herr Baron?" (He knew, of course, that I am no Baron, and had never called me so before.) "I hope you had a good night and have forgotten all about that rubbish I told you yesterday."

I pretended not to understand.—"The Baroness de La Motte-Tribolière," he murmured, enjoying, this time, the pleasure of pronouncing her name with a certain apprehensive hastiness as if disturbed by a feeling of guilt. "How foolish I was to say that she has been living here for twenty-five years!"

"Twenty-seven years," I corrected him.

"What's the difference?" he gave a tormented chuckle. "It's a silly line, anyway. I just tried to be funny—that's all. I have no idea, really, how long the Baroness lives here, at the Bellevue. It may be five years, or nine—or thirty. . . In any case, I should be more careful about what I say. That stupid twaddle of mine could do harm to her reputation."

Her reputation?—I couldn't help smiling somewhat sardonically. Herr Tulpitz, guessing my thoughts, nodded gloomily. "I know, I know—people are malicious nowadays—nasty and narrowminded—that's what they are. All that sordid gossip—I know it only too well. . ."—There was a silence while he seemed to brood over some depressing mystery—caressing the silky silver of his magnificent whiskers. Finally he pulled himself together as if he had come to a grim but imperative conclusion. "I may as well tell you right away," he began, his voice trembling with grave emotion. He paused, then continued with a sort of desperate bluntness: "She is no Baroness, really. She may have been married, of course, to a Baron de La Motte-Tribolière—somewhere, in Monte Carlo or Cairo—many years ago. . . But now—under the present circumstances—she is just a woman, who . . ."—He didn't find the right word, and announced at last: A *courtesan*—that's what she really is."

"A courtesan" . . . What a queer, pretentious designation! It sounded old-fashioned and somehow fantastic. . . . "So she is simply a wh . . .?"

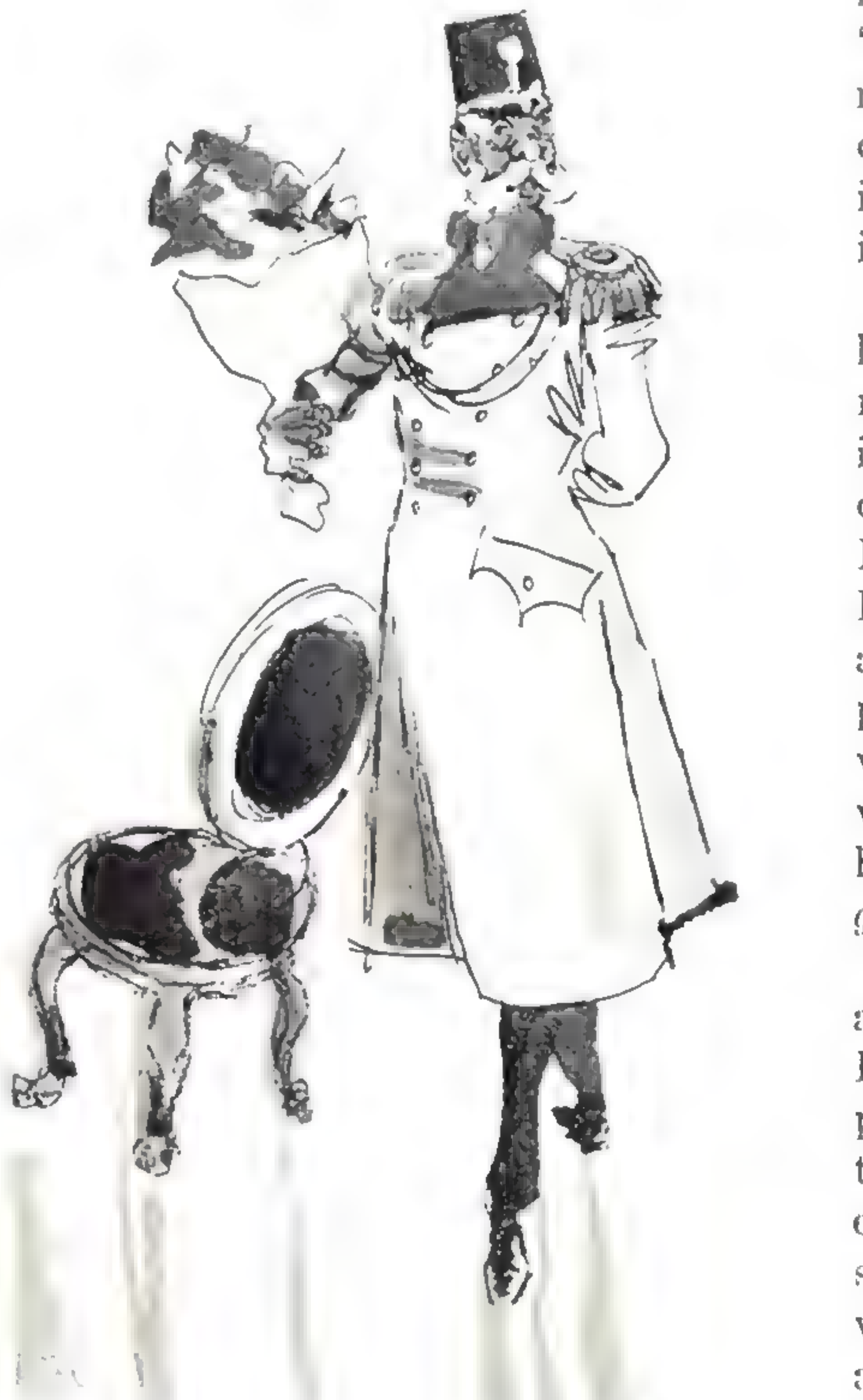
He interrupted me with a scathing look and a majestic gesture. "Now, listen to me, young man!" he said slowly, in an ominously lowered voice. "When I say 'a courtesan,' I mean a courtesan—nothing else. I am sorry to see that you—as most young men nowadays—don't know the difference between a cheap prostitute and a *grande cocotte*. The Baroness de La Motte-Tribolière is a master in her profession—just as Signor Caruso or Madame Sarah Bernhardt are masters in their own respective realms. Gentlemen of great fortune and reputation flock to her attractive personality. I could tell you stories about men in the highest positions whom she has bewitched, dominated—and ruined. . ." He faltered and blushed—which made a pathetic impression—: this wrinkled, paternal face, glowing with that momentary flush. Then he continued—once more composed and dignified: "However, she is a lady of great talents and considerable background. I daresay, indeed, that she is *the last one*—the last worthy representative of the great style, the authentic tradition. I have seen many of them in my time; but only few who matched the Baroness de La Motte-Tribolière—and none, actually *none*, who surpassed her.—My word of honor!" he concluded in a firm, though slightly trembling voice. "She is absolutely first-rate. Believe an old connoisseur who definitely knows what he is talking about."

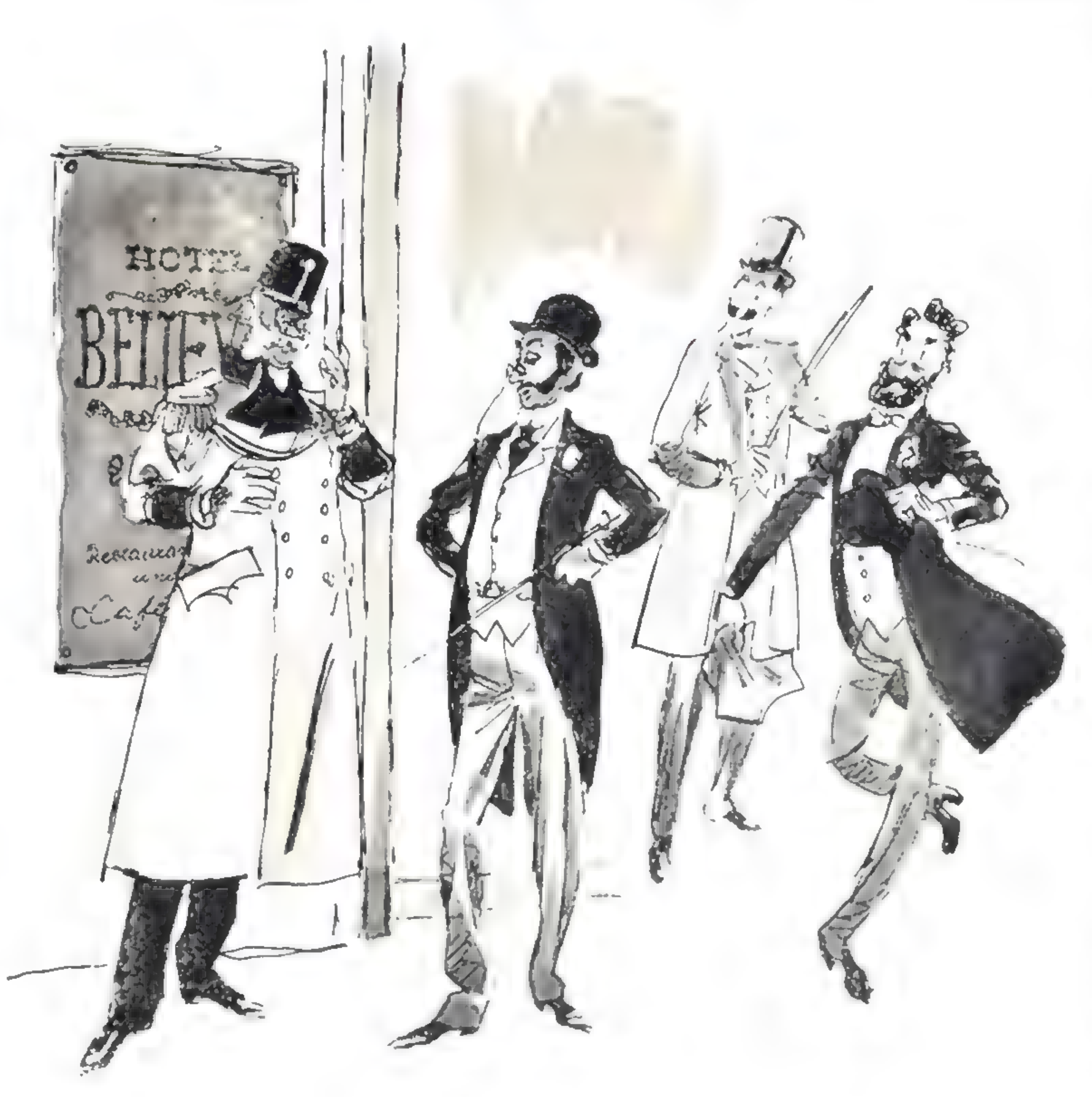
Mr. Tulpitz's solemn little harangue had made a considerable impression on me. I recalled his words while I kept watching the Baroness—increasingly attracted by her appearance. So *that's* what she looks like—I wondered as I gazed at her—: the last of the *grandes cocottes*. . .

It so happened, time and again, that she and I were the only persons present in the lobby or in the bar—for an hour, or even longer. She would sit there—numbed with boredom or melancholy, absorbed in bleak and mysterious dreams. She was much alone—dallying her time with yellowed magazines or just staring in front of her with unseeing empty eyes. Sometimes she smiled at me—a momentary, meaningless smile—or she gave me a hasty glance, full of suffering and seduction.

How did she manage to make her living, being so extremely languid and inactive? How could a professional courtesan afford to waste valuable hours in an armchair—supine, lethargic, motionless like a brittle statue—a precious doll made of glass, silk, and a very delicate, almost transparent marble?

She changed, of course, and suddenly turned sparkling and animated, when she received visitors—which occurred but rarely: about once every other day, in late afternoon. Then she showed off and glittered—quivering with alluring caprices and pearly laughter. How enthralling she was!—how delightful, with the swift elegance of her nimble movements! At the same time, however, the dazzling performance she gave was apt to depress me a little. Hers was a certain perfunctory verve—a routine frolicsomeness as one may detect in the feats and smiles of an aging prima ballerina—still celebrated, though already weary—who executes the same ballet for the thousandth time.—It was due partly to the appearance of her cavaliers, I suppose, that the whole picture seemed so sinister. Most





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A Marriage of Convenience

The trio furnished a queer answer to the curate's wish for a wedding, still it was no time to be choosy

by L. A. G. STRONG

• FICTION •

The sun had set and the air was pleasantly warm. I was starting for home, after an evening with Mr. Mangan. He had walked down with me to his garden gate, and was now leaning over it, puffing reflectively at his capacious pipe.

As we stood there, there was a slow sound of hoofs, and a strange figure appeared, leading a fat pony on a halter. He was revealed in the milk dusk as disreputable and feebly-bearded, wearing trousers either much too large for him or much too low in the seat, with the result that they resembled elephantine Chinese lanterns. I did not know him, but he knew Mr. Mangan, pulling off his hat and uttering an unctuous good night.

"Is that the Major's pony you have there?" Mr. Mangan inquired.

"It is so. I am taking him home from the forge."

He shuffled off, the pony lazily following. Mr. Mangan looked after him and spat.

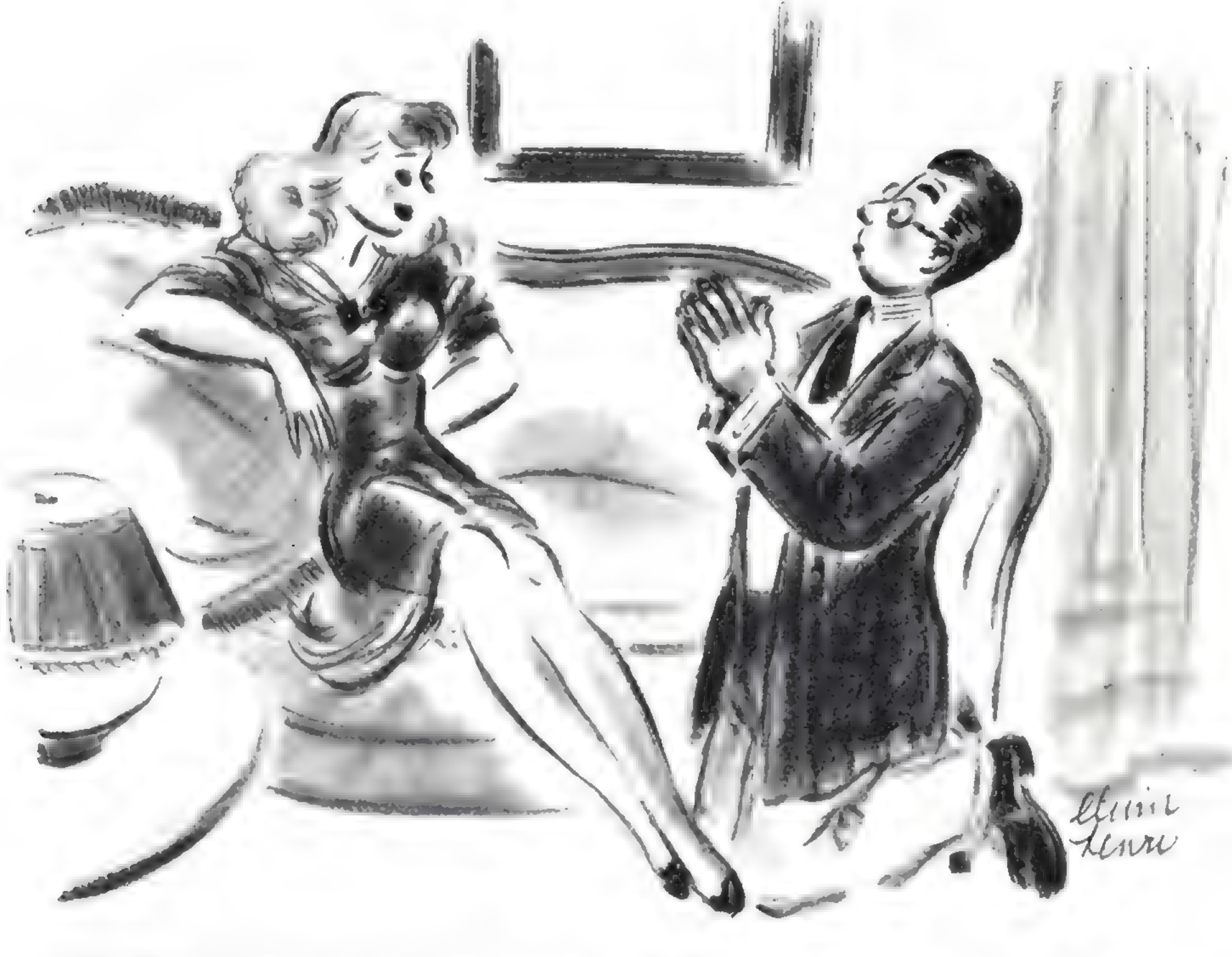
"He's a reformed character," Mr. Mangan observed, "though you would not think it to look at him. At least, he's reformed in comparison with what he was. I could tell you a grand story of that lad. Isn't it a pity now you are in such a hurry?"

He emerged from his gate, buttoned up his enormous waistcoat, and took me by the arm.

"I'll stroll a perch or two up the road with you." He whistled softly, and was at once joined by a sagacious-looking collie. "This isn't my tale," he continued. "It was told me by his reverence at the vicarage above. So, if it hasn't the richness of detail with which I'm usually able to furnish you, you must blame him, not me."

Before his reverence came here some nine or ten years back—said Mr. Mangan—he was curate below in Kilcroggan. Do you know it? Bedad then, you haven't missed much. A one-horse village, if you could call it a village at all. Divil a pump in it, only one pub, and an odd Civic Guard riding to it once a week on a bike. The insurance man was telling my wife only the other day that damn the client could he ever get in it. Stone dead the place is, and the Lord only knows when it had a christening or a wedding, or even a funeral. Most villages have at least a funeral now and again, but I never heard tell of a funeral in Kilcroggan.

Well, my friend the curate, as he then was, was sitting one splendid fine Saturday evening in June, with the parish accounts to look into and his sermon to write. Nearly all the work of the parish fell on his shoulders, but, sure, in Kilcroggan he'd lots of time to do it. So there he was, sitting in his parlor, in his big chair, surrounded with his books, his pen and his ink, and a missal to keep the bills from blowing away. The breeze was coming in his wide open window, and well pleased he was with the look of his small garden, trim and neat, with many a flowering bloom. His little gravel path was freshly raked, and was at the moment under the expert scrutiny of a fat cock robin.



"You don't have to beg me—what with the rent due and bills piling up I'll be glad to marry anybody"

He thought over various themes for his Sunday sermon. His exhortations needed to be simple, if they were not to be above the heads of his congregation. Cogitating thus with chin in hand, he heard with half an ear his deaf old housekeeper washing up in the kitchen and every now and then dropping a spoon or a pot lid on the tiled floor.

I think it must have been the gyrations of one of these pot lids that started his train of thought, before it finally subsided on the tiles with an agonizing sort of banshee wail. The wail sent off his reverence's mind to christenings, and by a natural association he deplored once more the paucity of christenings, of weddings and funerals in Kilcroggan. This led him to the wish that he could preach on some heartening topic—say the marriage at Cana in Galilee. But, he realized gloomily, there were few young people in the village, and practically no work for them. He had just resigned himself for the hundredth time to composing a dissertation on the blessings of a tranquil old age, a peaceful demise, and rewards in the hereafter, when he was interrupted by the opening of his garden gate.

Arising with a groan, and about to tell his housekeeper that he could see no one, he popped his head round the window—there was a big bush that screened him—and saw three strangers come crunching up the gravel path to his door. He stared. Strangers were scarce in the locality. Finally, curiosity getting the better of him, he went and opened the door himself.

One of the trio he recognized. It was our friend that has just gone up the road: an irregular parishioner, but still the curate knew him. The others, a man and woman, he had never seen.

"God save your rev'rince," said Mr. Shane, "and isn't it the grand weather we are having?"

"It is indeed," said the curate. "Won't you come in?" And he ushered them into his study, becoming conscious as he did so of a peculiar aroma at once suggestive of old hay, hawthorn, ferrets, and stale porter.

"And now," said the curate, "what can I do for you?"

"Your rev'rince," said Mr. Shane, with the assurance of long and varied practice. "We beg your pardon for troubling you, but sure, where would we go, only to yourself? Long life and happiness to you, by the same token."

Mr. Shane turned to his friends, and received a muttered agreement with these sentiments.

"Thank you," said the curate. "And—?"

Mr. Shane gazed intently at the remnants

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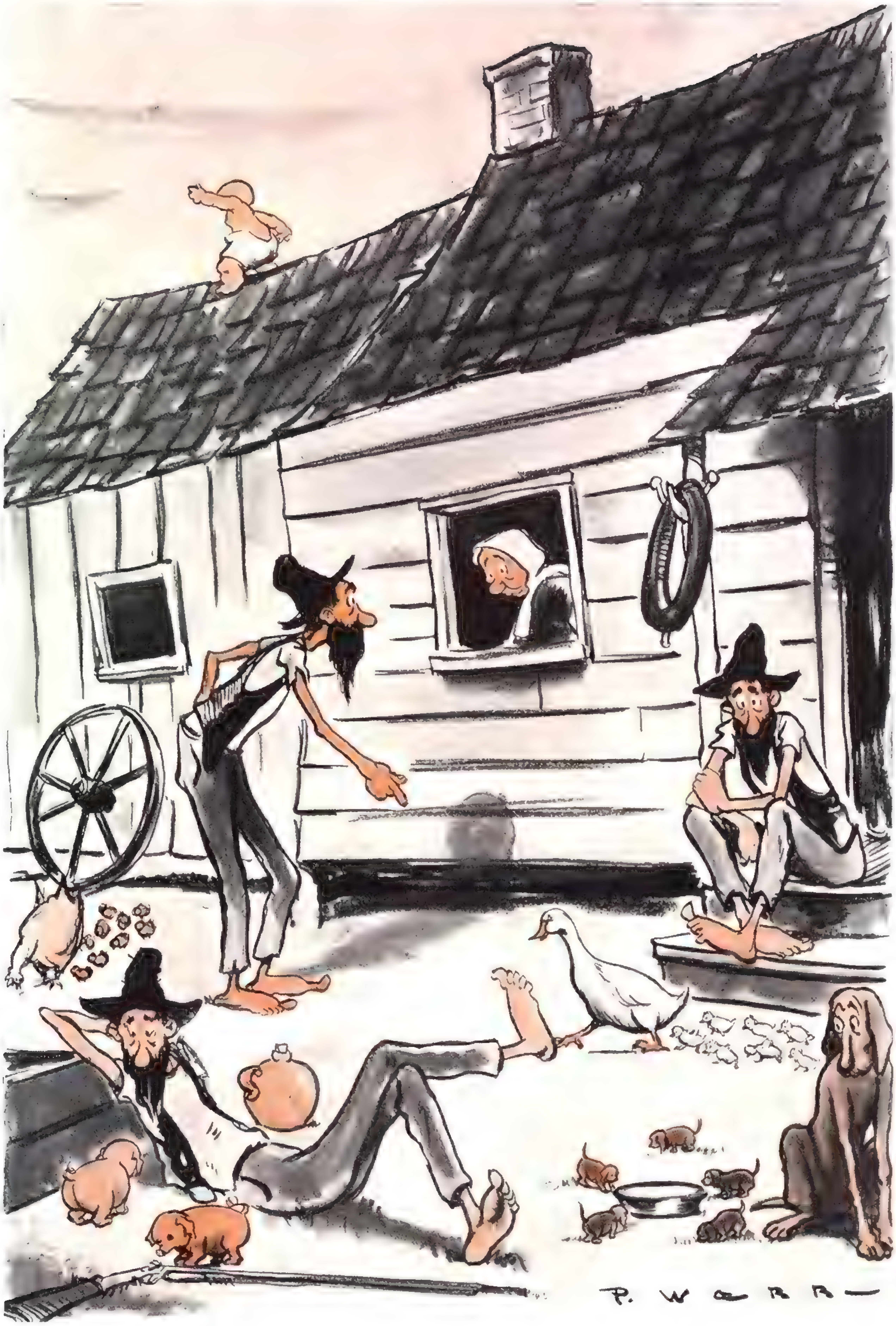


"Gawdamighty Gran'maw! Things are happenin' mighty fast out hyar—how's Maw doin?"

I'm a "Hopeless Case"

A boor, and proud of it, replies lustily and at great length to a quiz called, *How Are Your Manners?*

by HART STILWELL

SATIRE

I HAVE just measured myself by one of those yardsticks of good manners brought forth from time to time by the recognized authorities on this subject, and I find myself listed as a "Hopeless Case."

I failed rather dismally.

But I really don't feel so badly about it. I console myself with the immortal words of that noble soul who, upon making a particularly distressing discovery, remarked, " 'Tis better to have flunked your test, than never to have lived at all."

So I continue to fare rather well, in spite of my low grade. And in order that you may see just how the other half lives, I'm going to put down here a few sample questions, and some of the answers which helped to class me among those who do not belong.

This set of questions was printed under the heading, *How Are Your Manners?* The questions are not by Emily Post, although I feel I could flunk a test given by Emily Post with equal ease. They are propounded by a lady named Judith T. Chase, who is described as a "well-known quiz expert."

Here goes for a cross section:

Q. Are you a dish-sniffler?

A. Yes. On nine different occasions I have avoided a beautiful case of flux by smelling things before I ate them, and then I enjoyed the extreme satisfaction of sitting around with a display of elegant manners while my friends who were not dish-snifflers wrestled with their woes.

Q. Do you heckle the waiter to outline the ingredients of every dish before you order?

A. This question is a little puzzling, and I don't like the use of the word "heckle." I refuse to answer.

Q. Do you turn dessert into a heated mathematics contest, forcing your guests to add, subtract and divide the bill?

A. I am notoriously poor at mathematics. Hence, I simply allow my guests to pay the bill, which saves me the boring trouble of doing the adding, subtracting, dividing—and paying.

Q. Do you:

Squirt grapefruit into people's eyes?
Eat watermelon like a postcard pickaninny?
Make a cache of olive pits under the rim of your plate which comes to light when the plate is removed?
Strew fish-bones, crusts and half-eaten candies around your place?

A. I'll have to take these one at a time. As to the grapefruit-squirting, the answer is yes, especially in the case of little children. Nothing gives me more solid satisfaction than to hunt up a baby that's alone and squirt grapefruit juice in its eyes.

I don't eat watermelon.

I don't eat olives.

I roll the fish bones up in a napkin and take them home to my cat. I throw crusts on the floor, and don't eat candy.

Q. Are you a human vine, twining your legs around the legs of your chair?

A. Not the legs of the chair.

Q. To summon the waiter do you:

Snap your fingers?
Shout "Hey you!"
Beat your glass with a knife?
Stamp?
Whistle?

A. In my earlier days I had a habit of overturning the table to attract the waiter's attention. Now I am more mellow, and I simply get up and get things myself. It's quicker.

Q. When you are tackling chicken, do you pick up the whole bird?

A. I prefer a low tackle, somewhere around the knees.

The questions above are all related to the art of eating. Now come some questions dealing with the subject, *At the Office.*

The lady expert says, "A few manners may be the only difference between the office boy and the boss at the top of the desk." I have often wondered just what the difference was. I always thought it was just age.

Here's the Q and A.

Q. Instead of saying "Yes Sir," to the boss, do you come out with:

Yeah, sure.
You bet.
O. K., pal.
Why not?
I don't mind if I do.
You said a mouthful.

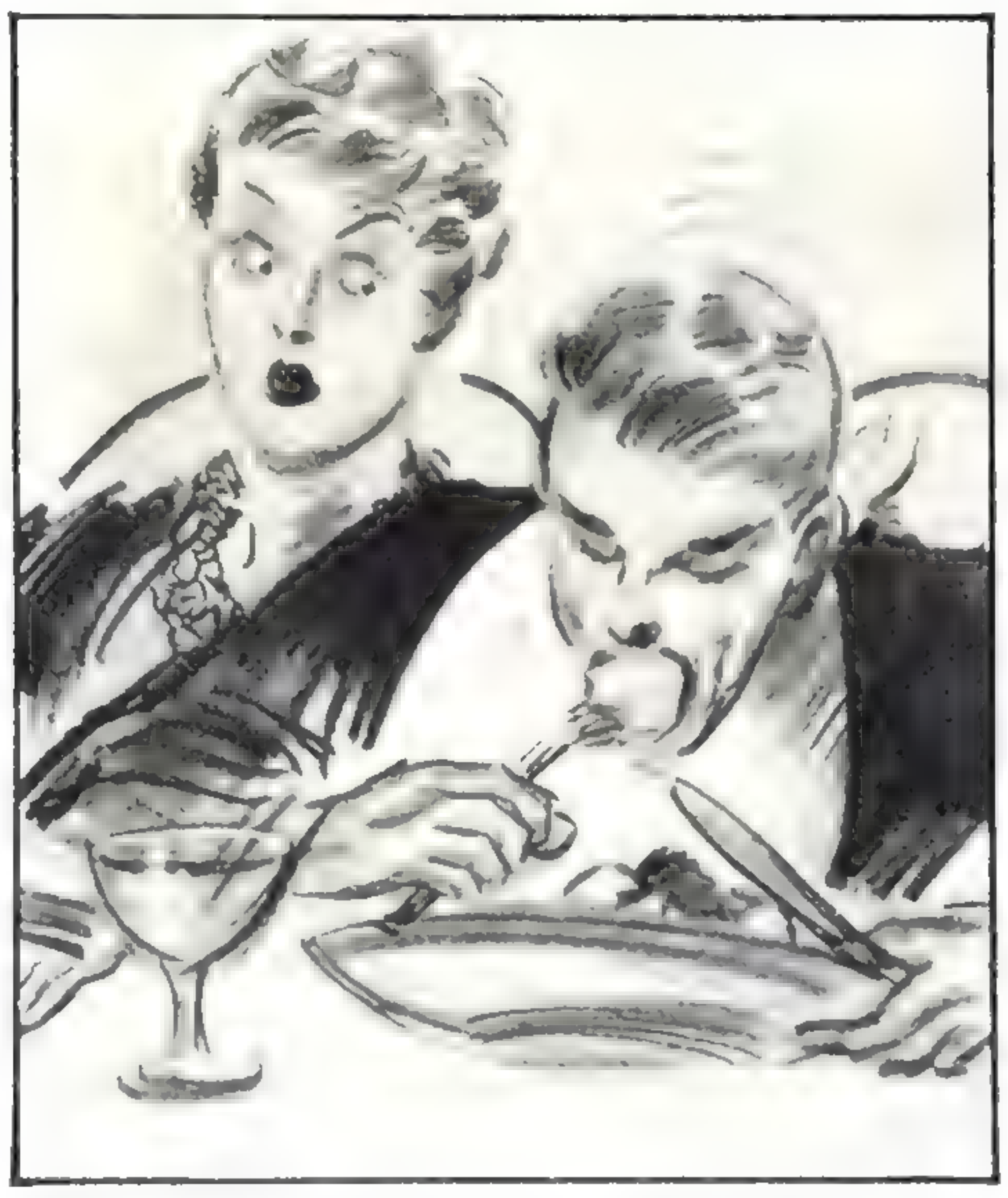
A. In this respect I have developed a slightly Oriental touch to my answer. I always reply, "To hear is to obey," when the boss says something. It usually produces a dead silence—an extremely polite, dead silence.

Q. Do you plant your feet on your desk so callers see feet but no face?

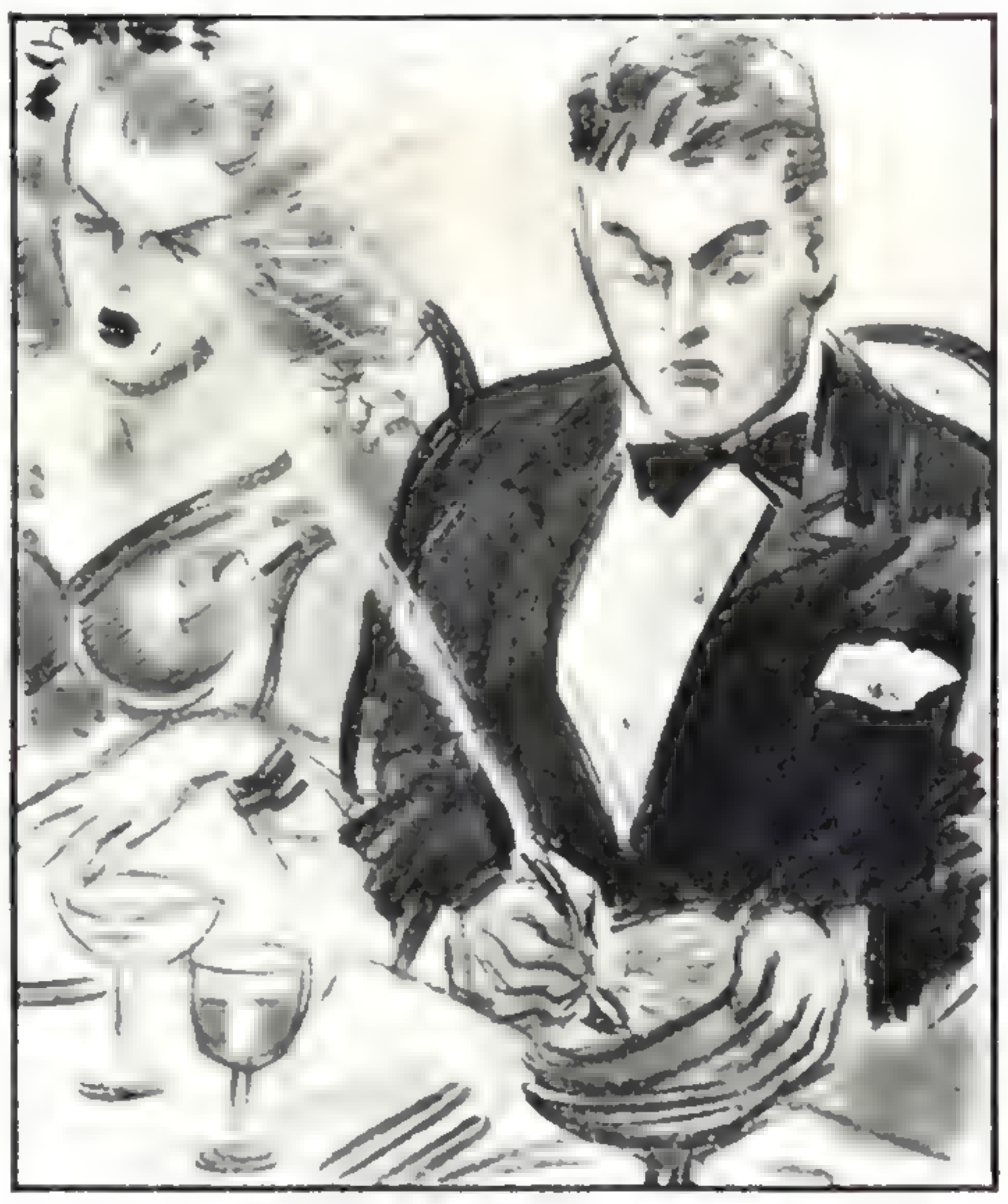
A. This question interests me. I have tried to turn the trick described by the lady, but every person who comes in manages somehow or other to see my face. I conclude that my desk is wrong—but my intentions are good.

Q. Do you blunder into your boss's office when he might have his secretary on his knee?

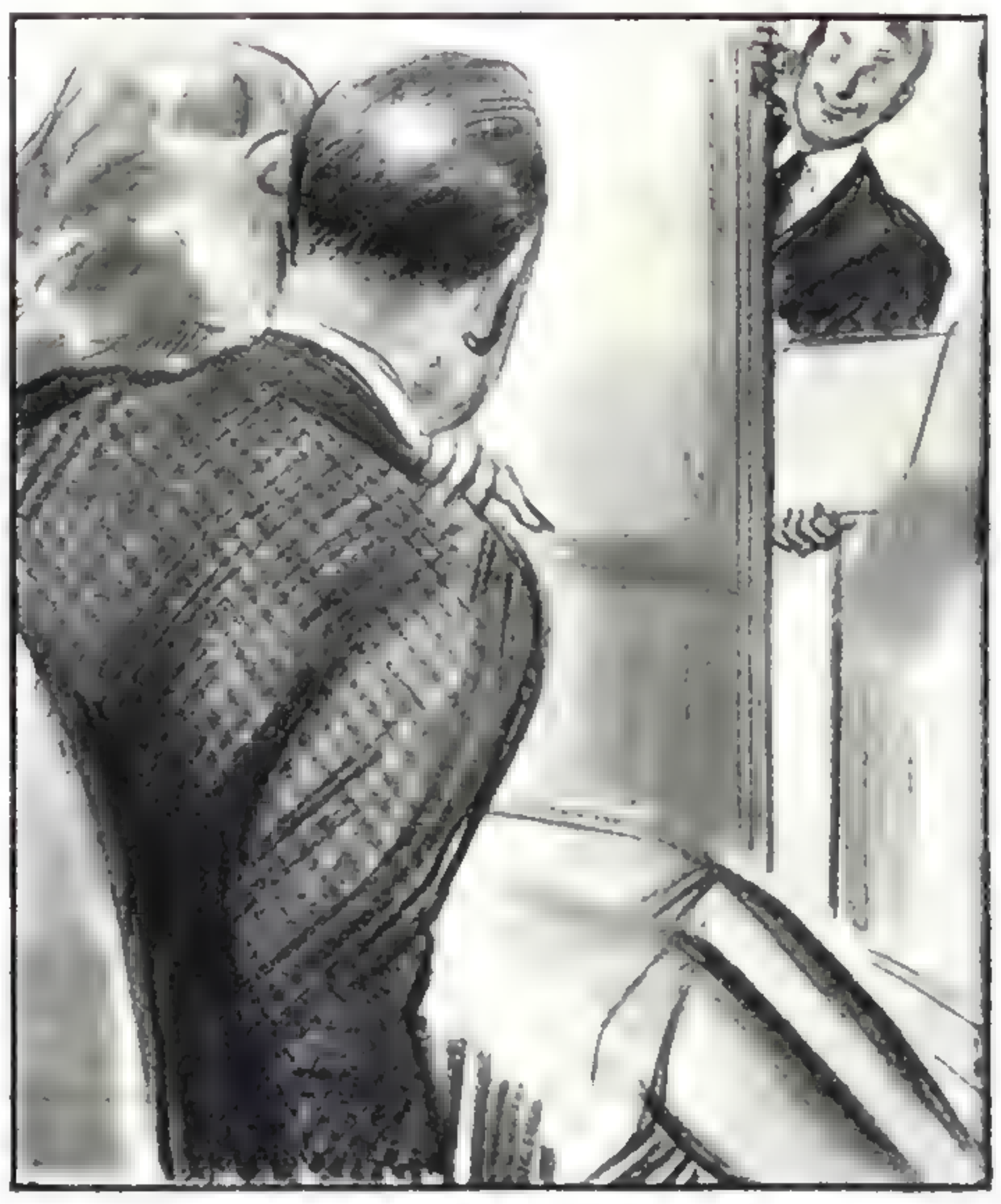
A. This is a fascinating question. You see at once that the boss, who is a man of good manners and hence different from the office



When it comes to perfect manners—
Are you of the also ranners?



Are your hosts with blindness flirting
When you start your grapefruit-squirting?



Do you burst in indiscreetly
When the Boss is cooing sweetly?

boy, demonstrates that good manners consist in holding your secretary on your knee. Whereas I display poor manners by blundering in while he's got her there. But I have never caught him, the sly old rascal. I've tried it many times, and he eludes me. Now I've about given up, and before I blunder into his office I shout, "Boss, is she on your knee yet?" I'll take a passing grade on this one.

There follows a set of questions about driving automobiles. Only one question in the lot seems of interest. It goes like this:

Q. Do you honk your horn when you're practically on top of old ladies . . .?

A. That one I flatly refuse to answer. However, you can see that it lends itself to a rather wide variety of intriguing replies.

Next are questions under the heading, *Before Company*. These mark the true man, insofar as manners are concerned. So let's have at them.

Q. When people start to shake hands, do you give them the "hang it up" gesture?

A. Invariably. And I often supplement it by furnishing them with a coat hanger, or perhaps an old-style hat rack. It's a scream.

Q. Do you conscript your guests to take sides in family arguments?

A. In my family we have no arguments. What I say goes.

Q. It's good manners to hold a lady's coat but do you hold it so she has to play blindman's buff to find her sleeves?

A. It may be good manners to hold a lady's coat, but I've never seen any point in holding one when it's empty. When I hold a lady's coat she would have to play blindman's buff to get out of the sleeves, not in them.

Q. Do you accost people with:

Bet you don't remember who I am?
Guess who this is?
Do you remember when you met me?

A. By all means. Then when they answer I say, "Well, you're wrong; I never saw you before," and go on about my business.

Q. When you pull out a lady's chair do you push it back so hard that it trips her backwards?

A. I've never been known to fail. And if she doesn't fall from that little stunt, why I jerk a leg off the chair. That always gets them.

Q. Do you give your wife's age away?

A. No. My fourteen-year-old son does. But he's notorious for bad manners, anyway.

Q. Do you boast of your expensive possessions in front of guests who obviously can't afford them?

A. Not yet. I haven't had a guest yet who'd have them.

Q. Do you bring up the faults of your wife and family in front of company?

A. It isn't necessary.

Q. When people toast you, do you drink also?

A. I drink also, whether they toast or not, and whether they drink or not.

Q. Children should be seen and not heard. Do you encourage yours to recite half-learned verses in front of company?

A. The idea that children should be seen and not heard is the lady's, not mine. My son does not recite verses, learned or half-learned before company or any place else. But he knows a lot of dog gone good stories. You ought to get him off some day and start him going.

Q. To be a success you should be at ease with your guests. Are you a:

Face-fingerer?
Nail-biter?
Shoe scuffer?
Finger-tapper?
Suspender-snapper?

A. No. I'm a button-unbuttoner. When I have company I am constantly buttoning and unbuttoning buttons. It's my own idea. When the company is quite ritzy and I feel the strain too much I am likely to find suddenly that I have not only unbuttoned my shirt, but have taken it off. But a face-fingerer—not my own, anyway.

Q. Do you forget to introduce people and leave them gaping at each other?

A. All the people I ever saw go right ahead with the drinks and start making love to each other's wives, whether I introduce them or not. If that's gaping, I guess I'm guilty.

Q. Do you say:

"Lovely food," for good food?
"Keeping company with," for seeing often?
"She is the works," for she is attractive?
"Meet the wife," for meet Mrs. So and So?
"Some setup," for what a beautiful home?

A. This is pouring it on kind of fast, but I'll work my way through them one at a time. Instead of saying anything boorish such as "lovely food," I say "beautiful grub." You get the picture much better, and if good grub isn't beautiful, then I don't know beauty when I see it.

For "keeping company with," I use the expression "making a pass at." I'm like Kipling. I love action.

Instead of saying "she is the works," I say, "she's got the works." Take it any way you wish.

The other two I don't consider worth my time.

Q. At the theatre are you an over-loud clapper who shows so much enthusiasm that he's suspected of being paid for his presence?

A. I've had myself checked on this one, and find that I rate as a fair clapper. However, the rating is no true picture of my conduct, for I frequently start booing and cat-calling and whistling. So far the management hasn't made me any offers, but I'm open to a reasonable proposition.

Q. It's always bad manners to introduce a girl to a man; the man should be introduced to the girl. Do you make this mistake?

A. Frequently. Five of the girls I introduced to men married them. They are very grateful to me.

Q. Do you forget to take off your hat when you meet a lady?

A. No. I just don't take it off.

Q. Are you a "move-on" handshaker?

A. You got me there, lady. I don't know what you mean. But just mark me down wrong, anyway.

Q. Do introductions go in one ear and out the other?

A. Depends entirely on how she looks and what the prospects are.

Now we come down to the heading that reveals the true man—the inner man, as contrasted to the man who faces the social world around him. These questions come under the heading, *With Your Wife*.

Here goes again:

Q. Are you one of those husbands who takes his wife out to dinner and sits staring into space without a word to her?

A. You wrong me, lady. I always entertain her with long speeches about what a great man I am. It's not unusual for her to cut in with, "Would you mind being quiet for a while? I'd like a little rest."

Q. Do you remind her of the sad fact she's:

No spring chicken?
Getting fat?
Getting on?
Slowing up?

A. In the case of my wife it isn't a fact,

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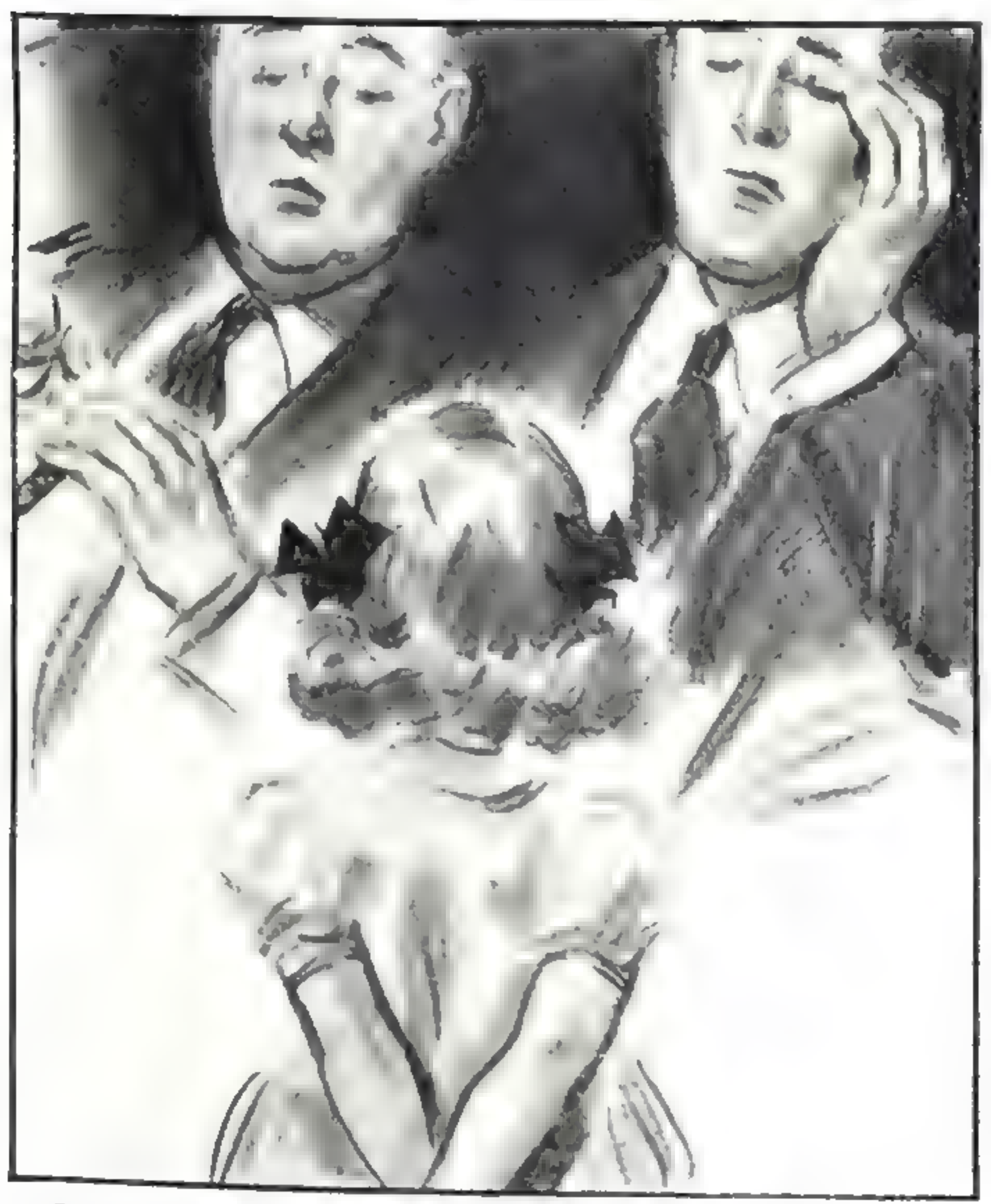
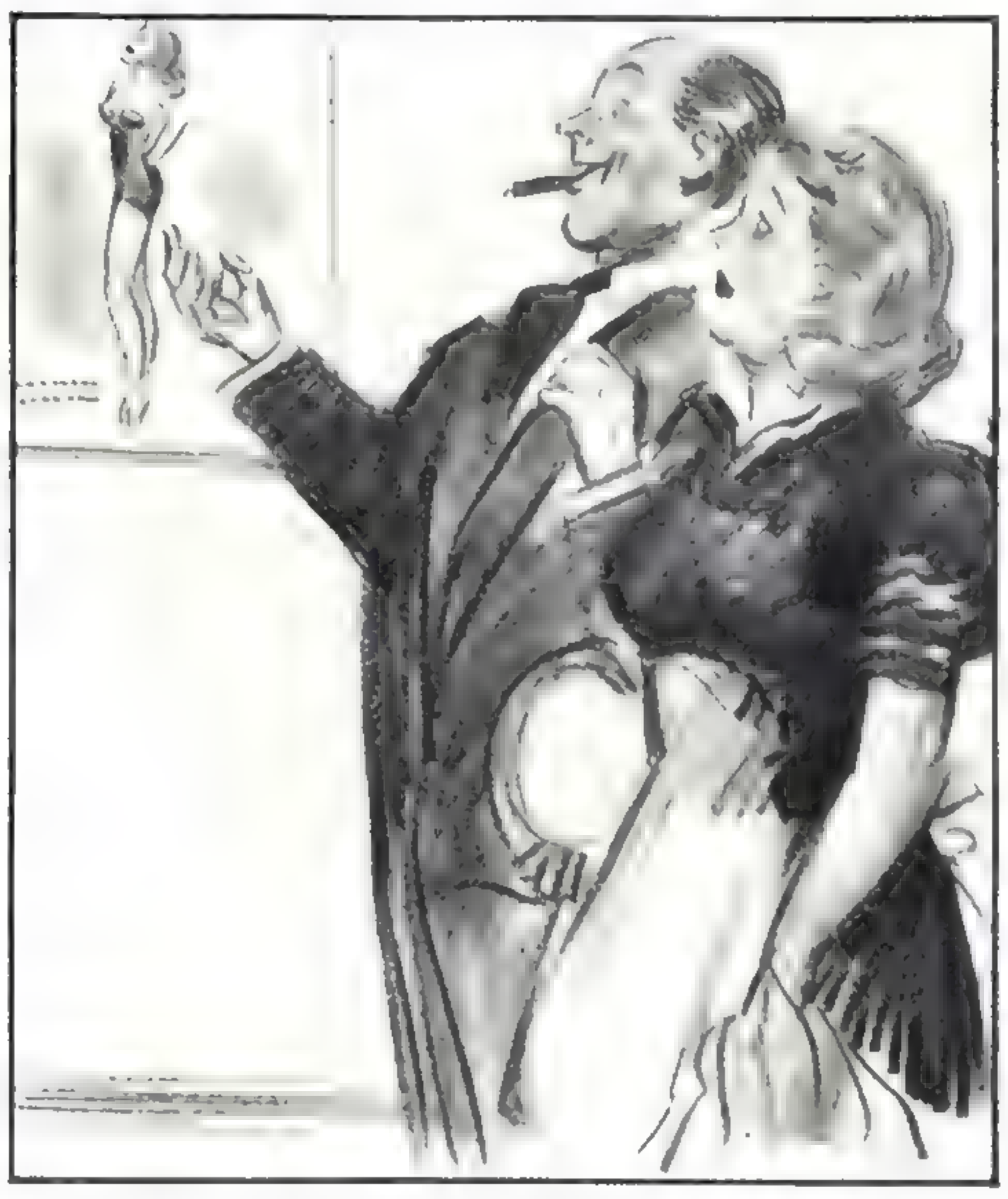


Do you make your kids spout verses
While your guests restrain their curses?



Do you tell the little Mousey
She's slowed up at "playing housey?"

If into these faults you're sinking
Jeez! your etiquette is stinking!
PHIL STACK

The Ghost Town of Rhyolite

Its people lived at a fast clip for six mad years before Golden Street went back to the coyotes

by EDWIN CORLE

• ARTICLE •

One man owns the whole town of Rhyolite today. He bought it when it was offered for sale at auction in bankruptcy. And he was the only bidder. Nobody else wanted it. The town is on the edge of the Amargosa Desert in Nye County in southern Nevada and its owner is Mr. Westmoreland, long identified in the vicinity as a gambling entrepreneur, local politician, regional authority, and general good fellow.

As historical western towns go, its birth was late—1905 to be exact—which makes Rhyolite the last child of a large family of ghost towns scattered over the desert basin. But Rhyolite made up for its late appearance by the speed of its living. It was born in 1905, matured in 1906, doomed in 1907, and gave up the ghost in 1911. In six years it ran what would normally be a civic lifetime of a hundred years. Rhyolite is like the child who died of old age at the age of four. "Believe It Or Not" or "Strange As It Seems" once featured that case of accelerated glandular development. The life of Rhyolite is analogous. It died of old age in 1911 when only six years old, but its doom was foretold as early as 1907 by an economic maladjustment popularly known as Wall Street panic.

The area around Rhyolite was almost devoid of white population as late as 1904. The Bullfrog district, as this area is usually called, was one of the last sections of the West to be filled in by white civilization. This is understandable as the district is far from any of the main transcontinental arteries of travel, and the few who had ventured into this section had had a difficult time of it. But in 1899 gold was discovered at Tonopah, Nevada, and in 1902 another strike was made at Goldfield. Towns sprang up at both these places almost over night, and this outburst of civilization was indirectly responsible for the birth of Rhyolite, a few years later.

Shorty Harris had been prospecting since 1878 and he knew a good "quartz blowout" when he saw one, for Shorty's experience included not only the American Southwest, but prospecting in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Canada, and "a couple of other places this side of hell."

In spite of his versatility and long experience Shorty had been a "Johnny-come-late" at Tonopah and at Goldfield. Also he had been slow at getting to the strike in the Grapevine Mountains which resulted in the Keane Wonder Mine. But he recalled a "blowout" not far away, and accompanied by E. L. Cross he returned to this outcropping from Daylight Pass leading out of Death Valley easterly into Nevada. He didn't have long to look. In Shorty's own words as printed in the *Rhyolite Herald* in 1909: "I went over to the big blowout. I found lots of quartz all over the hill and started to break it with my pick . . . the quartz was just full of free gold and it was the original genuine green bullfrog rock . . . Why, gee whiz, it was great! The very first boulder was as rich in gold as anything I had ever seen."

Shorty held a piece of the green rock, resembling a bullfrog, in the palm of his hand, rock in which virgin gold glinted and gleamed. He and E. L. Cross appraised it.

"This bullfrog is a crackerjack," declared Shorty. "The district is going to be the banner camp of Nevada. I say so once and I'll say it again."

He did. Often. And Shorty was quite correct as far as he went. The Bullfrog hills, unknown to all but a few men, were destined to bring civilization to Southern Nevada. At that time, 1904, there was only one other resident in the district, and he was Old Man Beatty who had a small ranch near what is now the town of Beatty, five miles from the present ghost of Rhyolite. But Shorty Harris' optimistic prediction for the future of the Bullfrog district failed to reckon with the fact that the young community was about to be born with an accelerated glandular system. All of Shorty's prognostications came true and passed by and were history within seven years. Rhyolite came and went so quickly that men wondered if it had ever really happened. Only the skeleton of the more ambitious and elaborate buildings still remains as proof of the fact that it was not all a dream.

With the success of his strike Shorty went to Tonopah with his partner E. L. Cross. There Shorty foolishly sold his share of the claim for $800, while Cross held his and sold it a few years later for $60,000. Whereupon Shorty moved out of the Rhyolite scene and went prospecting again. All of which is a mute comment on Shorty's business ability as contrasted with his nose for gold.

So by late 1904 the rush was on and men poured into the area and camps were set up—the Bullfrog and the Amargosa and a settlement between the two called Jumpertown, since those who lived there were constantly on the jump between the other two where the actual mining was taking place. Things were booming so fast that these tent cities were not satisfactory, and a real townsite was laid out nearby and the place was called Rhyolite. This was 1905. By 1907 Rhyolite was a community of 12,000 people, had a railroad, an elaborate depot, and buildings as excellent as those of any small city of the time. The Rhyolite school, for example, cost $20,000 and the John S. Cook building at the corner of Golden Street and Broadway, housing the First National Bank of Rhyolite on the ground floor and with offices on its second and third floors, cost $90,000. Cash was not invested in Rhyolite in 1905-06-07 at this rate with the expectation that Rhyolite would be returned to the jack rabbits and the

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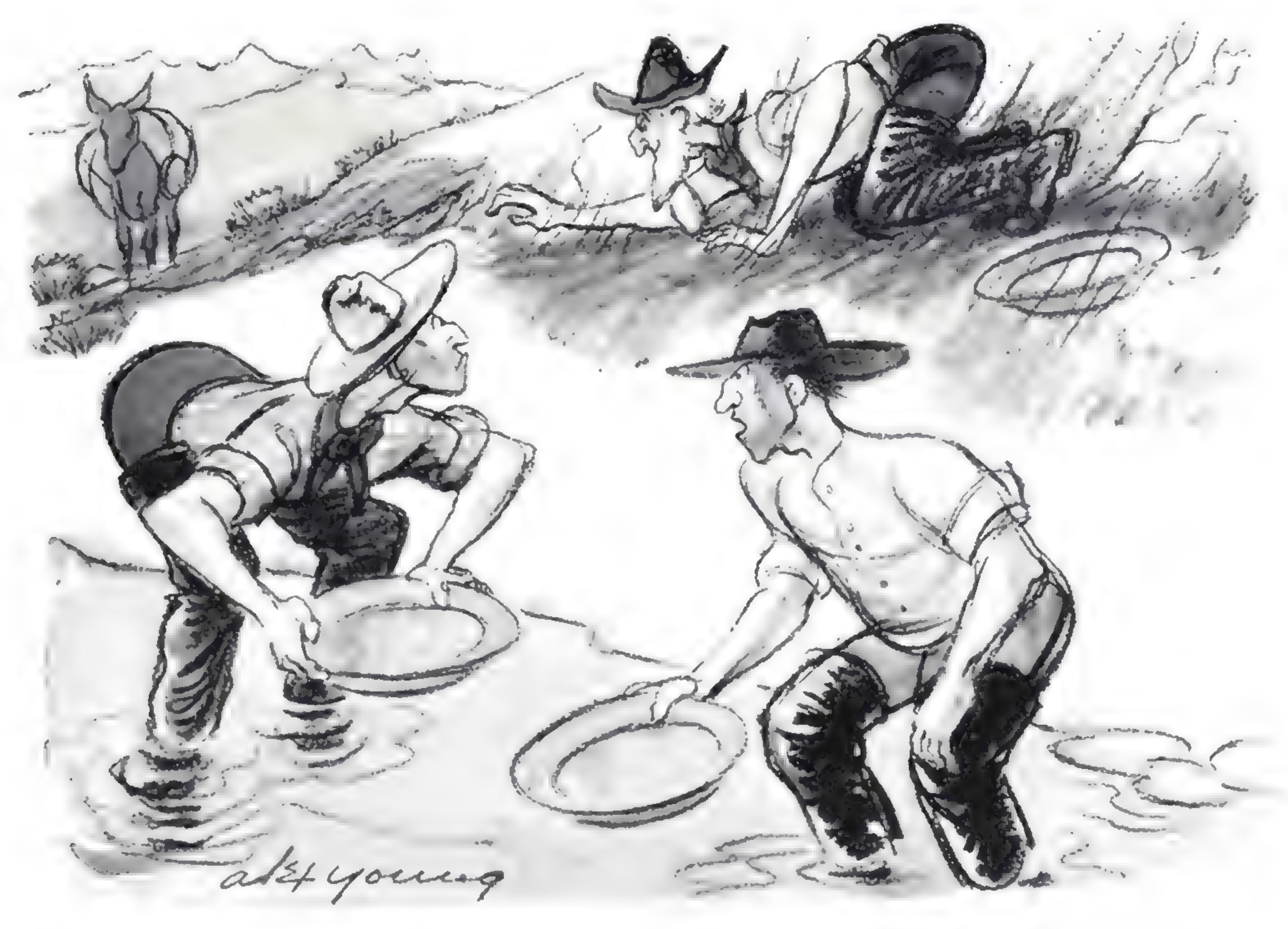
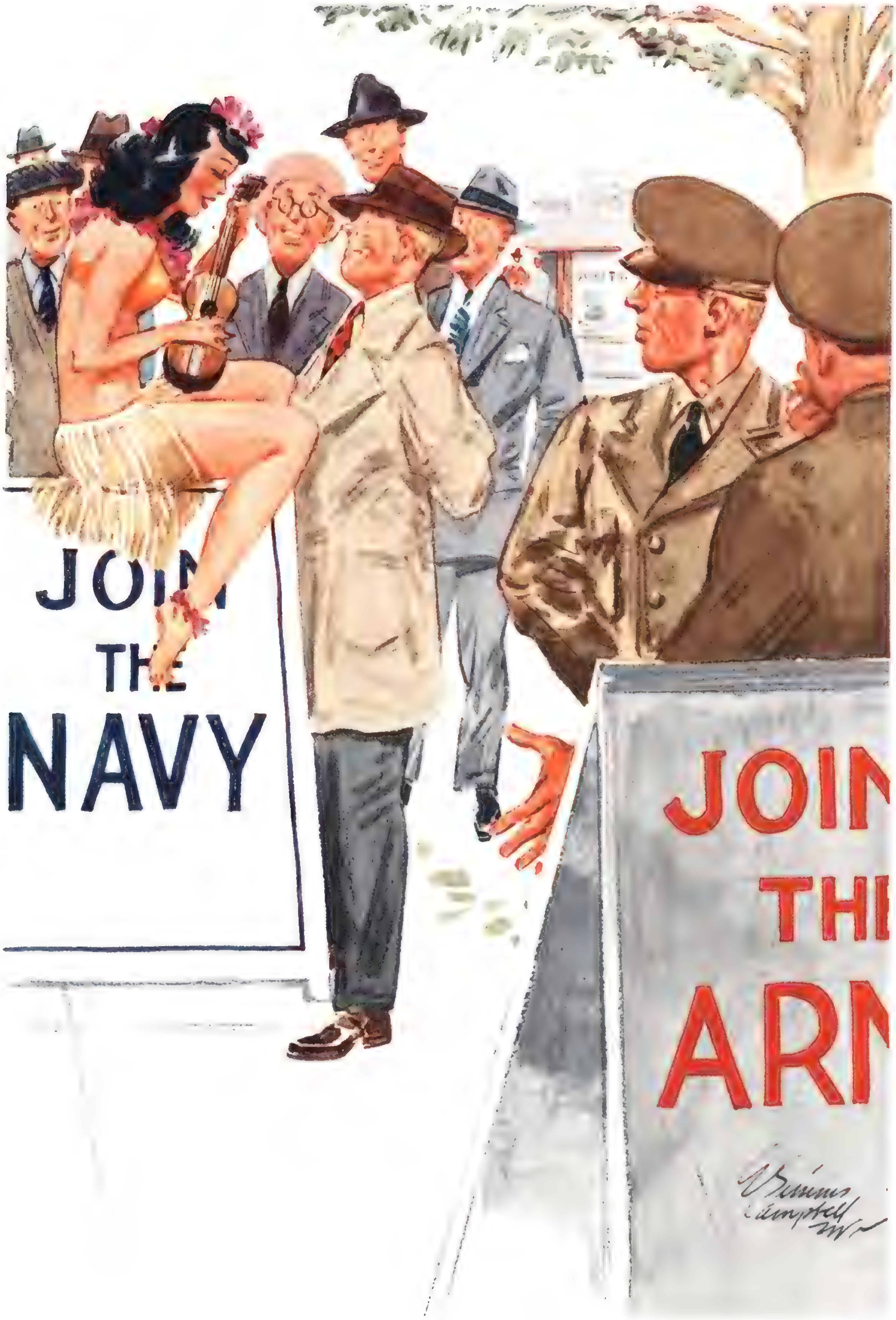
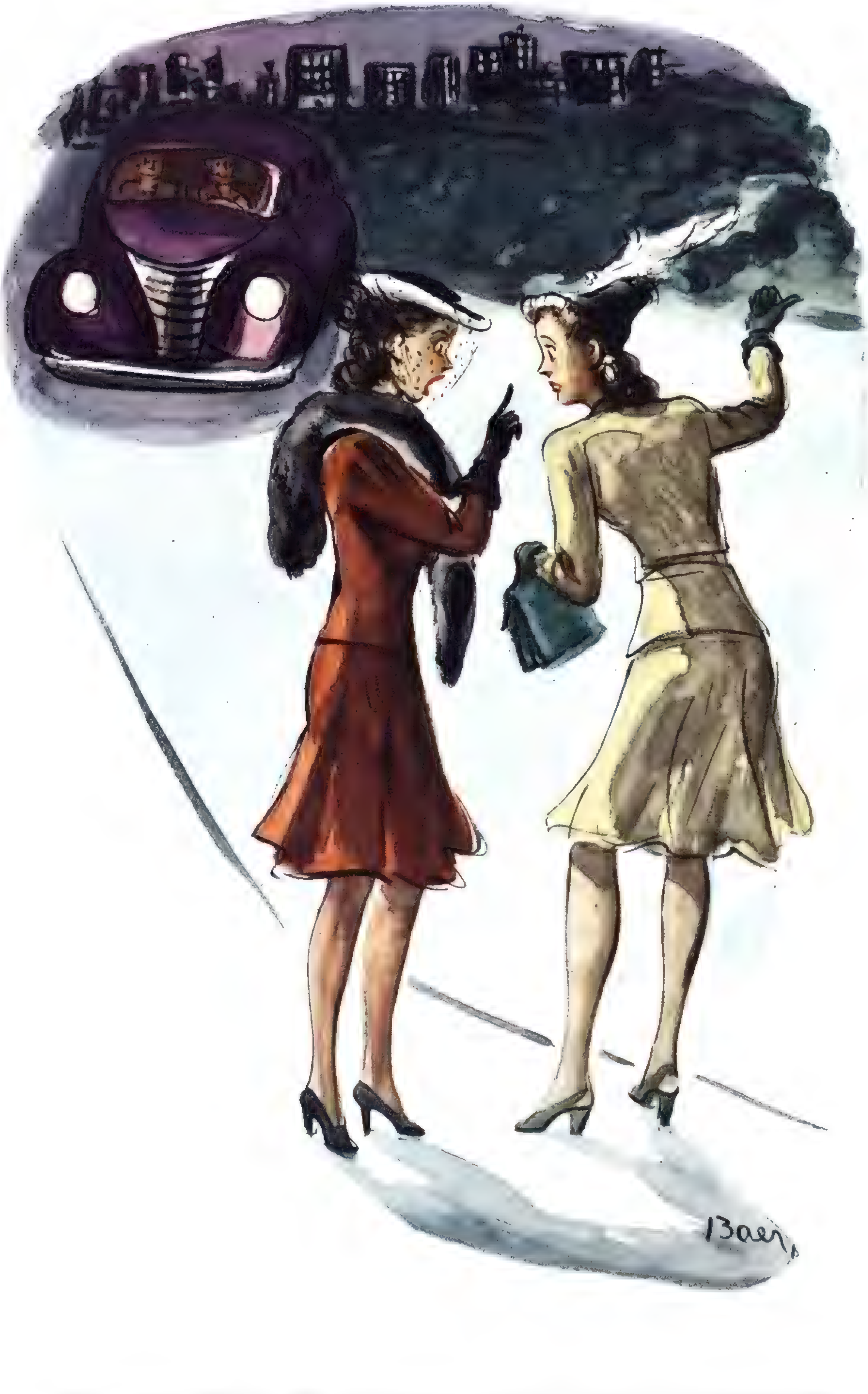


"He found a dime there last week!"


JOIN
THE
NAVY
JOIN
THE
ARM

"We're not offering enough, I guess"



"Remember, Mabel, offer to buy gas—we don't want to be obligated"

Northward Ho!

To find seclusion, lakes, crags and caribou, codfish, Eskimos, provincial French and sourdoughs

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ARTICLE▪

The fifteenth century navigators would have made Hitler look silly in the game of "Finder's Keeper's." Take the case of Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, self-styled "discoverer" of Canada. Sailing a little boat, manned with only sixty-one men, he was forced by storm, one day, into the bay of Gaspé. Immediately, a dozen of his men rushed ashore, hacked down a couple of trees, made a crude cross, and announced possession of all the land thereabouts, as well as several million Indians, for the glory of God and the King. After that, all the marauders said a little prayer. "It was a simple but momentous ceremony," the textbook says.

It is hardly any wonder that this place was called "Gaspé."

But curiously, by that strange trick of inversion history so often plays, the Gaspé is one of the few places left in the world where the dignity and integrity of old French traditions still remains. For the Gaspésians are simple folk, with small needs; and once they had robbed the Micmac Indians of that region—the way all American settlers robbed the Indians—they settled down to a life of frugal virtue, menacing no one, living by their own industry, and consequently saving the landscape. This, incidentally, is an important point: wherever people live by their own work, the landscape is saved—because few people by their lonesome are able to build factories, skyscrapers, and tenements.

All of which is to say that if you want to be among unspoiled people and unmarred country, this tumultuous summer, head North. Take in the Gaspé; fish for cod, run your boat up on forbidding rocks, and live among the fisherfolk, learning in the interim, a fluent, colorful, provincial French. Time was when people spent their summers in Provence, learning French. Today, with a short motor jaunt up the Eastern seaboard, you can find your culture waiting for you—spread out beneath a cliff.

Then, that once over, and with all time to spare, what could be pleasanter, more cooling, more intoxicating, and more removed from the present chaos, than a trip through the virgin wastes of the Canadian rockies on up into Alaska—the last frontier?

Unlike South America, Mayapan, Malaysia, the Nile Valley, and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, the North doesn't provide a round of exotic entertainment. It is naïve, primitive, rugged, and wide open. It is a place where you can find seclusion, lakes, crags crannies, trout, caribou, Eskimos, and pictures of Miss Paulette Goddard playing at manny-palavar with the Northwest Mounted. If you would rather have pyramids, incense, fiestas, cougars, ponchos, hashish, conch shells, or Miss Paulette Goddard in little white pants—stick to the sub-tropics. This column leans, for the moment, toward the wide open spaces and manny-palavar.

Suppose we start in the Maritime Provinces. If you will look at some nearby map, you will see that the Gaspé peninsula juts out from the Canadian shore at the point where the St. Lawrence river gives its all to the Atlantic Ocean. To get out on to it, you start from Quebec unless, by some chance you happen to be in New Brunswick (to the south); in which case, as any child could tell you, you would start out from New Brunswick.

Take along your car for this leg of the North. The closest you can get to the Gaspé by air lines is Montreal; and the Canadian National Railroad, which juts a short way into the Gaspé, is limited in its itinerary.

Traffic on the peninsula, for some curious and historic reason, generally runs counterclockwise—which in this case means heading toward the ocean along the north shore, and returning on the south. And while it is not exactly illegal to reverse the procedure, the Gaspésians will label you, instanter, an uncouth and interloping Goth.

These formalities understood, you start from Quebec, and travel on Route 2, heading east. You are accounted officially on the Gaspé when you reach the little village of St. Flavie, where Highway No. 6 begins—the road otherwise known as "the Gaspésia belt line." Fifteen miles beyond is the quaint so-called watering spot of Metis-Beach, which is a good place to put up for the night or a month. You have beaches here, fine hotels, tennis, golf, rocks, cabins—everything.

Heading on, you come to Baie-des-Sables, St. Ulric, and finally Matane. If you have any last-minute shopping to do, need aspirin, razor blades, or bicarbonate, or want to have a last nostalgic look at a movie, do it at Matane; for this is the last big center on the cape.

When you leave Matane you start into the "highlands"—wild, stirring, severe, soul-cleansing country. Rocks are everywhere, as in the highlands of Scotland. With eyes half closed, at dusk, it is a simple matter to see the witches pouring down for the season's convention, the way the witches came on their high-octane broomsticks in the Walpurgisnacht scene in Faust. The rocks and cliffs are foreboding; and the relentless crash of the waves on the defiant stone are eternal reminders that bombers may come and bombers may go, but the sea will ever wage its mighty battle if only for the battle's sake.

Look for a moment at some of the grotesque and foreboding shapes around you; look for a moment at Cap-Chat, the menacing cape that is nothing if not a gargantuan cat, squatting on its haunches with true feline contempt for the small affairs of men. Look at the rock shapes a little farther on, at Ste. Anne-des-Monts, where the famous table top

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"He wants to know the correct wear for a trip to California"

Vacations for the Adventurous

The government is saving vast areas of wilderness for people who want to rough it on America's last frontiers

by RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

• ARTICLE •

ALONG the mountain-barricaded border between the states of Montana and Idaho stretches a vast wilderness. White peaks rise in splendor out of a great expanse of evergreen forests. Lakes mirror timbered glades. Wildflowers color the meadows. Gaunt crags frown down on a dozen deep canyons. The hillsides are ribbed with rivers and creeks, and the woods trill to the sound of falling water.

By order of the United States Government, no roads penetrate this upland stronghold, a stronghold measured by horizons rather than miles. Cabins, inns, resorts, summer homes, stores, settlements, and ranches are forbidden to poke through the mantle of fir and cedar and pine. Motorboats have yet to churn the lakes, and none of the twisting trails is wide enough to accommodate an automobile. Transportation must always be as it was before white men spanned the continent—by horse, foot, and canoe. Only an occasional airplane winging far overhead tells that the years have moved on.

This island in a sea of civilization is the Bitterroot Wilderness Area. It is unchanged today from long ago when Lewis and Clark, the first Americans to cross the Rocky Mountains, hacked through it on their trek westward. It is a fortress which has held out against invasion by our mechanized society. In its dense fastnesses there is no sign that man has learned to conquer space and distance and time. It is one of the most extraordinary museums on earth, a museum which preserves the landscape and scenery of pioneer America.

There are other such museums in our land. Nearly three-score Wilderness Areas dot the Far West. A few are in the Great Lakes region of Minnesota and Michigan. Some are strung along the Atlantic seaboard. They are our final frontiers. All together, they cover 30,000 spectacular square-miles. This is twice as immense as the entire country of Switzerland. A number of the Wilderness Areas are small, and a strong hiker can trudge across them in a day. Others are sprawling jumbles of slopes and mountain-tops in which counties fit like tiles on a bathroom floor.

To Americans who would vacation in their native land, these footprints of the continent's past offer the greatest challenge. They defy adventurous souls to discard the crutches of civilization. Trout that are big and hungry fleck the eddies of Aneroid Lake in Oregon, but the Eagle Cap Wilderness Area is a protecting fortification which compels fishermen to abandon their sedans and brave the mountains on foot. To get a shot at the deer and moose in the Superior Wilderness Area of Minnesota, hunters must relinquish the steering wheel for a canoe paddle. The heavy underbrush of these forests quickly sifts out those whom easy living has made soft.

In the last year or so Wilderness Areas have become a feature of the nation's vacation opportunities. They now are set aside by both the Forest Service and the National Park Bureau. At their edge 1941 gives way to the frontier. Roads and highways narrow into paths and game trails. Buildings are taboo. Tents, a lean-to of fir boughs, and the sky are all the roofs available. "Your shelter and your bed and board," the Forest Service announces, "are what you carry with you." Stores and hotels are left behind. Supplies can be replenished only with rifle and fishing rod. Streams are forded instead of bridged. A compass and the sun and stars are the solitary signposts.

Some of the finest hunting and fishing and a lot of the most majestic scenery in the United States are fortified within Wilderness Areas. This means that they are reserved for genuine adventurers. The synthetic woodsman or the tonneau-hiker has no place here. Wilderness Areas have been established to thwart the traveler who confines his sightseeing to the Grand Canyon from a bus or Mount Shasta from the dining-car. "In Wilderness Areas," warns a government bulletin, "you will find no trains, autos, or even buckboards; you will walk or ride a horse. You will find no swanky hotels or boarding houses or restaurants or wayside hot-dog stands."

In 1929 the Forest Service began marking off these last frontiers. At first the woodland and mountain strongholds were known as Primitive Areas. Two years ago the regulations were tightened, the regions enlarged and new regions added, and the name changed to Wilderness Areas. Boundaries were extended to protect dripping "rain forests" along Puget Sound and arid plateaus near the Mexican line. Today, Wilderness Areas in the state of Idaho alone blanket more territory than all of Connecticut. The slightest impact of civilization on these fastnesses is contrary to federal orders. Even trails must be restricted to those absolutely necessary for prevention of forest fires.

Around Wilderness Areas the Government has drawn a line, and inside that line the world of machinery and tension and streamlining is forbidden to intrude. These frontier redoubts call for a tougher breed of citizens, and it is entirely probable that the Wilderness Areas themselves are helping develop that breed.

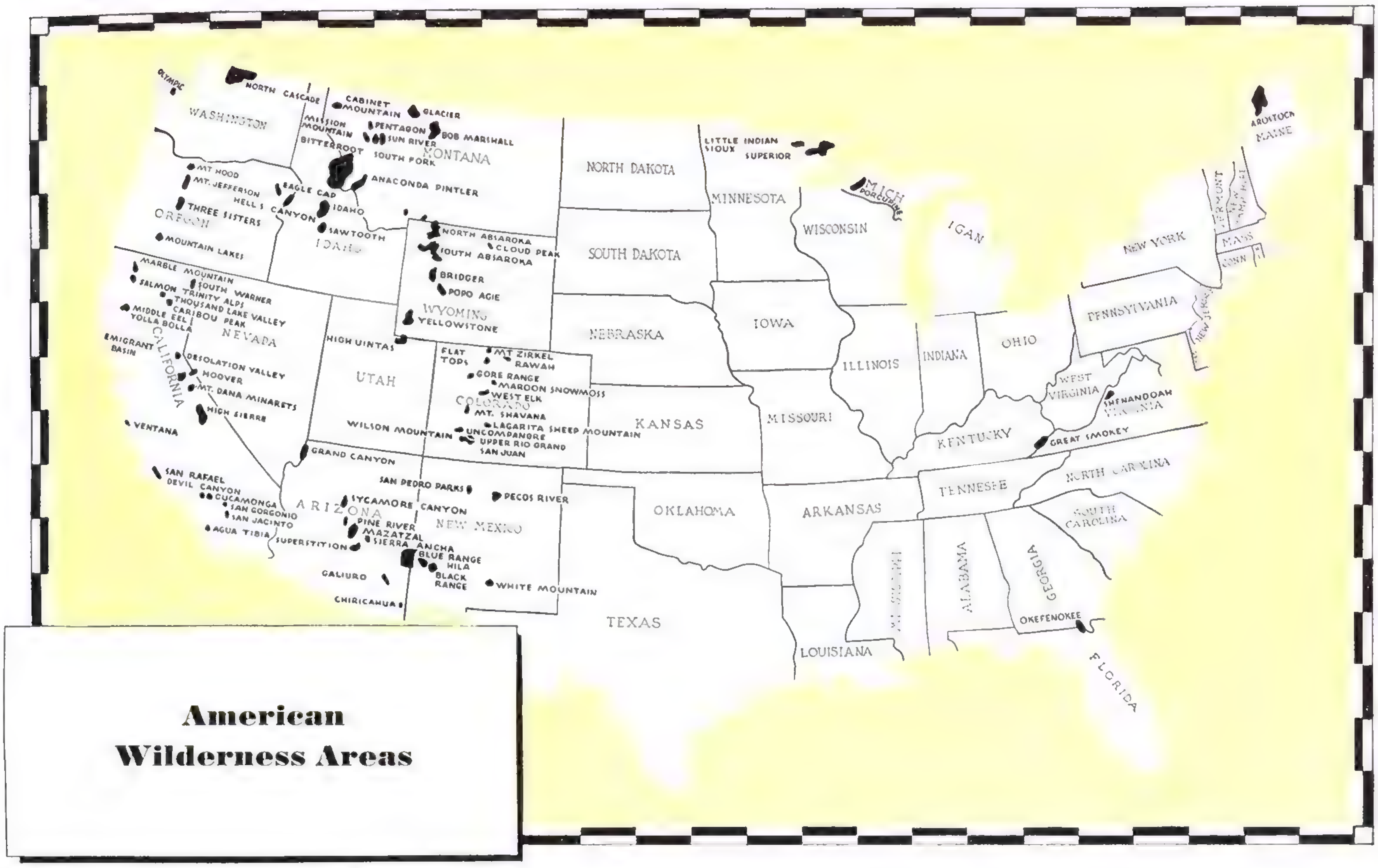
At the beginning only the hardiest outdoorsmen—professional alpinists, guides, rangers—tested the strongholds. Then the Depression gripped the land and held on. People started seeking simpler pleasures. They lost some of their flabbiness, spiritually as well as physically. Where two campers had plunged into the trackless labyrinth of the High Sierra Wilderness Area one summer, they returned with three of their friends the next. The friends, in turn, held by this contact with Nature's last lingering outposts, brought others back with them the following summer. Gradually but consistently, the Wilderness Areas attracted an ever-widening group of people who felt that part of life's experience was a complete escape, however temporary, from the clutches of pavement and girders and concrete.

Each year since the Wilderness Areas were established, more men—and women, too—have visited these untrammeled woods and highlands. Perhaps this year they have a new significance. America wants a populace which can survive in an era of force and brutality and aggression. Vast forests, lofty mountains, and the hardships and rigors of the original wilderness offer better training for such a populace than do the comforts of city and manor. The men and women who encountered the old frontier always managed to give pretty fair accounts of themselves. They never surrendered, and no one heard of their proposing appeasement with outlaws, land grabbers, Indian hostiles, or anybody else.

Where are the main Wilderness Areas in which Americans of the present generation can commune with the primitive solitude that confronted their ancestors on this continent? The government has scattered the areas all over the West so that they can be approached from numerous rail, plane, and highway points. There also are a few strategically located in the East and along the Great Lakes—as many as axe and steam-shovel have left. Here are the leading ones, so far as size and beauty are concerned, and the transportation centers nearest at hand:

Bitterroot Wilderness Area—Butte, Montana
Idaho Wilderness Area—Boise, Idaho
Bob Marshall Wilderness Area—Missoula, Montana
Superior Wilderness Area—Duluth, Minnesota
High Sierra Wilderness Area—Carson City, Nevada
North Cascade Wilderness Area—Seattle, Washington
Gila Wilderness Area—Lordsburg, New Mexico
Teton Wilderness Area—Jackson, Wyoming
Jim Bridger Wilderness Area—Kemmerer, Wyoming
North Absaroka Wilderness Area—Cody, Wyoming
High Uintas Wilderness Area—Salt Lake City, Utah
San Juan Wilderness Area—Grand Junction, Colorado
Marble Mountain Wilderness Area—Weed, California
Eagle Cap Wilderness Area—La Grande, Oregon
Mount Jefferson Wilderness Area—Portland, Oregon

Each of these fastnesses presents certain distinctive features. The North Cascade Wil-


OLYMPIC
NORTH CASCADE
WASHINGTON
CABINET MOUNTAIN
GLACIER
MISSION MOUNTAIN
PENTAGON
SUN RIVER
BOB MARSHALL
BITTERROOT
SOUTH FORK
MONTANA
MT HOOD
MT. JEFFERSON
EAGLE CAP
HELL'S CANYON
ANACONDA PINTLER
THREE SISTERS
OREGON
IDAHO
SAWTOOTH
IDAHO
MOUNTAIN LAKES
NORTH ABSAROKA
CLOUD PEAK
SOUTH ABSAROKA
BRIDGER
POPO AGIE
WYOMING
YELLOWSTONE
MARBLE MOUNTAIN
SOUTH WARNER
SALMON TRINITY ALPS
THOUSAND LAKE VALLEY
CARIBOU PEAK
MIDDLE EEL
YOLLA BOLLA
NEVADA
EMIGRANT BASIN
CALIFORNIA
DESOLATION VALLEY
HOOVER
MT. DANA MINARETS
HIGH SIERRE
VENTANA
HIGH UINTAS
UTAH
FLAT TOPS
MT ZIRKEL
RAWAH
GORE RANGE
MAROON SNOWMOSS
WEST ELK
COLORADO
MT. SHAVANA
LAGARITA SHEEP MOUNTAIN
WILSON MOUNTAIN
UNCOMPANDRE
UPPER RIO GRAND
SAN JUAN
GRAND CANYON
SAN RAFAEL
DEVIL CANYON
CUCAMONGA
SAN GORGONIO
SAN JACINTO
AGUA TIBIA
SUPERSTITION
ARIZONA
SAN PEDRO PARKS
PECOS RIVER
SYCAMORE CANYON
PINE RIVER
MAZATZAL
SIERRA ANCHA
NEW MEXICO
BLUE RANGE
GILA
BLACK RANGE
WHITE MOUNTAIN
GALIURO
CHIRICAHUA
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA
TEXAS
LITTLE INDIAN SIOUX
SUPERIOR
MINNESOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
WISCONSIN
MICH PORCUPINE
IGAN
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
OHIO
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
OKEFENOKEE
FLORIDA
WEST VIRGINIA
SHENANDOAH VIRGINIA
GREAT SMOKEY
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
PENNSYLVANIA
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
MASS
CONN
AROOSTOCK
MAINE

American Wilderness Areas

derness Area is rimmed with glacier peaks that are snow-covered twelve months a year. Little lakes like chains of pearls are strung through the Superior solitude. The Gila uplands are dry and arid, and the Mount Jefferson region catches Oregon's drenching rains. Eagle Cap boasts huge fighting trout. Stout-hearted Chinook salmon thrash their weary way from the mouth of the Columbia River to the Idaho Wilderness Area, locked in the core of that picturesque state. The Bob Marshall forests are studded with granite pinnacles climbed only by bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goats. Waterfalls in the High Sierra Wilderness Area crash over high cliffs and dissolve into tossing plumes of spray.

The Bitterroot Wilderness Area is the biggest in the nation. It contains 1,870,000 acres. The Idaho fastnesses mantle 1,232,744 acres. Many other Wilderness Areas are almost that large—North Cascade, Superior, Bob Marshall, High Sierra. Check these proportions with the 1,257,600 acres in the entire state of Delaware. New York City, all five boroughs, occupies only 198,942 acres. Innumerable Wilderness Areas dwarf this in size. Some of the mountain fastnesses seem small when slapped on the broad map of the United States, but they appear formidable, indeed, if compared with the European nations over which a dreadful war is now being fought. Our 30,000 square miles of roadless, unscratched wilderness is a mere fraction of the magnificent frontier which once stretched across this land; yet no other highly industrialized country has spared as much.

A portion of our surviving wilderness is within the borders of National Parks. Nearly 2,000,000 acres of Yellowstone Park can be reached only by trail and water. The 365 miles of Yellowstone roads penetrate barely a tenth of the total area of the park. The bulk of many famous National Parks—Glacier, Olympic, Great Smoky Mountains, Yosemite, Shenandoah, Grand Canyon—is barred to the automobile tourist. Only the ragged fringes of the Olympic Park, across Puget Sound from Seattle, are accessible by road. One highway, at the stern defile of Newfound Gap, spans the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Otherwise this forested reserve along the border between North Carolina and Tennessee is one of the wildest regions remaining on the Atlantic slope.

Two or three frontier strongholds are so impenetrable that the government has not had to designate them as Wilderness Areas. They simply defy settlement. One of these is Hell's Canyon on the Oregon-Idaho boundary, where the swirling waters of the Snake River have gouged the deepest chasm on the continent. Others are the Aroostock forests in Maine and the Porcupine hardwoods on the Michigan peninsula which extends into Lake Superior. Hell's Canyon is the most spectacular of all. Tucked away between the Seven Devils Range and the Wallowa Mountains, it is a vast gap in the earth more than 6,500 feet deep. From the last rim the mountain river is a thin silvery strand.

Each Wilderness Area has a jumping-off place—the final point for stocking up with supplies and sending letters home. Canoeists pushing off up the Superior lakes and streams get their hardtack and bacon in the Minnesota hamlet of Grand Marais. Bill Rolfing's general store and post office are practically all there is to Homestead, Oregon, and from him bold wayfarers buy extra shells, salt, fish line, rope, and flour before tackling Hell's Canyon. The Colorado town of Durango offers the last chance to stock up for the trek into the San Juan Wilderness Area. Few Americans ever have been really on their own. Always somewhere there has been a store or delivery van. Wilderness Areas reverse all this. Experienced campers wrap fishing accessories around their waists before braving the trackless fastnesses, so that loss of supplies by a foundering canoe or foraging grizzly may not necessarily threaten starvation. Most of the Wilderness Area rivers and creeks are lush with trout.

"We advise," says the Forest Service, "against anyone going on a trip into one of the larger Wilderness Areas alone, unless he is a veteran woodsman or exceptionally familiar with the region." Novice hikers soon discover that forests unmarked by signs, roads, or cabins are a different proposition from woodlands studded here and there with settlements. All trees look the same. Mountain landmarks are hard to follow in a dense grove. Many game trails lead to nowhere. A man might wander for weeks in the Bitterroot Wilderness Area and still find that dead reckoning was his only guidepost. Forest Rangers make every effort to keep inexperienced campers from entering the fastnesses without competent guides. This past winter a man got lost in the Mount Hood timber of Oregon and froze to death.

Near the edge of most Wilderness Areas saddle and pack horses can be hired for about $1.25 a day. Guides, who also serve as cooks, packers, and horse wranglers, get a daily wage of $5. Some of the best cooks, like Frank Justice in the Wallowa Mountains of Oregon, can scoop a hole in the ground for an oven

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Maps Are for Conquest

And since men will never have done with exploring and conquering the earth, dynamic mapping will go on

by WARNER OLIVIER

• ARTICLE •

TOWARD the end of June, 1918, four American trucks left Langres, headquarters of the A. E. F.'s 29th Engineers, and in three days came to Le Ferte sous Jouarre, near Château Thierry. There they were parked in a grove of large trees adjoining headquarters of the American First Army Corps.

There was nothing spectacular in their appearance or in their three-day trip over French highways. But they carried new weapons which blazed the way for blitzkrieg twenty-one years later. The new weapons were a drafting room, lithograph equipment, generator and printing press.

What this mobile unit of the 29th Engineers did with those weapons made military history and brought British and French officers tearing to Château Thierry from every battle front to see how it was done.

The unit had barely shaken itself down after arrival when the First Corps' 2nd Division was ordered to attack Vaux, its maiden effort of the war. The attack was to be made within a few hours and there was immediate need for a large quantity of detailed maps showing enemy positions. With methods then in use, fifty to one hundred maps might have been made in time. The 29th's unit before the zero hour printed and distributed thousands of maps.

Without the thing started that day at Château Thierry, the blitzkriegs of Poland, Norway, Belgium and France couldn't have been blitzkriegs and the Battle of Britain might not now be in progress. Previous to that, the British, French and German battle mapmakers muddled through slowly and cumbersomely with hand presses and a few printing units assembled on railroad cars, usually many miles behind the lines.

The 29th streamlined and motorized battle mapmaking. It made and printed its maps under the enemy's guns and with each unit could toss off 1,500 to 1,800 maps an hour. Its units could operate as far forward as corps headquarters and even ahead of it.

Modern military science consists of strategy and tactics. Strategy is the planning of large operations and combinations of strength. It requires small scale maps, one to 100,000 or 200,000 or an even smaller scale.

Tactics, as opposed to strategy, deals with maneuvering and deploying small units in the immediate theatre of action. The topography of the country is of paramount importance and the battle may be won or lost because of a piece of woodland, a marsh, a stone wall or building. Tactical maps must be on a very large scale. They frequently must be improvised on the battlefield.

When two armies approach each other the congestion at the front can become about ten times worse than traffic congestion near the stadium at a big football game. Congestion is the first enemy the generalissimo must overcome. His lines of supply must be kept fluid, his troops mobile. These factors, of controlling importance in battle, are planned on road maps. Orders show which roads are to be used, whether for one or two-way traffic and control points—all marked on maps.

Maps accompanying operations orders also indicate the sectors to be used by each unit in battle and the boundaries at which it must keep contact with the flanks of adjoining units. Also shown are the objectives of each unit, a stream, perhaps, a ridge, road or railroad.

Similar maps with marked objectives are furnished artillery units and air bombers. Their special targets—railroad stations and junctions, troop concentrations, ammunition dumps—are ringed in color on the maps.

Though battle maps are now printed and distributed with newspaper speed, they cannot afford "misprints" or "typos."

Colonel William O. Tufts, formerly of the 29th Engineers and now Rand McNally's special representative in Washington, recalls a catastrophe which might have happened one night somewhere in France: "An order was issued for three hundred copies each of two artillery bombardment maps," he says. "They were too large to be printed on our trucks and the order was phoned back to the base printing plant.

"The enemy's front line cut diagonally across both maps and through an oversight and under pressure of wartime, the overprints circling the targets were transferred from one map to the other. The targets so marked were, of course, entirely out of place and some of them lay *inside our own lines!* Very fortunately the error was detected in time."

Maps are for conquest, in war or in peace. When the Piltdown man went to war or on a hunting expedition, he probably drew crude maps as primitive Africans today draw diagrams in the sand to show paths and villages. Either as discoverers or naval conquerors, the Eskimos at some time felt the need of maps. They made them on stretched sealskin with driftwood to mark the coastal line and islands. Babylonians baked maps on clay. South Sea Islanders used seashells for islands on oceans of bamboo.

Maps may be the blueprints for blitzkrieg but the conquest oftener is of peaceful and constructive nature. The invader may be a company trying to sell its products, a scientific expedition, an army of physicians trying to conquer an epidemic, an army of engineers seeking water power development or oil fields, agriculturists fighting soil erosion, railroads, airlines or G-men on a manhunt.

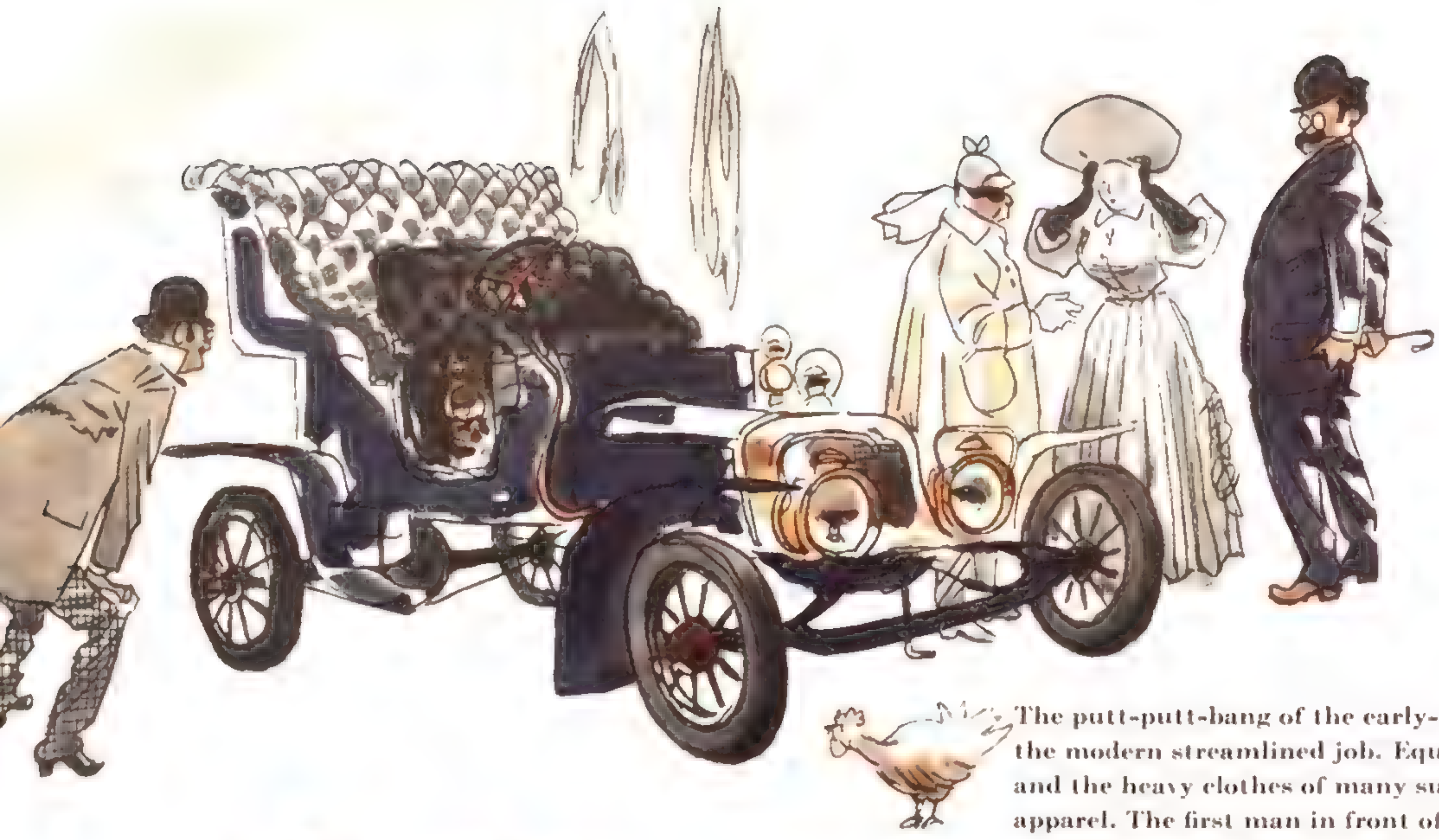
Mapmaking in North America was given its greatest impetus by the necessity for railroad conquest of the continent. On the early

Continued on page 159

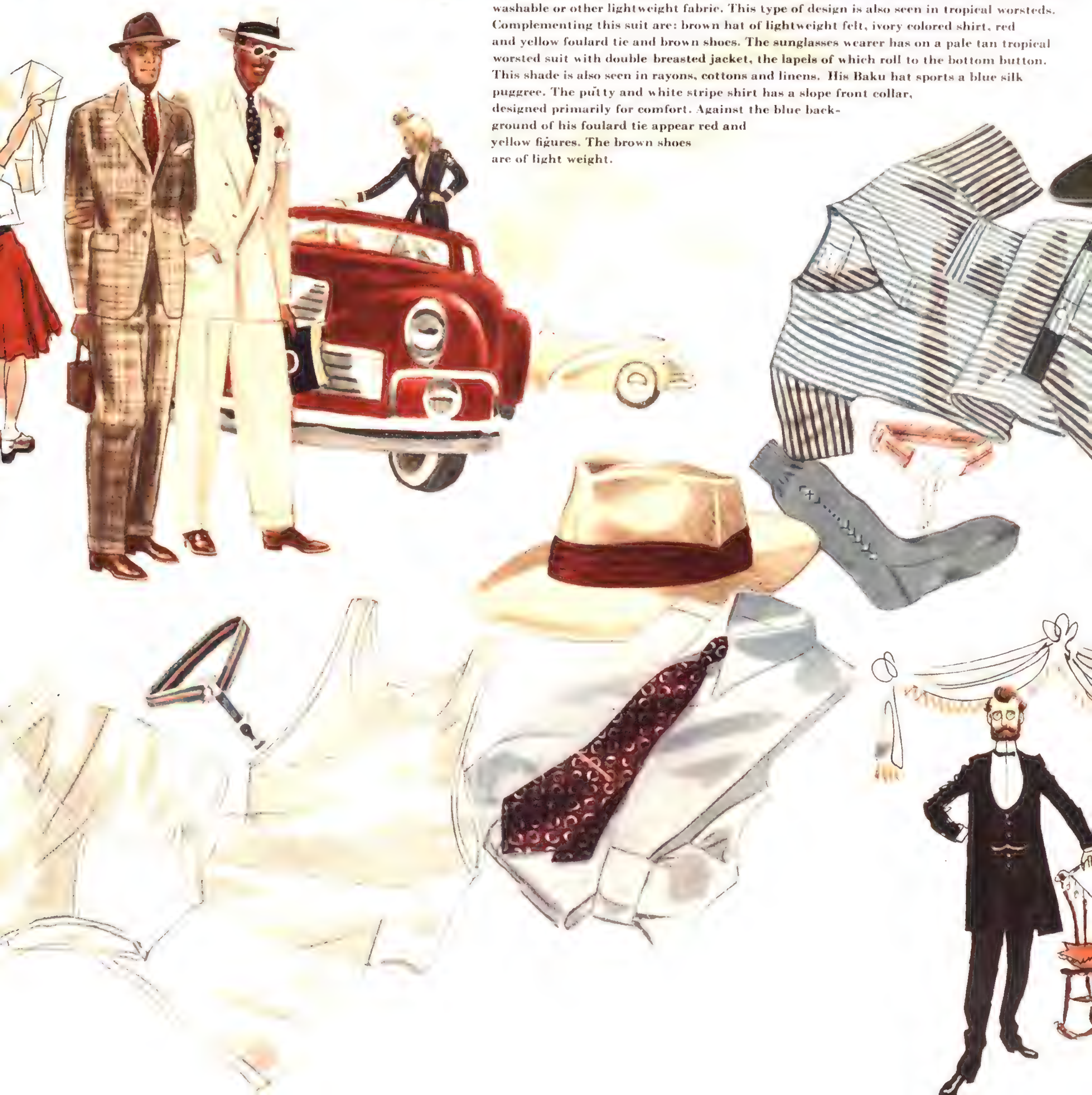
US ARMY TRAINER
G
Thurston Gentry

"Well, O'Toole—how did you like your first inside loop?"

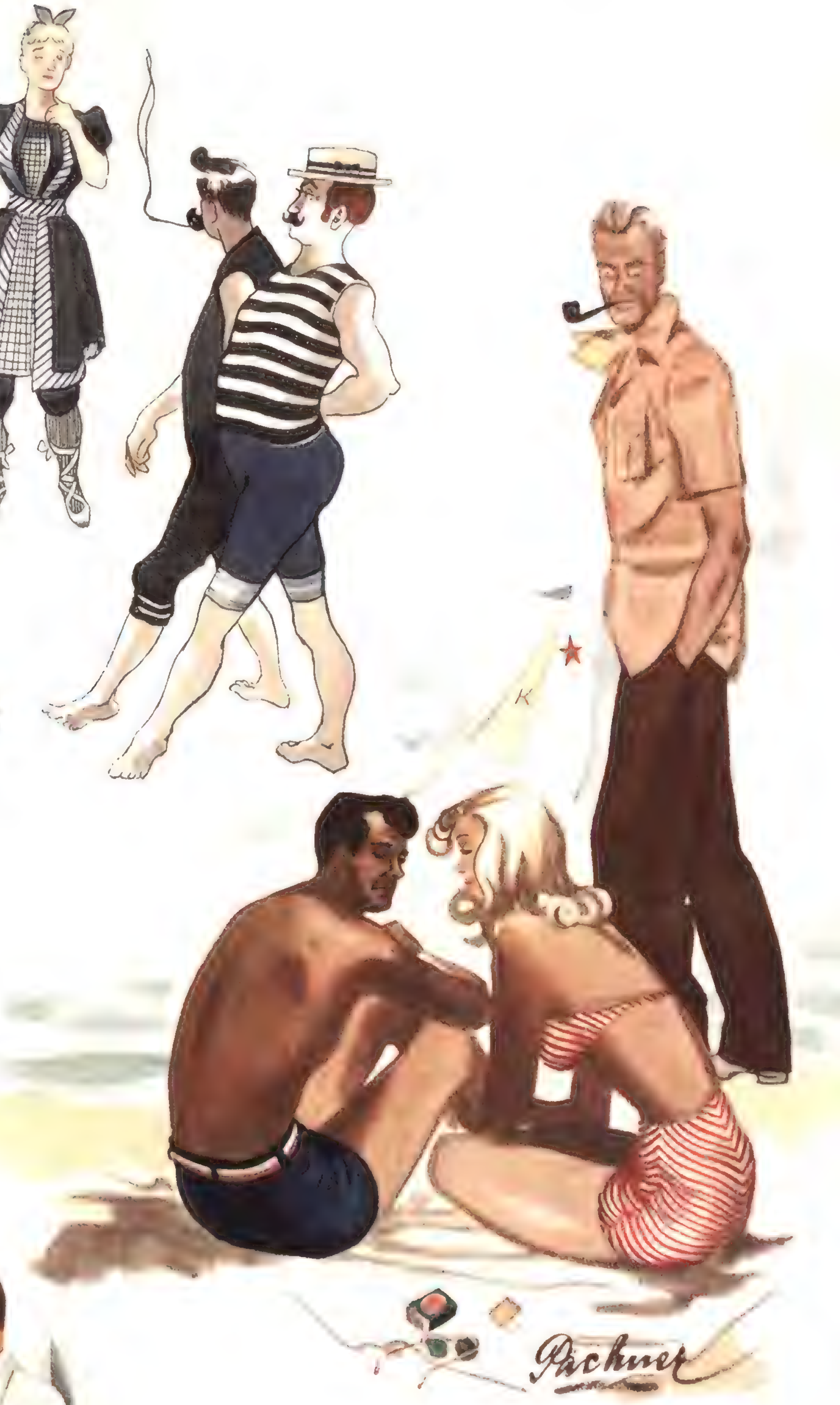
modern lightweigh

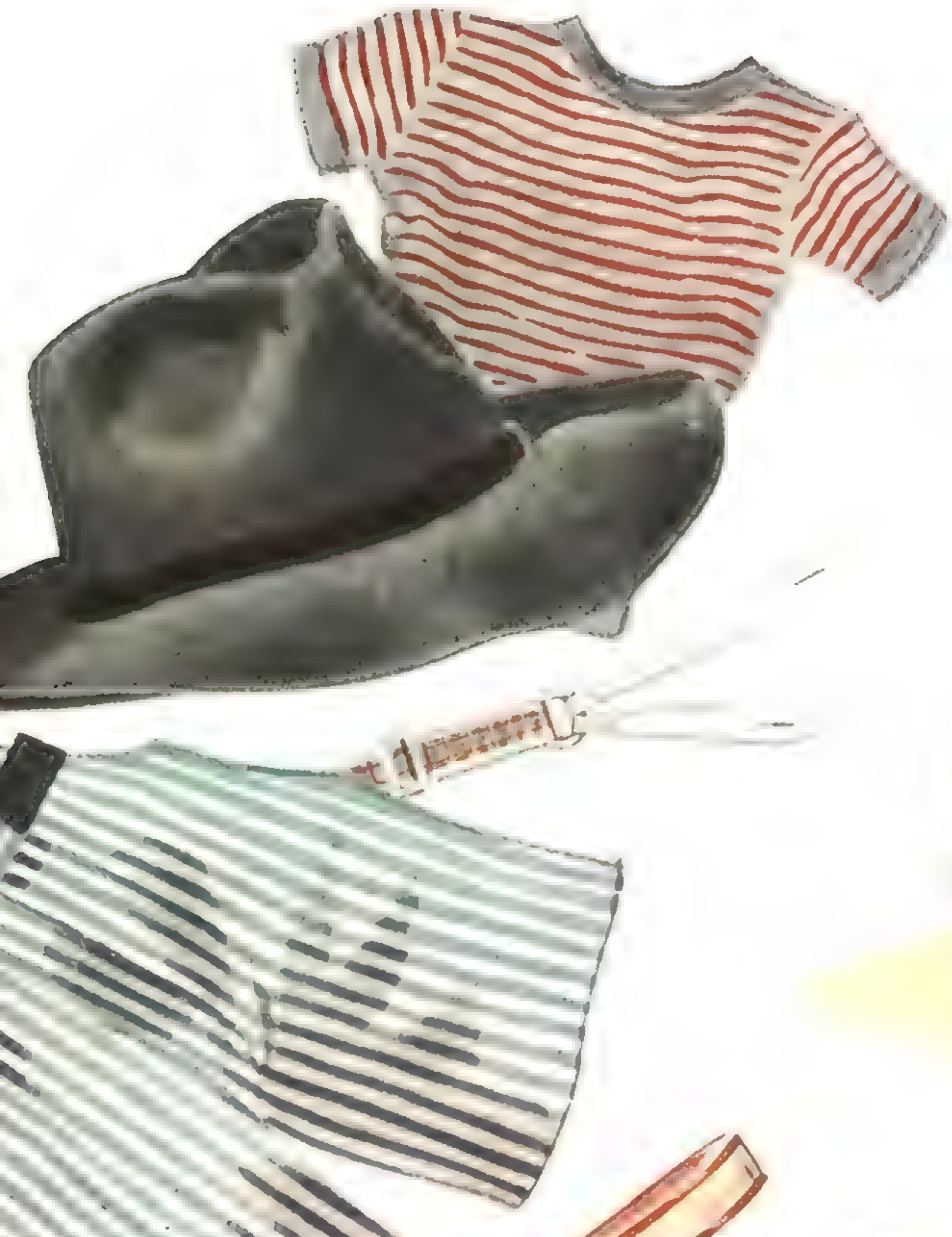


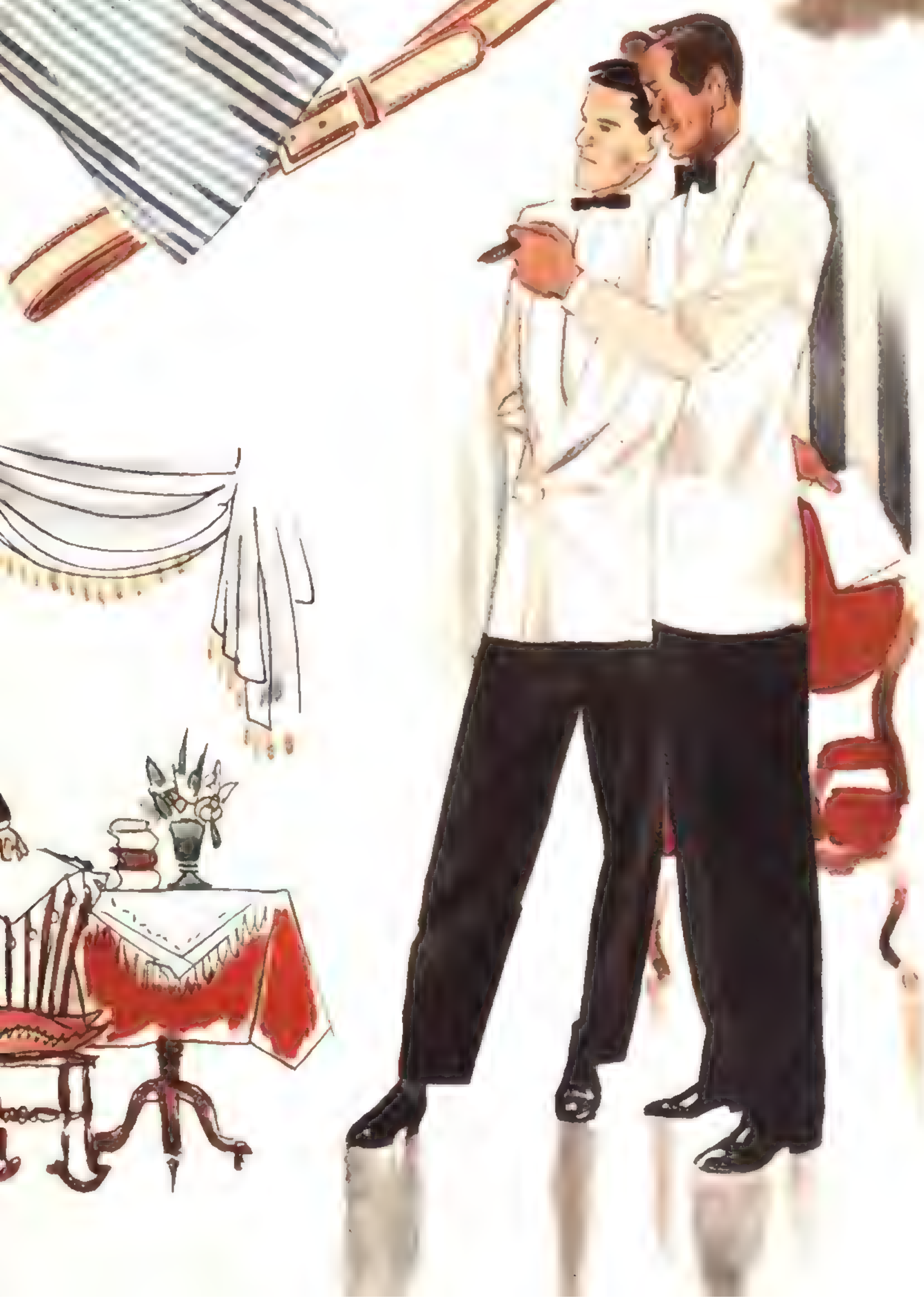
The putt-putt-bang of the early-vintage automobile is far behind the purr of the modern streamlined job. Equally in the distant past are the automobile dusters and the heavy clothes of many summers ago, as compared with the modern lightweight apparel. The first man in front of the red car wears a brown twin Glen Urquhart plaid suit of washable or other lightweight fabric. This type of design is also seen in tropical worsteds. Complementing this suit are: brown hat of lightweight felt, ivory colored shirt, red and yellow foulard tie and brown shoes. The sunglasses wearer has on a pale tan tropical worsted suit with double breasted jacket, the lapels of which roll to the bottom button. This shade is also seen in rayons, cottons and linens. His Baku hat sports a blue silk puggree. The putty and white stripe shirt has a slope front collar, designed primarily for comfort. Against the blue background of his foulard tie appear red and yellow figures. The brown shoes are of light weight.



ht living . . .



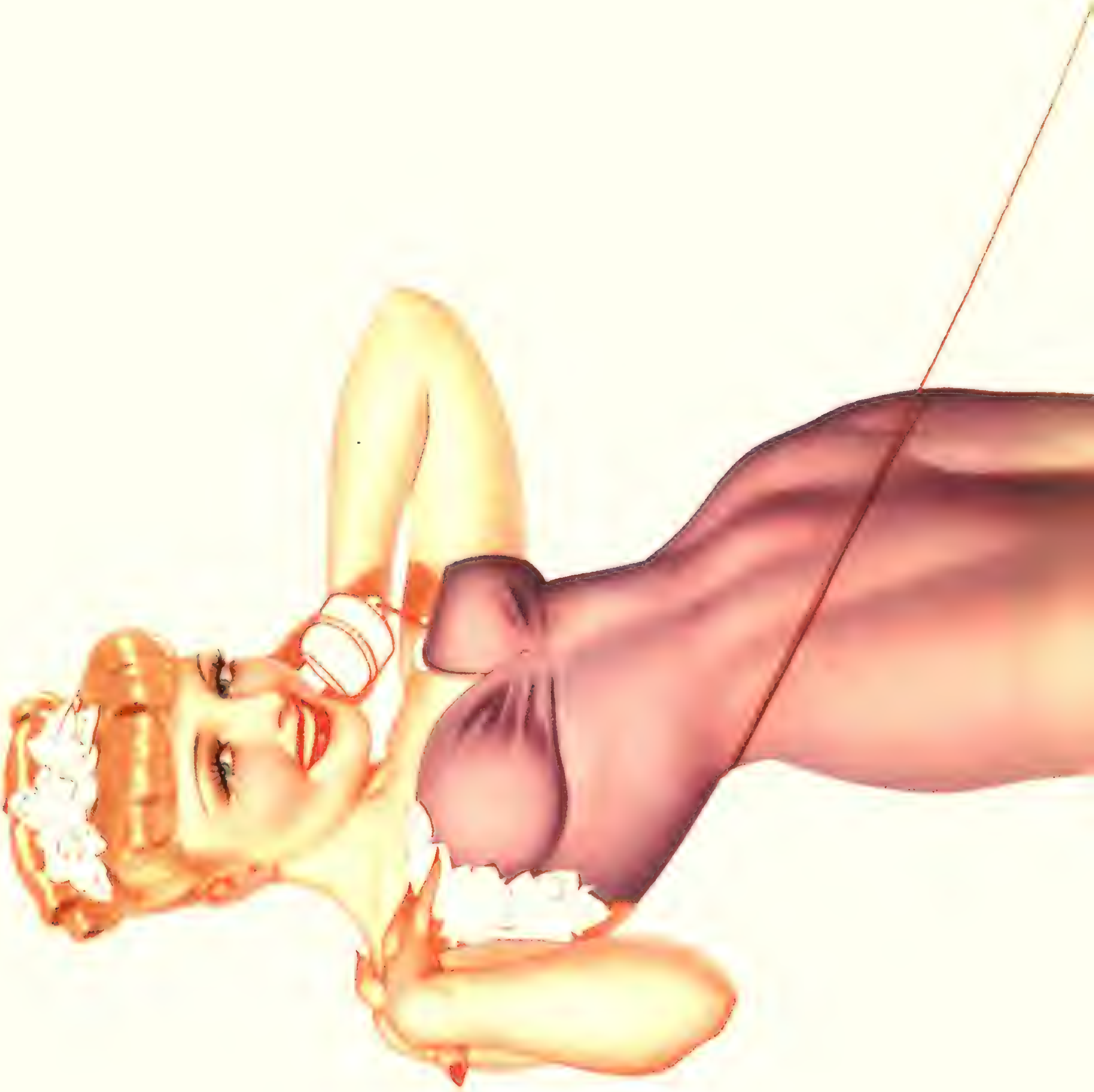


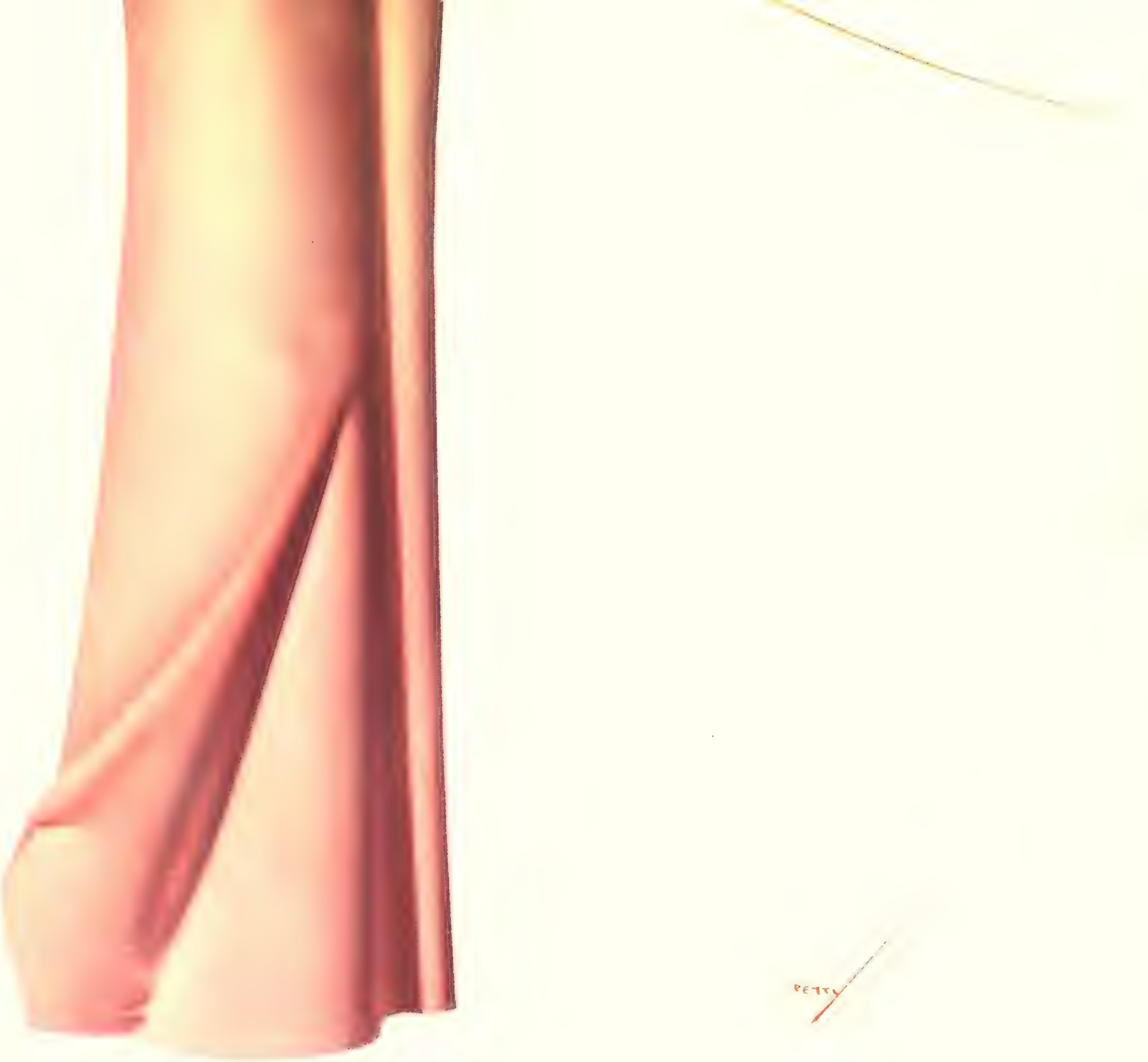


The difference of the beach scenes emphasizes the new against the old. Gone are the long-legged suits—stockings on the gals—long-skirted suits. The man of today wears a pair of blue knitted shorts with red and white ribbon belt. His rival in the background wears a tan washable sport shirt with brown slacks and white Norwegian peasant-type slippers. Acme of brevity: Two-piece suit on the blonde.

The orator of bygone days eulogized and perspired in heavy clothes. The after-dinner speakers of today wear white washable dinner jackets, lightweight trousers, shirts of thin body and lightweight silk bow ties.

Diagonally displayed are accessories in the same theme. Mesh undershirts and shorts, lightweight garters, diaphanous blue shirt, lightweight foulard tie, mesh panama hat with maroon puggree, lightweight lisle anklets, pajamas of thin fabrics with short sleeves and short legs, linen belt with leather edging, mesh suspenders, felt hat of medium weight, cross-striped knitted lisle sport shirt.





"Harvey hasn't answered a single one of my letters
since he arrived at Camp Dix, but I hear from
the company censor regularly"

Eighth Wonder of the World

Grand Coulee, wide-open, rip-roaring boom town, will be washed away by the waters of the largest dam ever built

by GEORGE WELLER

• ARTICLE •

ARCHAEOLOGISTS of the future, piecing American society together from what they are able to read upon the land's face, are going to be puzzled as well as awed when they first peer down the black canyons of the Columbia River and see whatever is left of the Coulee Dam. How strange it was, they will tell each other as they survey the shattered but still discernible features of the ancient rampart over which the foaming river hurls itself, that the American nation, a tribe of engineers great in the world's history, chose to place their mightiest achievement not in the thickest settled part of their country, near the Washington and Bunker Hill monuments, nor near the Empire State Building (whose existence, of course, is only scholarly conjecture) nor even at the oasis called Omaha, but far up in the last explored, least known, northwestern corner of the Republic, in the state called Washington.

Coulee, to them, will be not only the most massive but the most characteristic monument of civilization's age of American industrialism. We today are the artisans and builders of that age. Coulee will be as evocative of our prime to our successors as the Acropolis or the Great Pyramid at Gizeh have become for us. The dam at Coulee is three times as large as the Great Pyramid. It is too huge ever to be totally destroyed, even by a river as imperious as the Columbia. A socialist work built under American capitalism, it is to Dnieperstroy, the proudest achievement of Russian socialism, as a man to an infant. A dam is the biggest thing made by man, and Coulee is the last great American dam, for it harnesses the last great river which can be broken to rein.

How then, the archaeologists will want to know, did this most stupendous legacy of the American people, whose weight in poured concrete alone was more than twice that of the entire population put together, happen to be tucked up there in the most sparsely populated elbow of that busy and ardent country?

The terms of this problem may baffle archaeologists to come, but they are clear enough today. Coulee is the extra chance that the earth mother has given the American people after their terrible blunder of turning the great plains, which should always have remained beef country, into a dustbowl. The Columbia is peculiar in being the only south-flowing river of this continent that feeds upon a glacier. Ice-born, the Columbia does not flood in spring, like ordinary streams; it comes to high water with providential tardiness in midsummer, when the earth has most need of its water. And fortunately there is still earth that can be irrigated, a million acres of it, in the dry forgotten valley of what used to be the Columbia, and what is now called the Grand Coulee.

The Okies and Arkies can abuse the Grand Coulee's loam with chemicals if they will and despoil it with life-sapping cash crops as they did the dustbowl. The Grand Coulee could even support a few absentee banks, complete with costly air-conditioning systems. For the Coulee's soil is not merely a few inches of organic blanket, all that the plowing under of buffalo grass and intensive mechanized agriculture left of the great plains, but 800 deep feet of rotten richness waiting for the seed. If they, the thirty thousand families who are waiting to make their farm homes here, treat the soil as they did in the Middlewest, we may end by having to sink soil mines as we do coal mines, to drop shafts through the silt of the ancient river bed and bring up soil to spread upon the barren surface. For there is enough soil in the corridor of the Grand Coulee to cover the dustbowl, but most of it is deep underground. And we are approaching a time when America, if it wishes to eat, must prepare to understand that its two greatest resources are water and soil in combination.

There are over fifteen thousand people at Coulee today, and not one is a farmer. Coulee is a boom town like those of the gold rush days. It is the nearest thing to Virginia City and Tombstone that exists in the West today, and is just about as wide open. Old Charley Osborne, who used to live alone down in the shadows of the canyon, making his flour and salt by fishing lumber out of the headlong river and selling it to ranchers in the mountains, is now a gardener on the government engineers' camp. The dam has not been too enormous for his plain frontiersman's reckoning to encompass, however. Twice he has cleaned up the river sweepstakes by guessing the water's flood crest—the 4,300 foot dam thrown in—more accurately than any of the workmen or professional engineers, and found himself winner of $250 in prizes, more than the swollen summer Columbia ever brought him in forty years.

It is in keeping with the dimensions of the enterprise that there should be not one mushroom town at Coulee, but four. At the bottom of the canyon, where daylight hours are short, is Mason City, a tidy little company town, rather like an army cantonment. Here are bungalows for married workmen and long barracks for the unattached, the latter pointedly flanked by signs "Women Not Allowed in Men's Dormitory Area." The men are excellently and abundantly fed in a mess-hall, open also to the public.

Across from Mason City, separated from it by the white waves of the burly river unchurning themselves as they leap from the turbines in the dam's face, is the natty residential district of the executive staff, called Coulee Dam by the post office department,

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"Hold that light!"

No Middle Ground

Tom's wife told him she simply couldn't go on till he learned to be less frank, more charming

by JUSTIN STURM

• SATIRE •

"Good night," said the Fairchilds as they got into their car.

"Good night," said Marjorie Benton. She closed the door, stood with her back to it and glared at her husband until she heard the Fairchild's car start off.

"You were terrible! Simply terrible!" she hissed.

"What about her?" asked Tom.

"They were our guests—to begin with!"

"I suppose I have to let a guest insult me, do I!"

"She didn't insult you. Besides, she's a lady!"

"Lady, hell! She's a worm! A female *worm!*"

"You are impossible!"

"All right, maybe I am."

Tom walked into the library and sat down but Marjorie followed him.

"Doesn't it mean anything to you that you insulted someone in your own house?"

"That's better than insulting her in her house, isn't it? If I had done that—which is what she did to me—I would be very much ashamed. I would even apologize."

"You'll apologize anyway."

"All right, I'll apologize to her sometime."

"Tomorrow."

"All right. I don't mind apologizing if I don't mean it."

"You'd better mean it! Otherwise they won't let you handle their insurance."

"I wouldn't want to insure Ellen Fairchild. She's a poor risk. If I don't kill her, someone else will. And it won't be long either."

"She's very popular!"

"Not with me. I hate women who come into your house and start trouble."

"She didn't start it. You did."

"She started it. She came in and barely spoke to me. Then she didn't like the Martinis I had made."

"They weren't very good as I remember."

"No. But they were better than the ones she served the last time I was at her house. But I didn't tell her that. I went out and made her a whiskey-sour and she didn't like that. So I got her some sherry, but she couldn't complain about that because I hadn't made it."

"She wasn't thinking of you at all."

"Then the sherry reminded her of Spain and she asked me which side I had sympathized with during the Spanish Civil War. Well, that war had been over so long that I had forgotten which side I had been on and I said so. She glared at me the way you're glaring at me now and said 'You are a Franco man!' and I didn't dare contradict her so I said 'Yes I was.' Then she tore into me and said that I had no sympathy for the underdog and that I was on the side of murderers and thieves. I didn't deny it for fear I'd start an argument so I asked her what side she had taken during the Boer War. She didn't answer right away so I answered for her. I said 'I bet you were on both sides.' "

"That was terrible!" said Marjorie, "You were even worse than I had imagined."

"I was just trying to make conversation," Tom replied.

"The Boer War had ended years before she was born."

"People still talk about it."

"And why did you bring up the Boer War—of all things!"

"Well, it was the only war I could think of at the time. She was boring hell out of me—"

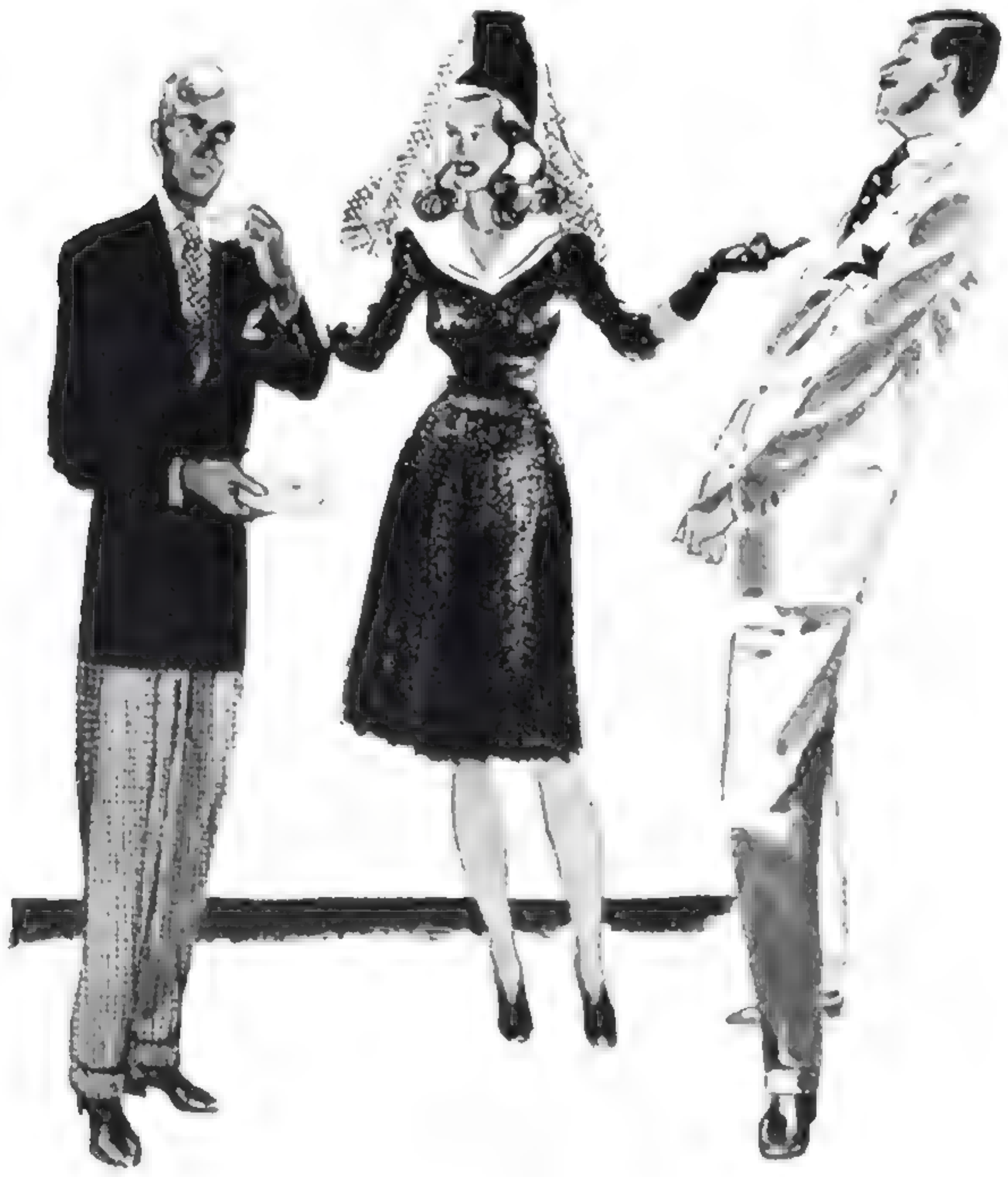
"And you told her she was."

"I didn't tell her. At any rate, it kept her quiet for a few minutes. Then she started in on books and asked me if I had read anything lately that she might like and I said yes—the *Boy Scout Manual.*"

"Tom."

"Well, I have been reading it lately. To prepare for that camping trip we're going on in August."

"A camping trip is just the thing you don't need to go on. You need to become more civilized—not less civilized."

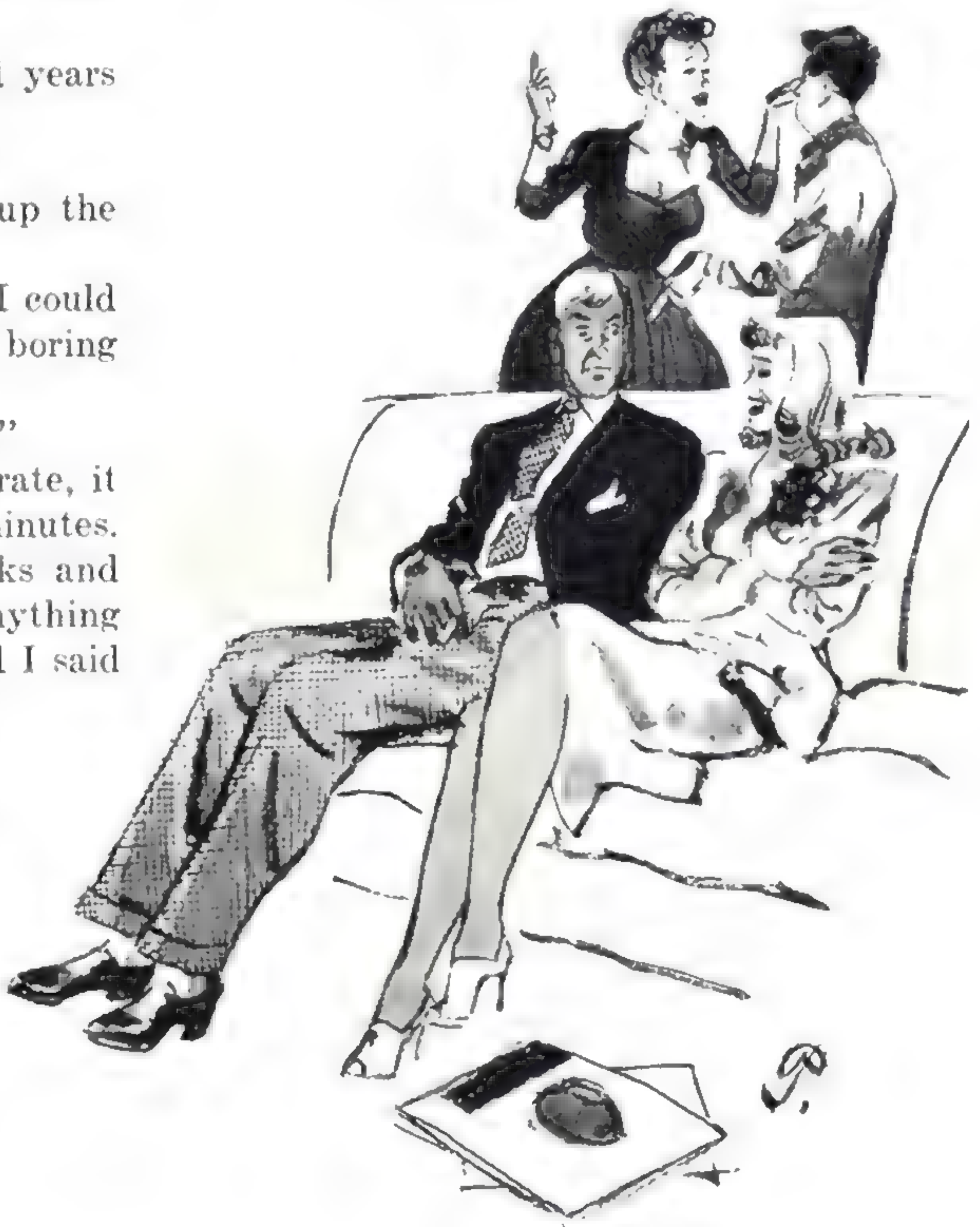


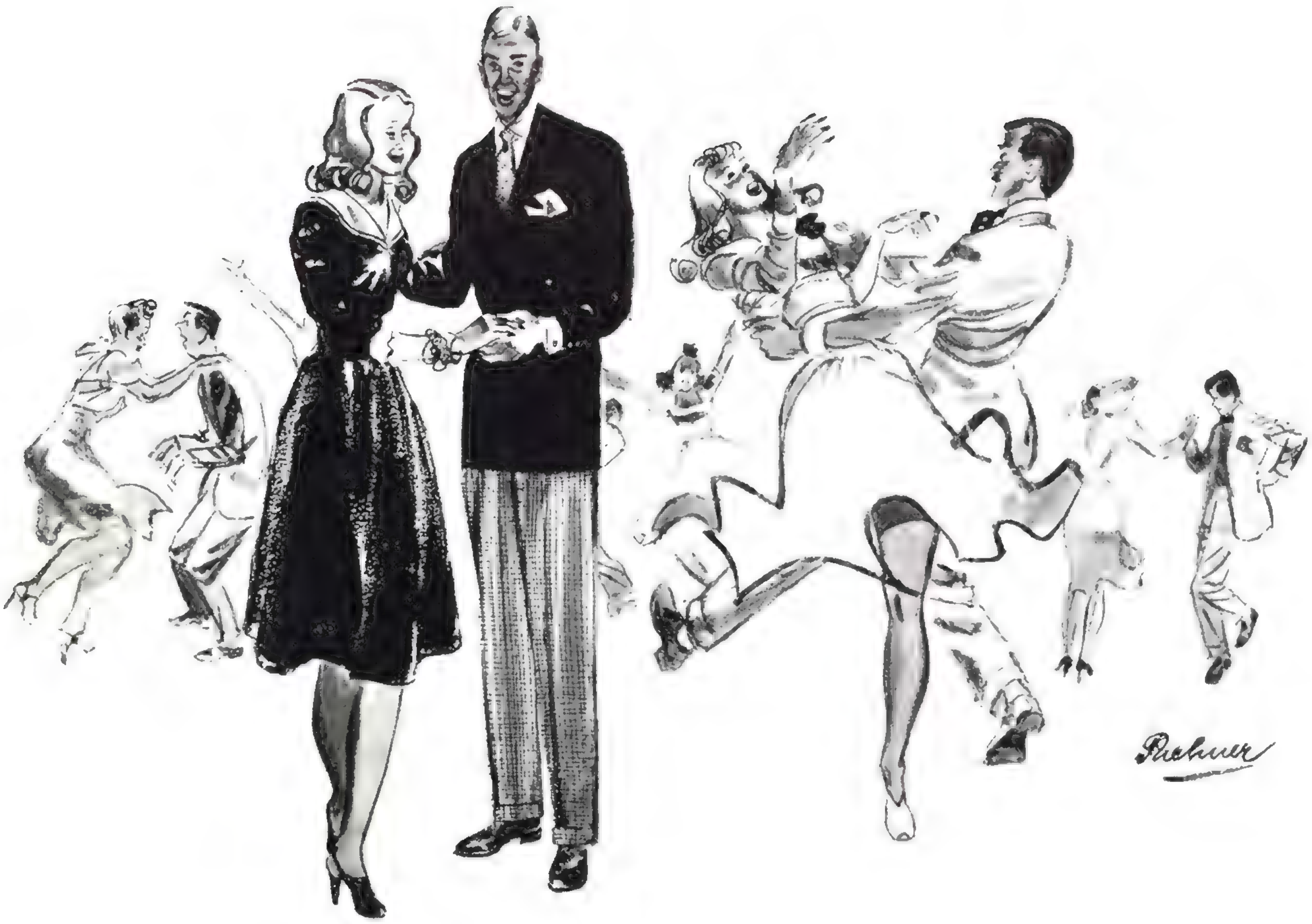
Tom and Marjorie had met in a psychology course in the State University and he had proposed to her in the biological laboratory. He had excelled at football and she had excelled on the dance floor and, since he could not expect her to adapt herself to his field of activity, he did his best to adapt himself to hers. He took her to all the dances and, in spite of his bad sense of rhythm, she had married him soon after graduation.

They found an apartment and he started to work in an insurance office. Marjorie liked to have people for dinner frequently and Tom acquiesced although he never enjoyed it as much as she did. He was not resourceful in conversation and consequently, he was pushed into the background. He had made only two important statements in ten years. In 1928 he had said that he thought there was going to be a panic and in 1938 he had said that he thought there was going to be a war in Europe and each time he was jumped on by all the guests until the argument became so heated and personal that he was forced to admit his mistake and apologize. The fact that he was later proved to be right only made his situation worse because the people who had been wrong hated to be caught at it.

Once he had been drawn into a conversation about Mr. Bramwell, the banker, and Tom had said that he thought Bramwell was a "cheap cutthroat." This caused him so much trouble that he was still busy apologizing on the day Bramwell went off to jail.

"You shouldn't make such abrupt statements," Marjorie had told him. "They make you look like an awfully narrow-minded person."





And now he was caught up in the Boer War. Ellen Fairchild had got him into it and he would have to get himself out of it.

"I'm afraid we'll never see the Fairchilds again," said Marjorie.

"I hope we don't."

"You don't even care!"

"Not a hell of a lot."

"If you go on like this, we'll soon lose all our friends."

"What can I do about it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes. I am interested. I don't like to make enemies any more than you do."

"Then, you listen to me. If you don't do something very soon, I won't be able to go on like this."

"Is that a threat?"

"It's just a fact. Do you really want me to tell you what to do?"

"Certainly. Go ahead."

"In the first place, you should not be so frank. If a girl asks you what you think of her dress, tell her you like it. If she likes a book, you must like it too."

"What about men. I get along with men better."

"Yes, you do. But you should never impose your opinion on them. You should always give way before the argument gets heated."

"I can't say what I think?"

"Of course not. No one else does. And with women you must be more polite. You *must* compliment them, light their cigarette."

"And put my coat down in puddles so they won't get their feet wet."

"That's an exaggeration but you seem to be catching on."

"Thanks. When do we go on that camping trip?"

"We're not going, Tom. We're going to stay here and you are going to learn your lessons."

In the evenings, Tom went home for corrections. For a while, he was interested because everything was new to him. He had never realized before how complicated social intercourse could be. He paid attention to his clothes; he learned to talk without saying anything; and learned to say things without meaning them.

"This whole business seems so silly to me," he protested after the first week.

"Of course it does," said Marjorie.

But he went on with the course. He read a few book reviews so that he could discuss books. He read a book on Europe and one on Asia so that he could be ready on foreign affairs. He read an Almanac for obscure facts, which would come in handy when he was drawn into a game of questions.

He learned to take a lady's coat off and do everything but press it. He learned to bow without bending his knees. He learned to fill in gaps in conversation with pleasantries. He learned to observe and admire hats, dresses, shoes and even buttons. And he learned to dance the rhumba without too much violence.

"You don't think I've gone too far, do you?" he asked Marjorie, one day.

"You needn't worry about that."

"I'm a little afraid I'll be taken for Lord Chesterfield. I wouldn't want to appear old-fashioned."

They did not entertain during Tom's reeducation. Marjorie was afraid to allow him to come in contact with polite society until he had advanced as far as possible.

"Why the hell do we have to do this?" he asked, "Why can't we live our own lives the way we want to?"

"That was what you were doing before. And you got us into nothing but trouble. Your life is inevitably bound up with other lives and you can't live in this world without making sacrifices."

Marjorie was finally ready for a test. She invited the William Lovett's for dinner.

"Who are the Lovett's?" asked Tom.

"You've met them but as I remember, you didn't insult them so you are starting off even."

"At zero?"

"Yes."

"Good. I hope I stay there."

"You're back at your old tricks again."

"I just meant that I hoped I didn't fall below zero."

"If you do, I'm through with you. I've done everything I can."

"Can I get a long cigarette holder?"

Marjorie did not answer so he got one and found it very becoming.

When the Lovett's arrived, Tom rushed out to their car.

"Hello Bill!" he said. "Good evening, Mary."

"Martha's the name," she whispered.

"Oh good evening, Martha. You look so much like a saint that I was confused."

They went into the house and Tom took Martha's evening wrap from her shoulders.

"What an adorable evening wrap," he said, "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I've had it for years. Haven't you ever noticed it before?"

"No. I always think of you in sables."

And, apparently, he had never before noticed how pretty Martha was.

He got the cocktails and brought them in.

"I made these especially for you, Martha," he said, offering her a cocktail.

"Thanks. I'm flattered."

She tasted it. "Oh, it has a funny taste. It's

Continued on page 124

Same Golf; Different Words

Attempt to clear up the muddle in golf students' minds, caused by arguing, hair-splitting pros

by HORTON SMITH

▪ SPORTS ▪

"Why don't you golf pros get together?" asks the bewildered duffer. "One of you says golf's a right-handed game; another, left-handed; a third, a two-handed game; a fourth insists it's one-handed. Then someone does fairly well playing cross-handed. A tournament of some importance is won by a player who declares, 'I never had a lesson in my life'; after which a professional authority asserts the reason for the high scores of most golfers is that they've begun wrong with faulty, self-made swings instead of swings set by authoritative lessons.

"Confusion is worse confounded by pros' conflicting opinions. How can the pros expect students to believe a pro statement as gospel when almost every pro opinion on the golf swing is contradicted by another pro?"

I sympathize with the golfing aspirant who's caught in this fog. The contradictory statements have puzzled me. I have been a party to some of the controversies that pros hope, eventually, will determine the simplest and most effective methods of stroke-making.

And, as a golf instructor and professional player, I'm also a student. I'm financially interested in getting these conflicts settled by the right answer, even more than is the fellow who hopes the right answer will help him break 100.

I am confident that much of the confusion is caused by a difference in words rather than by disagreement about principles.

This confusion is aggravated by the ever-present tendency to argue, which probably has been over-capitalized for publicity purposes in professional golf. The debate developed by Tommy Armour's article on Alex Morrison in Esquire last spring, was an unnecessarily acrimonious affair eventually wandering away from the points of benefit to golfers.

Such an outcome to the argument was inevitable. The regrettable part of it was that Morrison and Armour don't differ to any pronounced degree on principles each sets forth as fundamental in the proper golf swing.

Morrison, in my opinion, is the leader in making the distinction between analysis and treatment of a defect in the swing. I first met Alex in 1931. Then he mentioned several faults in my swing and predicted they would give me trouble. They did. As his diagnosis had been correct I went to him in 1939 for further information about my swing.

He then made a rather extensive analysis, photographing my swing from all angles and under various conditions. Notwithstanding all the information he gave me about my swing and my game in general, he didn't class me as one of his pupils. He doesn't include one among his pupils until his prescribed treatment has been followed. As I have not followed his specific recommendations I am not considered one of his pupils. Nevertheless, the information he gave me helped to improve my game.

I readily concede that considerable discussion must figure in the search for truth about the golf swing. The golf swing is a complex combination of art and science, and if it's to be simplified for successful popular application there are many things that the professionals have to know—for certain—about it.

However, I do not consider the cause of golf is best served by staging such discussions under conditions that may confuse and defeat the average golfer by giving him the idea that such discussions are stubborn clashes between pro authorities. For instance: Last spring I was addressing an audience at a golf clinic held in the Chicago Athletic Association. The golf enthusiasts present came to hear and see a serious presentation of golf technique.

During my outline of the findings of a group of prominent golf professionals with whom I had been associated, Gene Sarazen interjected flippant criticism of the conclusions. The audience, naturally, was delighted by the prospect of a warm set-to. The situation was tempting so far as I was concerned. The showdown would have been the word of fourteen of the present day's leading professional golf stars against Gene's opinion. But even if the challenging interruption had been allowed to divert the course of the remarks, what good would have been done those who came to learn?

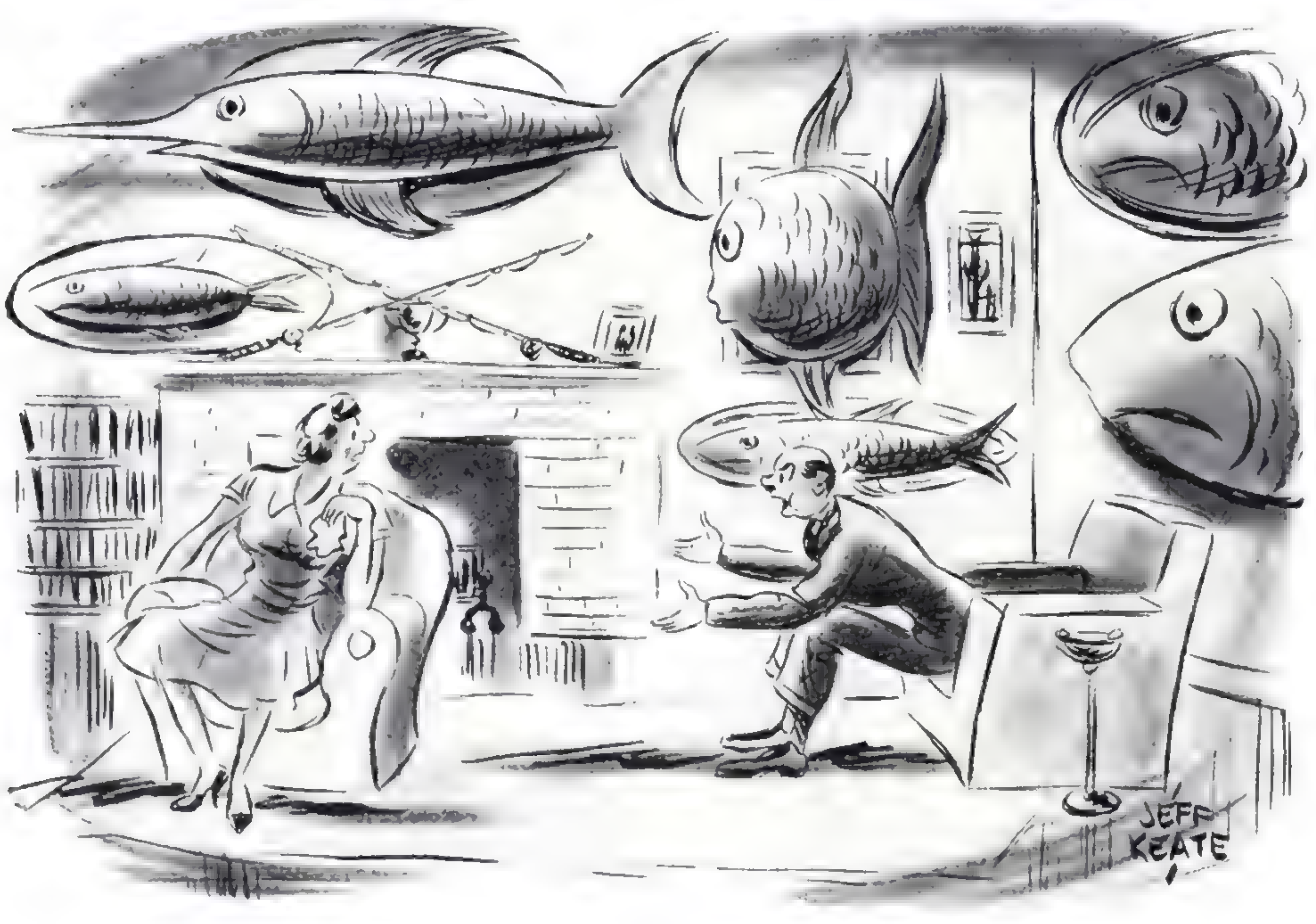
They would have thought more of the entertainment nature of the argument than of serious effort to help them with simple, sound swing details they could adopt in their own games.

They would have spread news of the controversy, with the laughing comment, "the pros don't really know any more about the golf swing than we do." The instruction efforts of perhaps thirty different pros who had members at that golf clinic would have been handicapped for months to come.

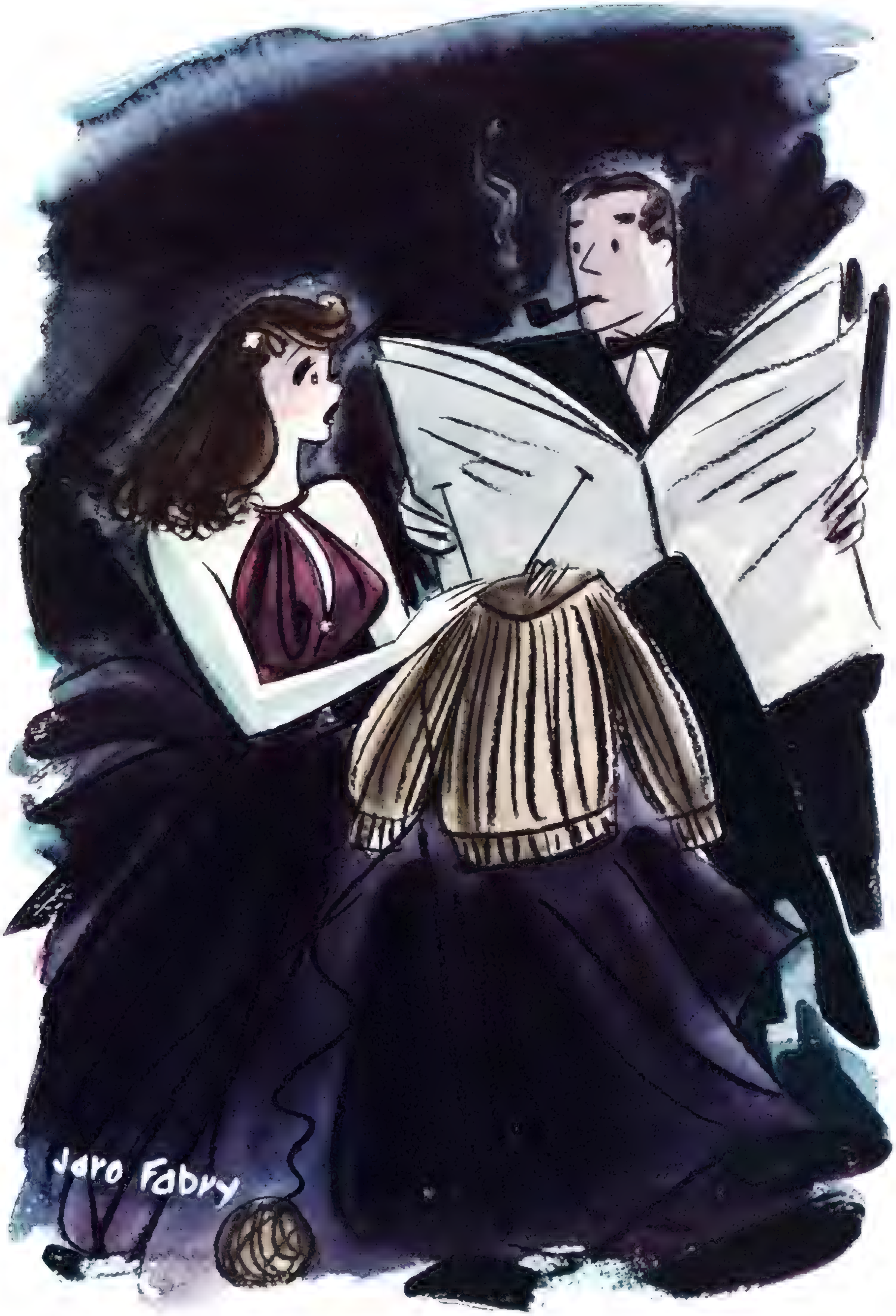
Although I certainly do not over-emphasize golf in the amateur player's scheme of living I am of the opinion that it can contribute enough to health and happiness to be treated with professional respect by those who are regarded as its playing and tutoring authorities. If a professional is temperamentally unqualified to enter into a serious discussion on golf swing technique without making a personally biased argument out of the subject, the best thing he can do for himself, the game, and its hopeful amateurs, is to keep discreet silence.

The cheering fact is that the leading exponents of professional golf are in astonishing agreement on the fundamentals of the swing. They even are getting in rather close harmony on the point that Harold (Jug)

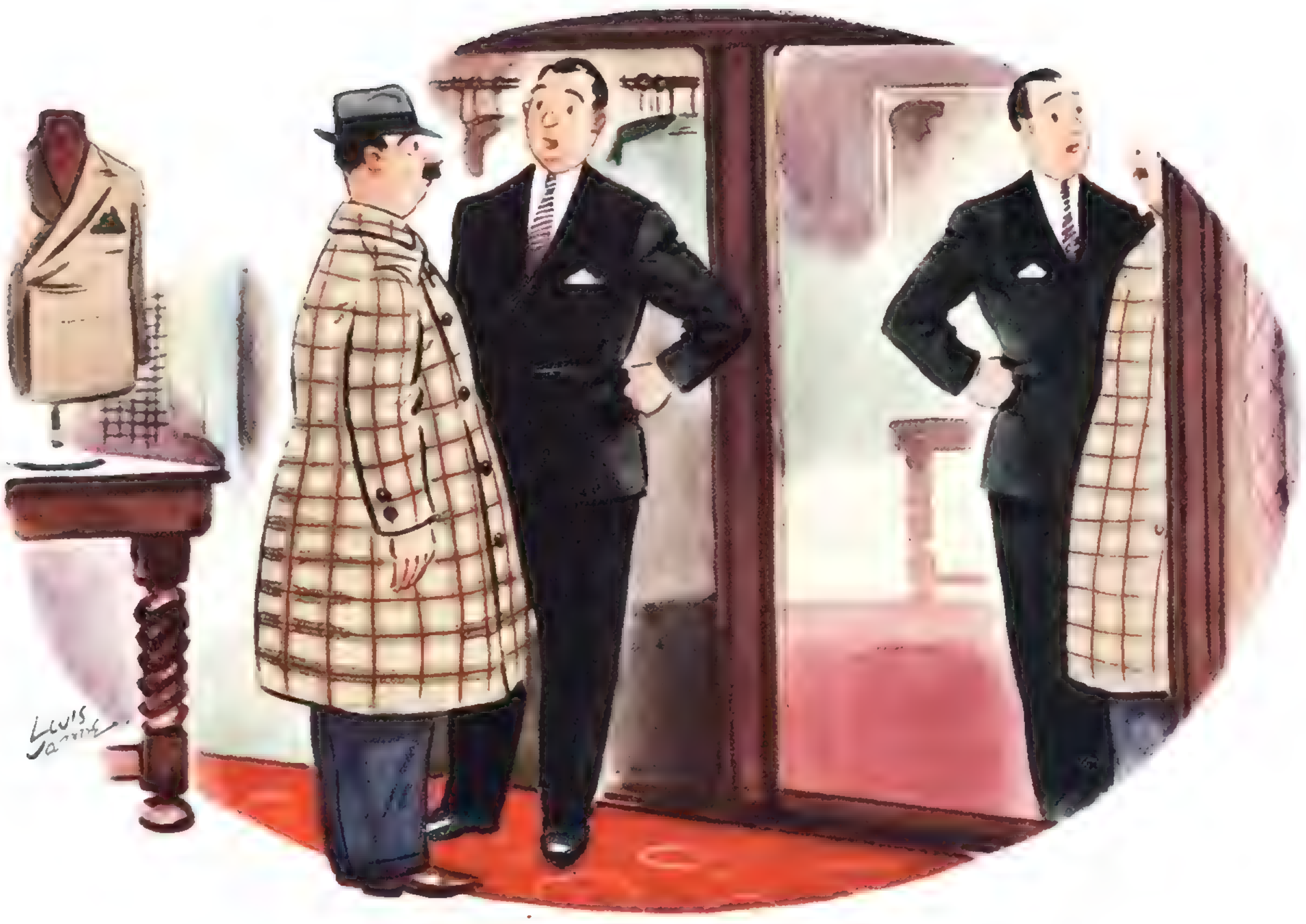
Continued on page 139



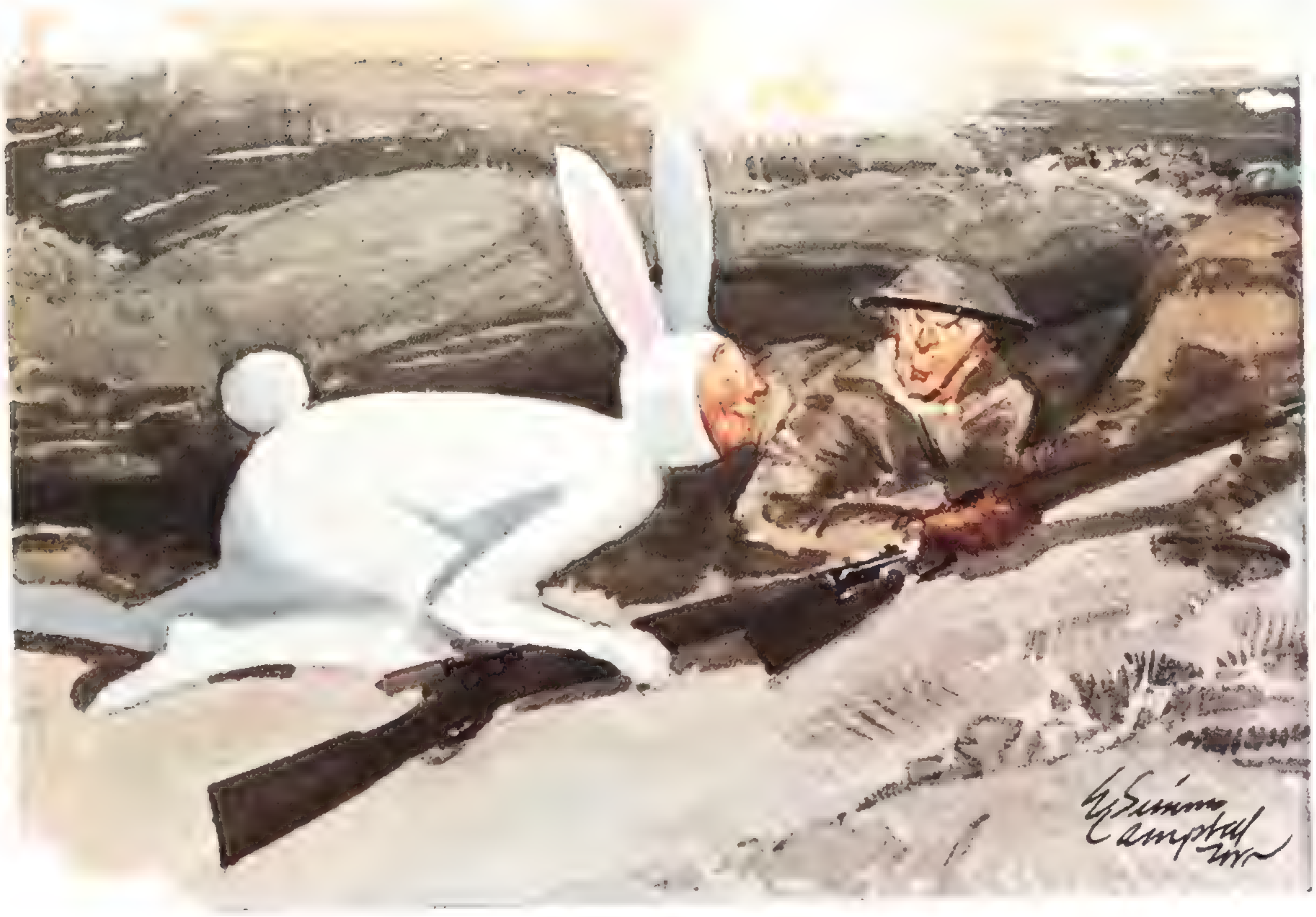
"All right, dear, I'll tell you exactly where I was all last night—but first let's go to some other room!"



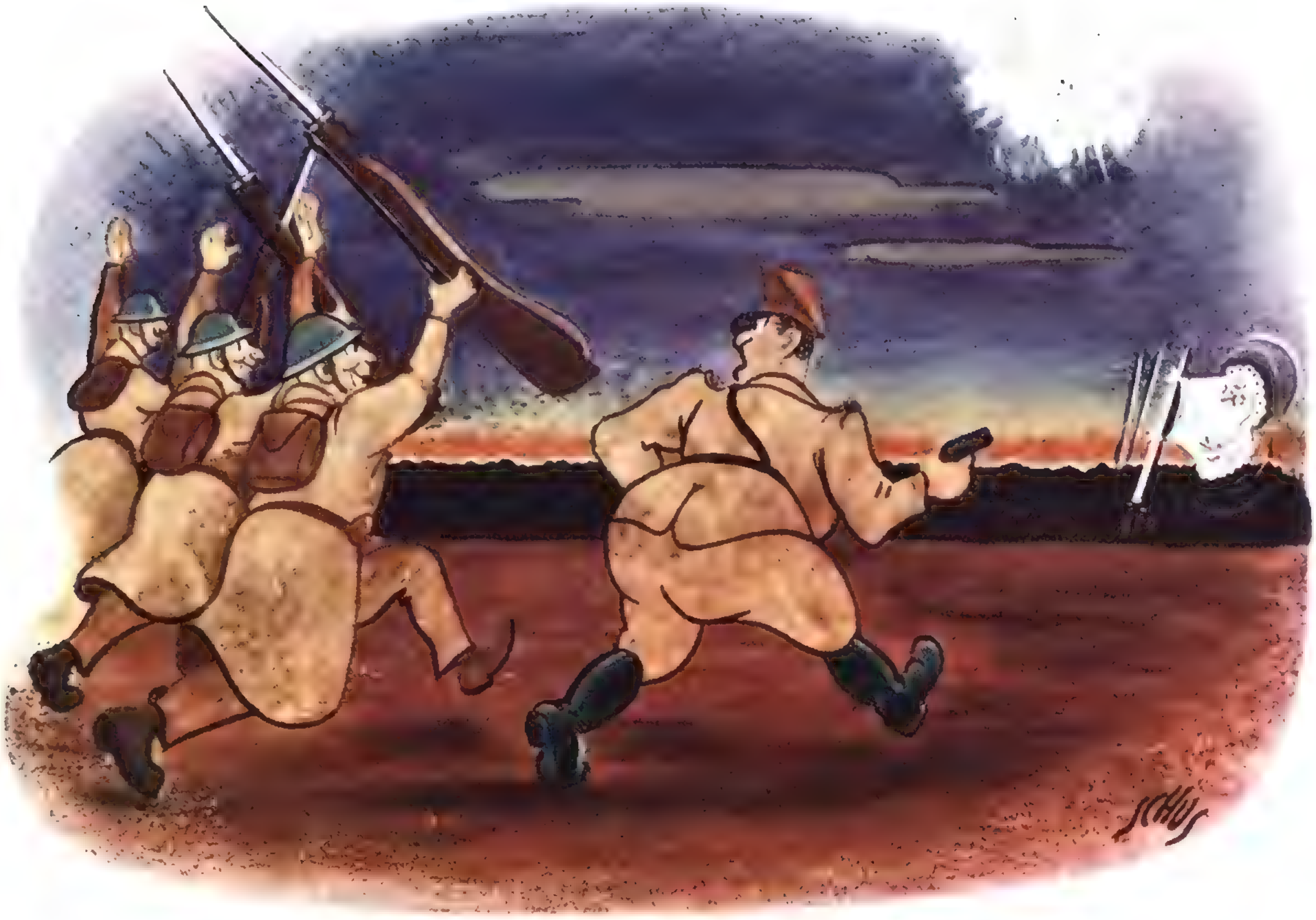
"You mean they're talking of peace? And just when I've got this sweater almost finished!"



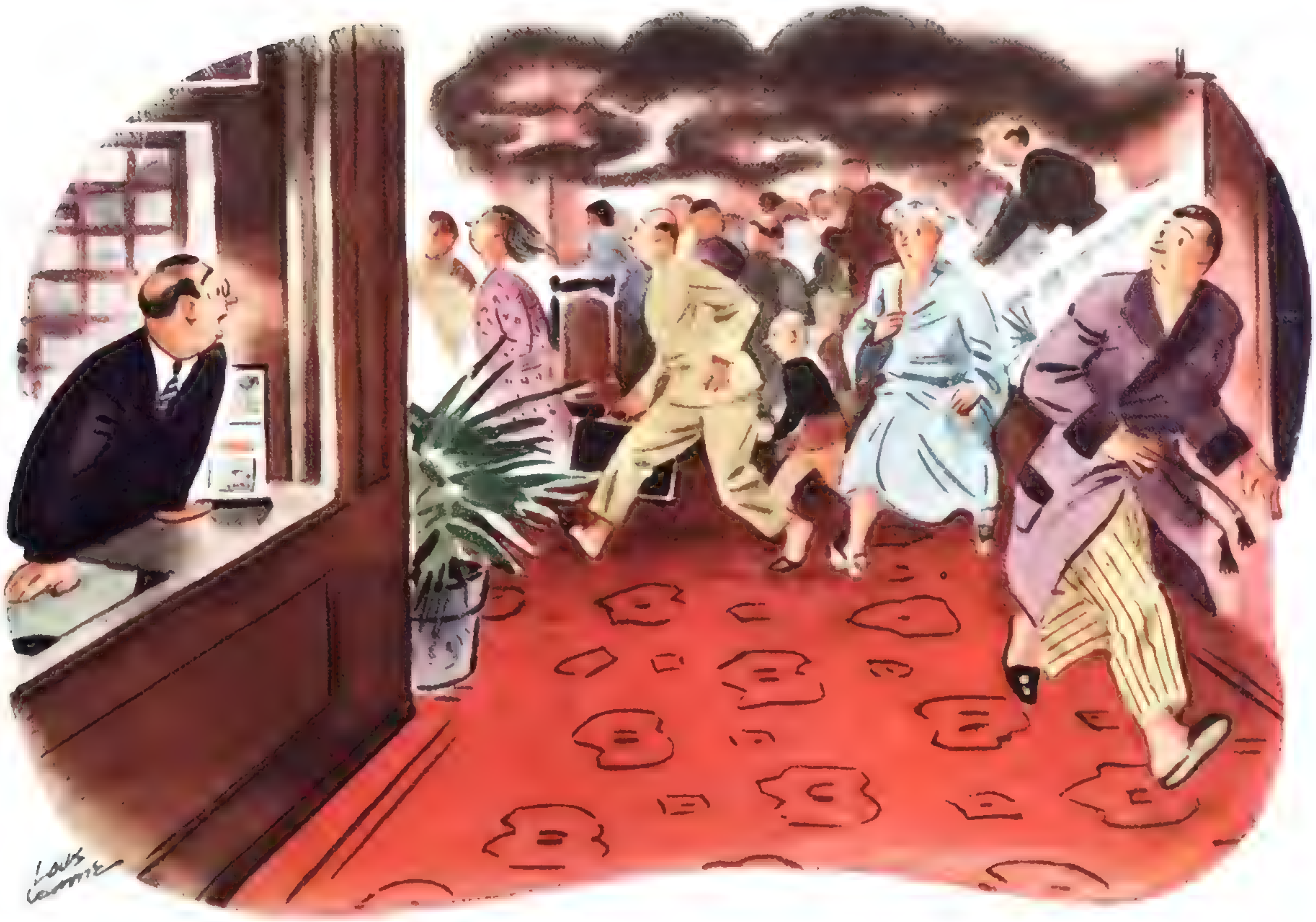
"Turn it inside out and you've got an umbrella"



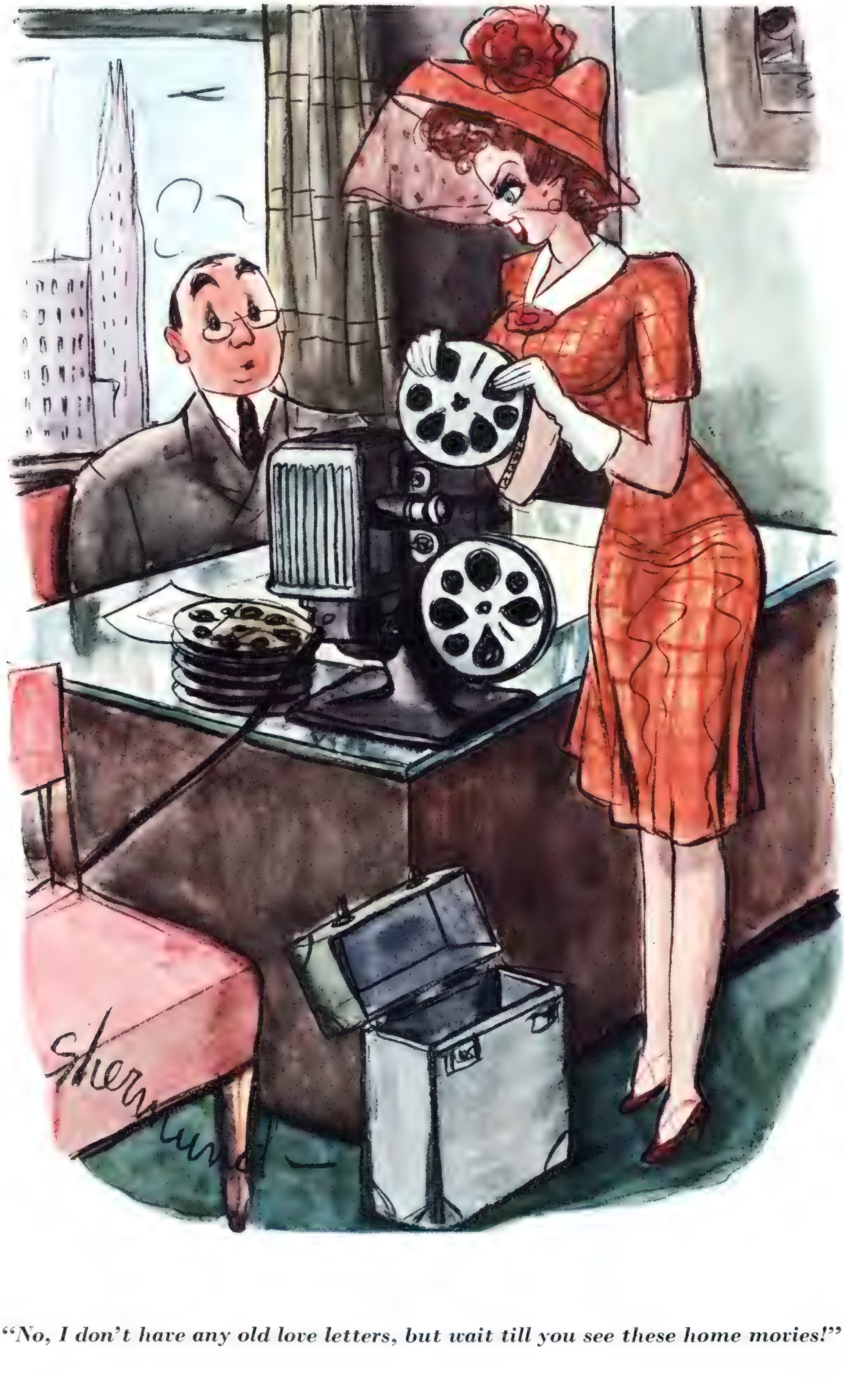
"Come, come, Farnsworth, this is no time for whimsy"



"Careful, men—this may be some sort of trick!"



"Ladies—gentlemen! Please check out!"



"No, I don't have any old love letters, but wait till you see these home movies!"

The Genial Governor of Judea

Lazarus, wealthy young sportsman, comes to Jerusalem with his racing chariot as guest of Pontius Pilate

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

From Bethany to Jerusalem was a distance of only several short leagues. The road was good, yet Lazarus did not allow the horses to extend themselves. They chafed at their bridles, eager to break into a run, but he held them down to a walk and only relieved the monotony with an occasional short canter.

The light bronze chariot in which he stood was drawn by two white horses. The slave boy beside him rode another horse which was also white and he led the fourth steed, a small faun-colored Arabian mare with four white-stocking legs. Her mane was honey-colored.

They had left Bethany at daybreak and now, an hour or so later, the sun was announcing a day of good weather. And because of this they were eager to get the horses into the cool of the arena stable before the noon heat came on.

When they came to the Mount of Olives which was only half a short league from the city wall, Lazarus rested in the shade. During this halt the slave boy descended from his saddled horse and placed his hand on the necks of the horses to see if they were hot. He also drew a small cloth from his pocket and wiped the under side of various parts of the light chariot harness. He could scent a slight odor of perspiration mingled with the fragrance of green olive oil with which these fine steeds had been rubbed and polished.

After a few minutes' rest in the shade of the great trees of this rich orchard, the boy mounted again, taking care to shake the dust and gravel from his rude sandals before placing his toes in the silver stirrups. And down the slope they started at a gentle walk. Several times the horses were ready to break into a trot but had to be held back. The little faun-colored mare seemed too lively for her short halter strap. The pace was too slow and she walked with an impatient side step. The road seemed hardly wide enough for her.

In the distance they could see the walls of the city. And they could see the Roman sentinels marching along the raised masonry between the gates lift their spears and signal to the tower watches. His arrival had been expected and now it was being announced.

When they reached the gate the Roman soldiers cleared a path for them so that their progress would not be delayed by the many carts and pack-donkeys bringing produce into the city markets. In acknowledging this courtesy Lazarus nodded and with his free hand waved an informal salute to the captain of the guards. But the captain's eyes were on the horses, for such spirited horses, and four of them at one time, he had never before seen.

They passed through the main avenue of the city beside the broad temple terraces where crowds gathered before the stalls of animals for sacrifice, the cages of pigeons and the long tables of the money-changers. Many of these tables had on top a flat polished square of stone on which the changer could ring his coins as he counted them in and as he counted them out. Oddly enough one could tell from the ring if the coins were being received or paid out. Coins coming in were banged down a little harder on the flat stone to make certain that the silver was of good mintage. Those being paid out were rung quickly and indifferently.

They passed the water pool where girls with their large earthenware jars and pitchers stood about, patiently waiting their turn to take up the sweet water. They saw Lazarus pass and their eyes were attracted to his flowing mantle of rich brocade, his anointed curls, and to the gold chain about his neck from which hung a great sparkling jewel.

"Who is he?" asked several in a whisper.

"I know. I know," called one.

"Who?"

"He does not live in the city."

"No?"

"No. He is from the country."

"Is he rich?"

"His father is one of the richest men in the whole land, richer than princes and as rich as a king."

"How can they live in the country and be so rich?" asked one.

"Our rich people all have city homes," added another.

"I don't know how it is or why it is, but all I know is that I was told they seldom come to Jerusalem. They come occasionally on important business."

"If he only lived here," said one proudly, "then . . ."

"Then what?" asked her companion.

"Oh, he would like me all right. I know how to make a man like me."

"How?" asked one.

"You would like to know?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, it's my secret."

"No secret at all," said one. "Any girl can do the same if she wants to lower herself."

"Lower!" shouted the one who was so sure of her charms.

"Yes, lower. Your girdle slips open very easily."

"I could scratch your eyes out!"

Some of the girls paid no attention to this little quarrel. One asked: "What does he do in the country?"

"He has horses and falcons and they have gardens."

"And girls?"

"There are country girls, I suppose."

At this many laughed.

"Country girls," repeated one with much

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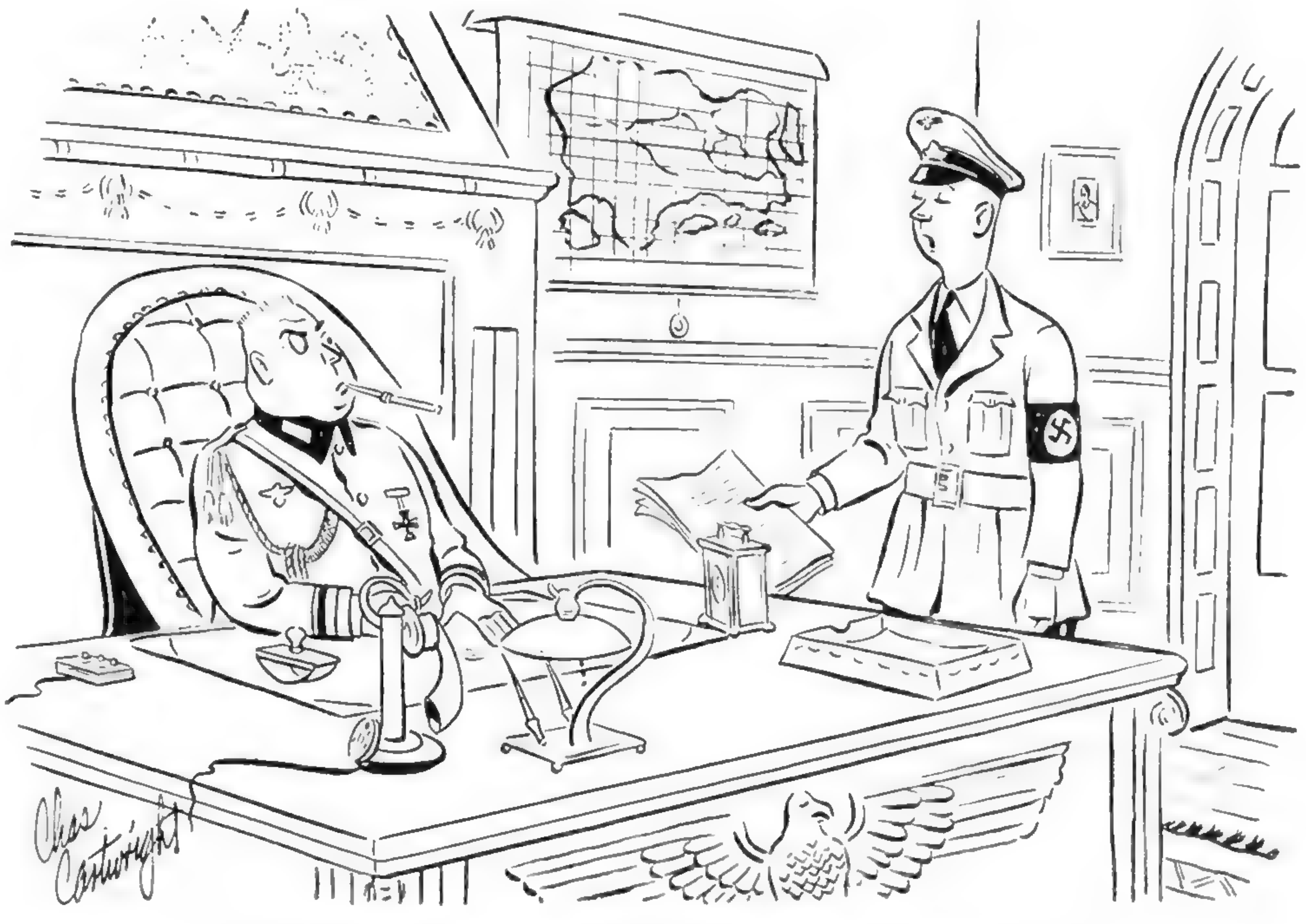
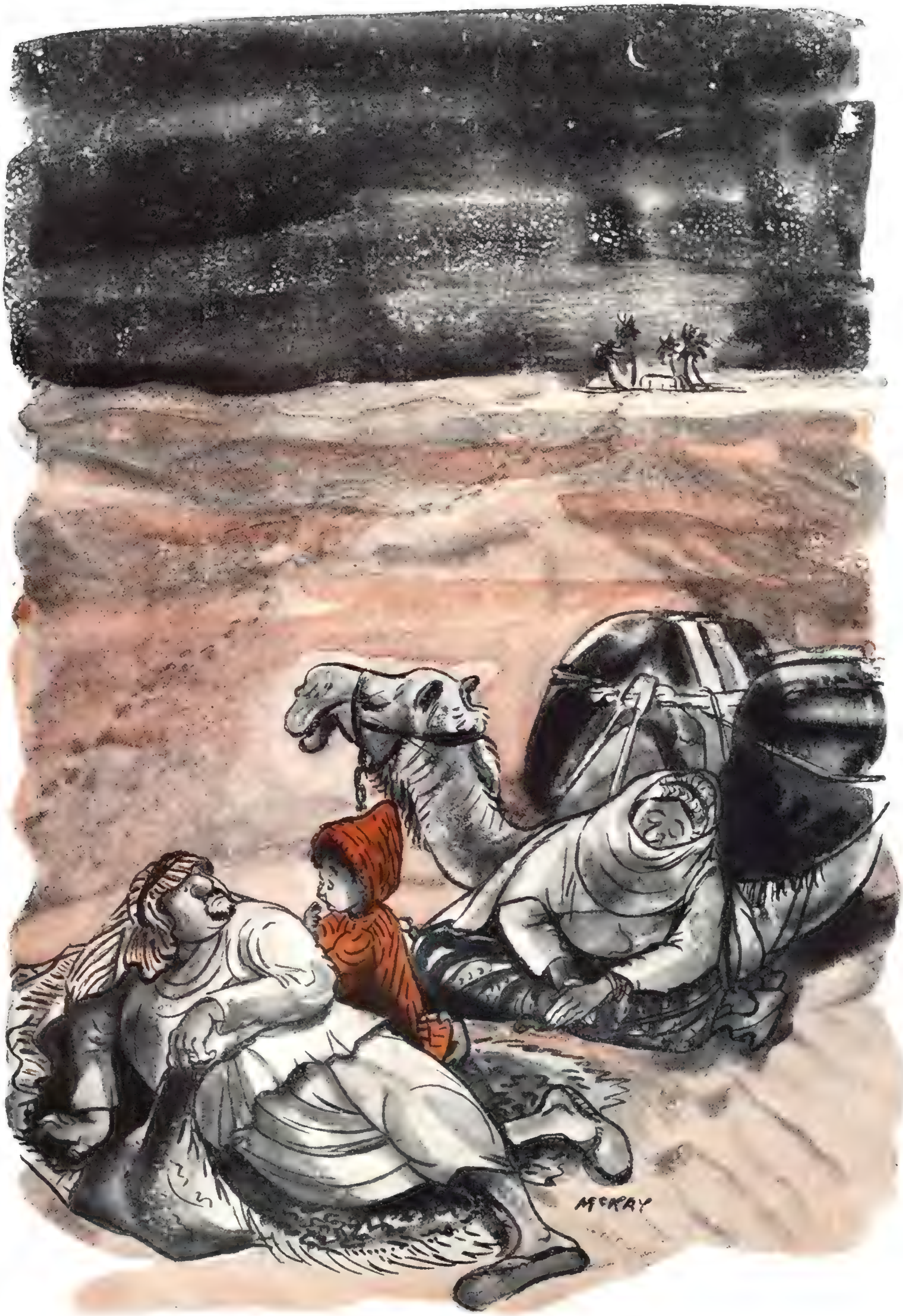


"Herr Schwimmel would like these papers signed, sir—they're next month's communiques"



"Daddy! I want a drink of water!"

Pat Hobby's College Days

He represented the fourth biggest industry in America and didn't mean to let that faculty stare him down

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

The afternoon was dark. The walls of Topanga Canyon rose sheer on either side. Get rid of it she must. The clank clank in the back seat frightened her. Evylyn did not like the business at all. It was not what she came out here to do. Then she thought of Mr. Hobby. He believed in her, trusted her—and she was doing this for him.

But the mission was arduous. Evylyn Lascalles left the canyon and cruised along the inhospitable shores of Beverly Hills. Several times she turned up alleys, several times she parked beside vacant lots—but always some pedestrian or loiterer threw her into a mood of nervous anxiety. Once her heart almost stopped as she was eyed with appreciation—or was it suspicion—by a man who looked like a detective.

—He had no right to ask me this, she said to herself. Never again. I'll tell him so. Never again.

Night was fast descending. Evylyn Lascalles had never seen it come down so fast. Back to the canyon then, to the wild, free life. She drove up a paint-box corridor which gave its last pastel shades to the day. And reached a certain security at a bend overlooking plateau land far below.

Here there could be no complication. As she threw each article over the cliff it would be as far removed from her as if she were in a different state of the Union.

Miss Lascalles was from Brooklyn. She had wanted very much to come to Hollywood and be a secretary in pictures—now she wished that she had never left her home.

On with the job though—she must part with her cargo—as soon as this next car passed the bend. . . .

II

. . . Meanwhile her employer, Pat Hobby, stood in front of the barber shop talking to Louie, the Studio Bookie. Pat's four weeks at two-fifty would be up tomorrow and he had begun to have that harassed and aghast feeling of those who live always on the edge of solvency.

"Four lousy weeks on a bad script," he said, "That's all I've had in six months."

"How do you live?" asked Louie—without *too* much show of interest.

"I don't live. The days go by, the weeks go by. But who cares? Who cares—after twenty years."

"You had a good time in your day," Louie reminded him.

Pat looked after a dress extra in a shimmering lamé gown.

"Sure," he admitted, "I had three wives. All anybody could want."

"You mean *that* was one of your wives?" asked Louie.

Pat peered after the disappearing figure. "No-o. I didn't say *that* was one. But I've had plenty of them feeding out of my pocket. Not now though—a man forty-nine is not considered human."

"You've got a cute little secretary," said Louie, "Look Pat, I'll give you a tip—"

"Can't use it," said Pat, "I got fifty cents."

"I don't mean that kind of tip. Listen—Jack Berners wants to make a picture about U.W.C. because he's got a kid there that plays basketball. He can't get a story. Why don't you go over and see the Athaletic Superintendent named Doolan at U.W.C.? That superintendent owes me three grand on the nags, and he could maybe give you an idea for a college picture. And then you bring it back and sell it to Berners. You're on salary, ain't you?"

"Till tomorrow," said Pat gloomily.

"Go and see Jim Kresge that hangs out in the Campus Sport Shop. He'll introduce you to the Athaletic Superintendent. Look, Pat, I got to make a collection now. Just remember, Pat, that Doolan owes me three grand."

III

It didn't seem hopeful to Pat but it was better than nothing. Returning for his coat to his room in the writers' building he was in time to pick up a plainting telephone.

"This is Evylyn," said a fluttering voice, "I can't get rid of it this afternoon. There's cars on every road—"

"I can't talk about it here," said Pat quickly, "I got to go right over to U.W.C. on a notion."

"I've tried," she wailed, "—and *tried!* And every time, some car comes along—"

"Aw, please!" He hung up—he had enough on his mind.

For years Pat had followed the deeds of "the Trojums" of U.S.C. and the almost as fabulous doings of "the Roller Coasters," who represented the Univ. of the Western Coast. His interest was not so much physiological, tactical or intellectual as it was mathematical—but the Rollers had cost him plenty in their day—and thus it was with a sense of vague proprietorship that he stepped upon the half De Mille, half Aztec campus.

He located Kresge who conducted him to Superintendent Kit Doolan. Mr. Doolan, a famous ex-tackle, was in excellent humor. With five colored giants in this year's line, none of them quite old enough for pensions, but all men of experience, his team was in a fair way to conquer his section.

"Glad to be of help to your studio," he said, "Glad to help Mr. Berners—or Louie. What can I do for you? You want to make a picture? . . . Well, we can always use publicity. Mr. Hobby, I got a meeting of the Faculty Committee in just five minutes and perhaps you'd like to tell them your notion."

"I don't know," said Pat doubtfully. "What

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"I didn't catch the name—did you say Pztomaloxzi?"

Megalopolis, the Great Failure

It's an ill blitzkrieg that blows nobody good, and perhaps there's a chance for the city of tomorrow

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

℞

An umbrella with a red light for pedestrians has been patented. Providentially, the inventor hails from Providence, Rhode Island.

Providence, in inventing man, did not have cities in mind. Men and women are not made of non-shatterable material. They come into the world without headlights, tail-lights, or rear-view mirrors. They cannot close their ears to disagreeable sounds as they can their eyes to distracting sights. Organic smoke and dust filters are not part of the human chassis.

The denizen of the modern city needs more than an umbrella with a red light, because it is not enough any longer to let the automobile driver see you. Sometimes he will hit you just the same. The citizen needs bumpers before and behind. He needs earmuffs that will keep out the nerve-shattering noises, and let in the necessary warning sounds of whistles, gongs, and sirens that announce disaster.

He needs goggles to shield his eyes from swirling dust and from the glare of neon signs and movie house canopies strewn with mazdas. He needs an oxygen tank attachment for the subway, and a gas mask against carbon fumes. All these he requires in times of what are called piping peace—that is, when there is no war going on in the area, except the daily war of living in a city. Nature would have provided him with them as surely as she gave him legs and an opposable thumb, had she foreseen New York, Chicago, and other of his fearsome machines for living.

The city that man made is unmaking him. Man, however, did not make the city on purpose. The city just happened, gradually. In ancient times, when men were either nomad hunters or soil grubbers, it must have seemed a great social invention. A huddle of men was a better protection against wild animals and hostile tribes than one or a family. It was fine for swapping goods and opinions. The words *city* and *civilization* have the same root. So have *urban* and *urbane*.

But the city did not know when to stop growing. When millions live in one vast labyrinth two hundred miles square, a good idea has been made too much of. Now it begins to appear that the city was not made for man any more than man for the city.

The second World War was necessary to drive this idea home. The destruction wrought on London yesterday may be wreaked tomorrow in still more efficient form on New York and other sea-coast cities, and in the next war after the coming rest period, on Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh. Somebody else's war has taught us several things:

A vast city cannot be defended, and becomes a death trap under aerial bombing. The protection of its lives and industries requires the building of a duplicate city underground, or else the breakup of the bloated town into groups of small garden cities, which would bring fewer casualties and damage when bombed.

The oversize metropolis has not only become an unhealthy, inefficient, and cumbersome design for living, but modern technology has made it unnecessary. Megalopolis, in short, is obsolete.

Crowds make noise and congestion. These two are the main insoluble problems of city life.

We Americans, when we can't solve a problem, make a joke of it. Remember the Veterans of Future Wars, the Roosevelt-for-King Society, the I-Want-to-Be-Captain-Too movement? From one of the world's noisiest cities comes this quip:

"Chicago—The Loop was bombed for two or three hours last night, so they say. As the boys were picking up the garbage at the time, nobody heard it. 'If you are going to bomb Chicago,' a spokesman said, 'you got to bomb louder than that.'"

Another attitude that is thoroughly American is direct action. In that same Chicago a householder, unable to sleep because of a switch-engine shunting cars in a neighboring freight yard, went out on his porch and shot the engineer in the leg.

Noise has become such a nuisance that business and city administrations have called in the science of physics to help out on it. Physicists, defining noise as "unwanted sound," invented a sound recorder and meter whose degrees are called decibels. To date, the noise inventory of American cities seems to award the palm for din to Chicago's Loop, the noisiest place outside a battlefield. There an elevated train and street car passing together gave a reading of 99; a traffic policeman's whistle, 98; Sheridan Road bus, 83; auto-horns, 73; elevated train half a block away, 77. In a better-type residential area, normal traffic sounds gave 55 decibels in a third floor room with all windows closed, 63 with windows open, which a motorcycle passing on the boulevard promptly raised to 93. As cannon fire is only between 110 and 120, and livable noise below 40, it can be guessed that the city's pandemonium is not healthy.

Subway noises in New York have been recorded at 90 and over, one expert maintaining that if a lion roared in a subway car, riders a few seats away would be unable to hear him. Of all vehicular systems, elevated lines make the most noise. The removal of the structure in Herald Square, New York, reduced the noise from 88.7 to 45.1.

City din—automobile horns, police whistles, surface and elevated transport, riveters and pile drivers, newsboys' and peddlers' cries, squeals of brakes, screaming of tires as a car is driven fast and sharp around a turn, shriek of fire-engines and police-car sirens, radios, and perambulating public-address systems—have been indicted on many sides. The director of a Criminal Court Behavior Clinic says there is a definite relationship between noisy living conditions and the irritability that makes for crime. Psychologists agree that noise has a harmful influence. It has been established that the distractive power of noise diminishes working efficiency. Bank tellers, checkers, stenographers, and filing clerks, tested in both noisy and quiet environments, worked more rapidly and made fewer mistakes in the absence of racket.

The experts seem agreed that although the human constitution adapts itself as readily to unwanted sound as to unwanted temperature, the adaptation is made only at the cost of nervous strain. We regulate temperature, as far as we can, by heating and refrigerating systems; why not regulate sound? To some extent this has been done, and more than one corporation has made considerable profits in the business of sound-proofing offices, homes, hospitals, restaurants, and hotels.

It was only twelve years ago that the world became noise-conscious. European nations led the way with municipal campaigns against the nuisance. New York, under the energetic mayorship of Mr. La Guardia, campaigned ingeniously to reduce the city's *brouhaha*. Out of these maneuvers has come the conclusion that you can't get rid of city noise without doing something drastic to the city. Too many people in too small a space, moving about with the aid of thousands of machines, are bound to produce a bumper crop of unwanted sound. Rubber-tiring wagons, rubber-shoeing the milkman and his horse, rubber-edging trash cans, substituting paper cartons for rattling milk bottles, help but not enough.

Decades of education were necessary to make the City Beautiful idea catch hold. The American metropolis is definitely more sightly than it was, and maybe a time will come when the ordinary citizen is as sensitive to the bad effects of noise.

But the most serious city problem is traffic. Bad as noise is, one can still carry on, and maddening though the job is, a letter can be dictated while a riveting job is being done across the street. But traffic congestion—in spite of the fact that most of the city's trouble-shooting energy and talent have gone into it, abandoning other bottlenecks—is so critical that a bloated megalopolis like New

York, Boston, or Chicago, almost ceases to function on some days.

The business center of such a city, only a square mile or two out of the two hundred and more square miles of its total area, is a cube, not a flat surface, extending into the air up to a thousand feet. Into this area a million workers and shoppers (more in Chicago and New York) rush within the time span of an hour and a half. In the evening the phenomenon is repeated in reverse. At the same time tens of thousands—in New York, five hundred thousand—are rushing into the city from outside points, and as many are trying to leave it by train, boat, and paved road. During the day other tens of thousands surge along the walks trying to cross the streets of this inner city, while a welter of automobiles, trucks, pushcarts, wagons, buses, street cars and jaywalkers cross and criss-cross.

The advent of individualism in transportation—which is what the automobile brought—has created an insuperable problem. The moving of this enormous human cargo would be a big enough assignment if everyone accepted mass-sardine transport by public vehicle. A doubledecker bus can hold sixty at a pinch. The average passenger load of a private car being two and one-fourth persons, twenty-six and two-thirds ordinary motor cars are required to carry a bus-load. Try to figure up what that means in terms of increased street area occupied, in necessary parking space, and in increased traffic hazards. But we insist on our luxurious individual transportation, although in this individualism everyone gets in everyone's way.

For years the cities have worked desperately to keep the automobile from choking them. It has compelled the tearing up and rebuilding of large areas. Streets have had to be widened, and widened again. Lawns and even sidewalks are cut away. Trunk lines, by-roads, tunnels, overpasses, have had to be built, torn down, and built wider. Outer drives have had to be supplemented by inner drives, and these by outer-inner and outer-outer. A main traffic road of two lanes is widened to three, to five, to six, to eight—and still it is not enough. Always there are bottlenecks. As soon as the situation eases, new office or apartment buildings are erected, or a new flood of cars seems to emerge from hitherto untapped garages. The public parks are torn up, and gardens, quiet paths, landmarks, and ball fields are sacrificed to more concrete for tires. Corner curbs are trimmed away for easier turns—and the crossing risk to the pedestrian increased. Foot bridges go up and expensive tunnels are burrowed under main arteries for the pedestrian, whose desire to cross interferes with the ten thousand automobiles hurrying—to what?

The municipal traffic experts bend over maps, and with the reports of street-corner traffic tabulators before them, try to figure out new tricks for meeting the next crisis. Every few days the paint crews are out with buckets and trestles, marking out new complicated lines for left turns, right turns, parking, no parking, partial parking, slow, caution, school zone, U-turn. New signs are nailed up, changing the regulations, and the signal-tower gets a new light-gadget, a curved arrow or a pointing finger. It is more complicated and absurd than any child's board-game ever invented. Not to speak of the visiting driver from another city, even the

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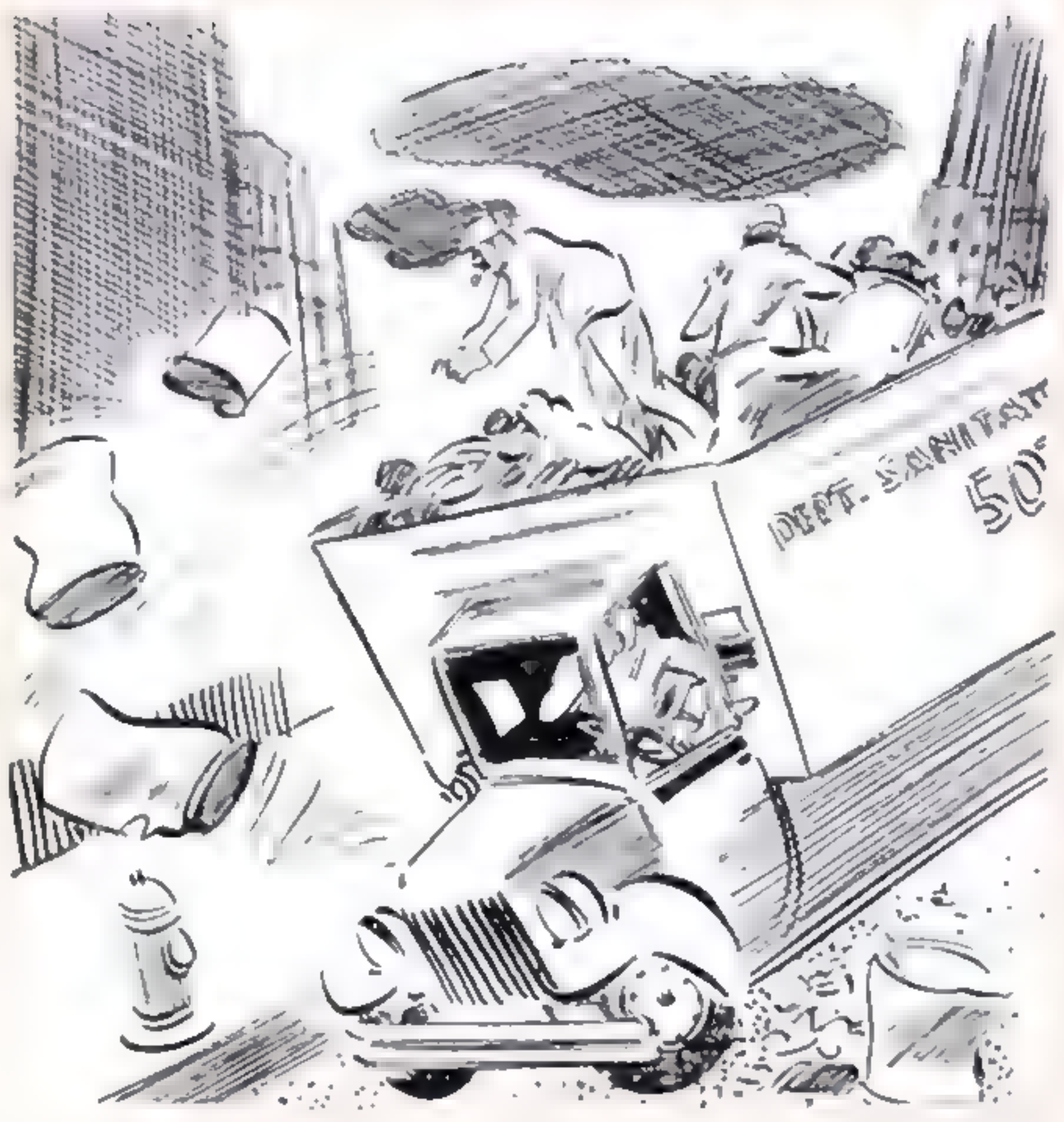
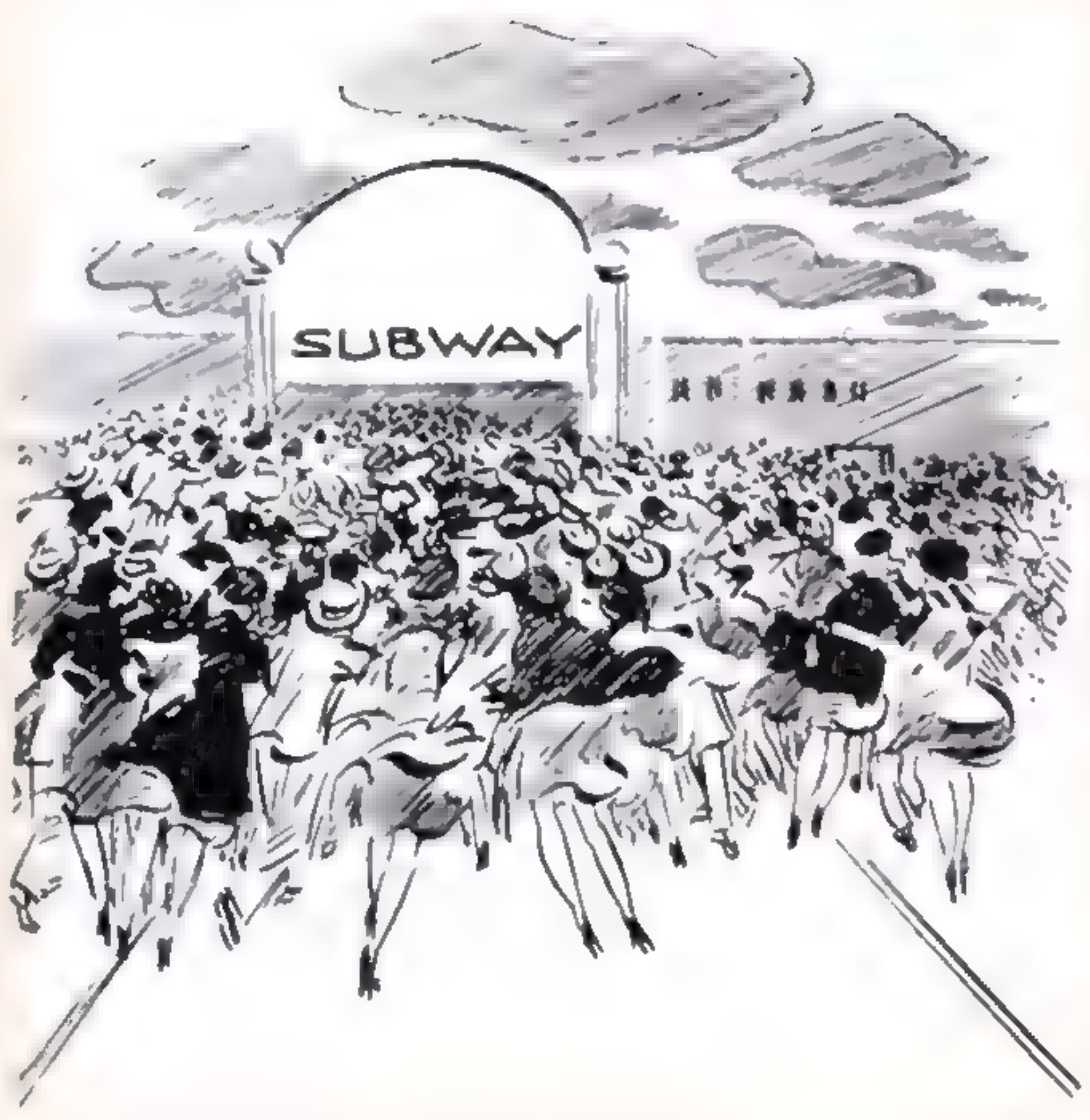
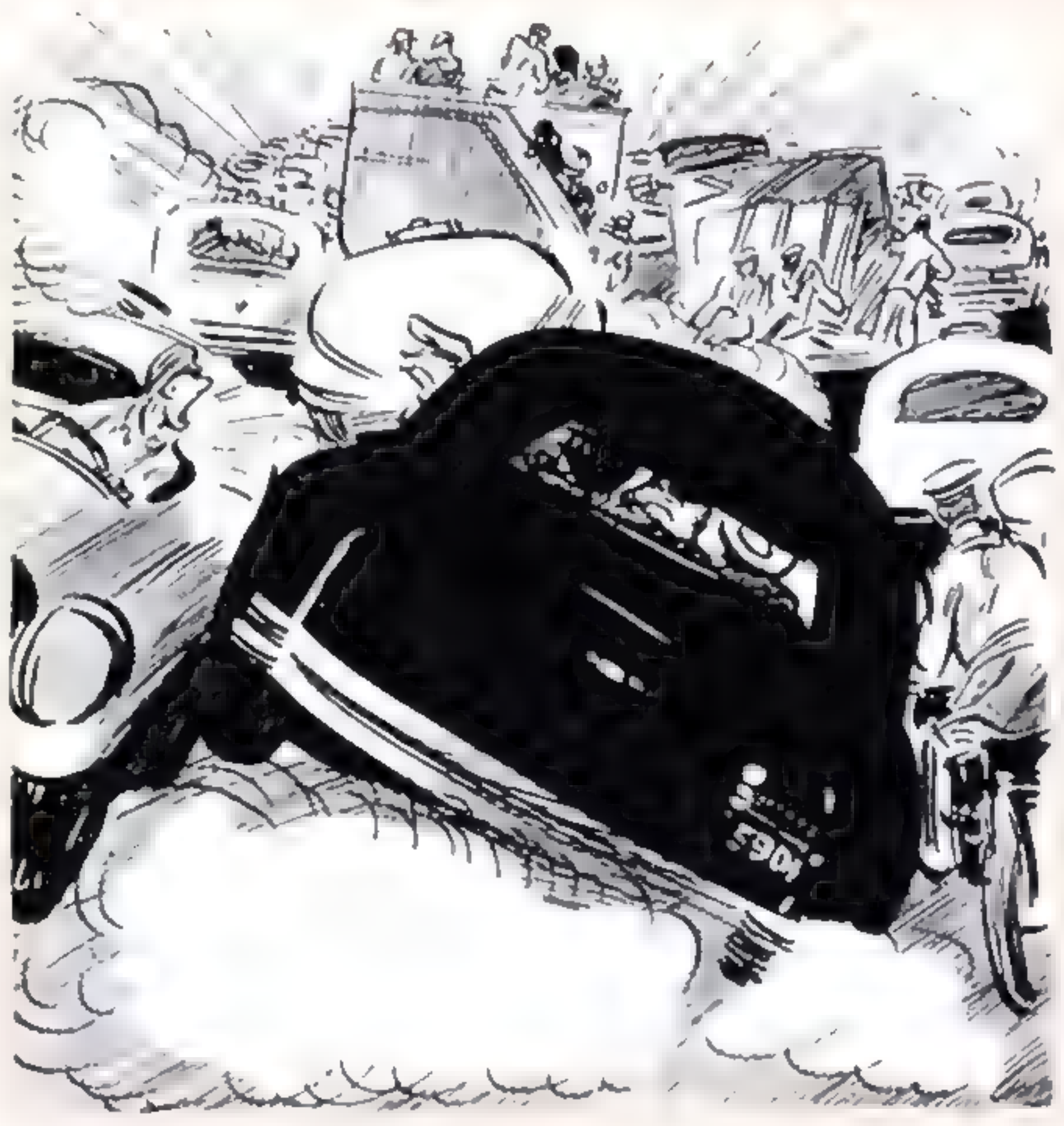


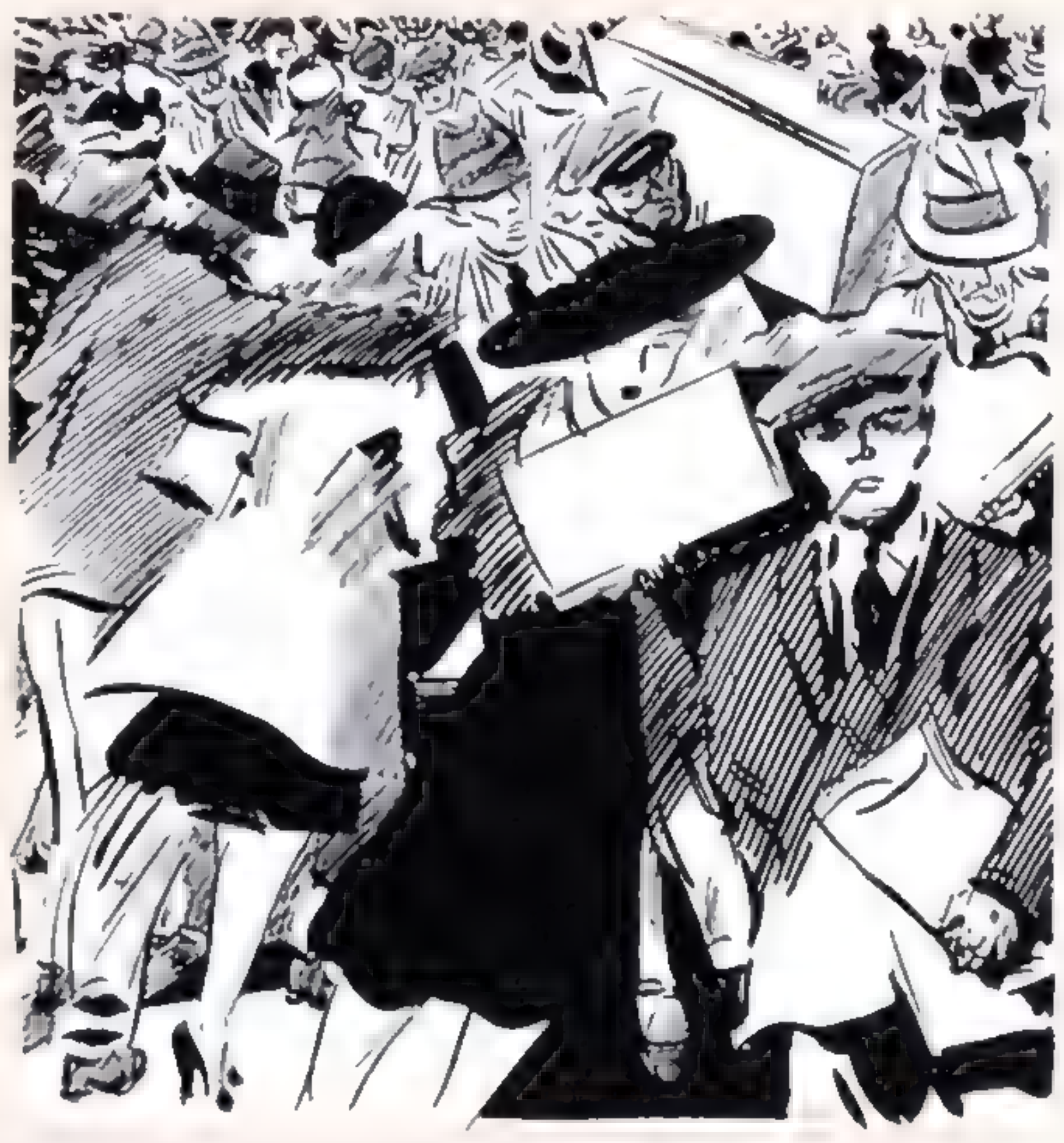
1—*Hark! The city wakes from slumber!*
Garbage trucks begin to lumber!



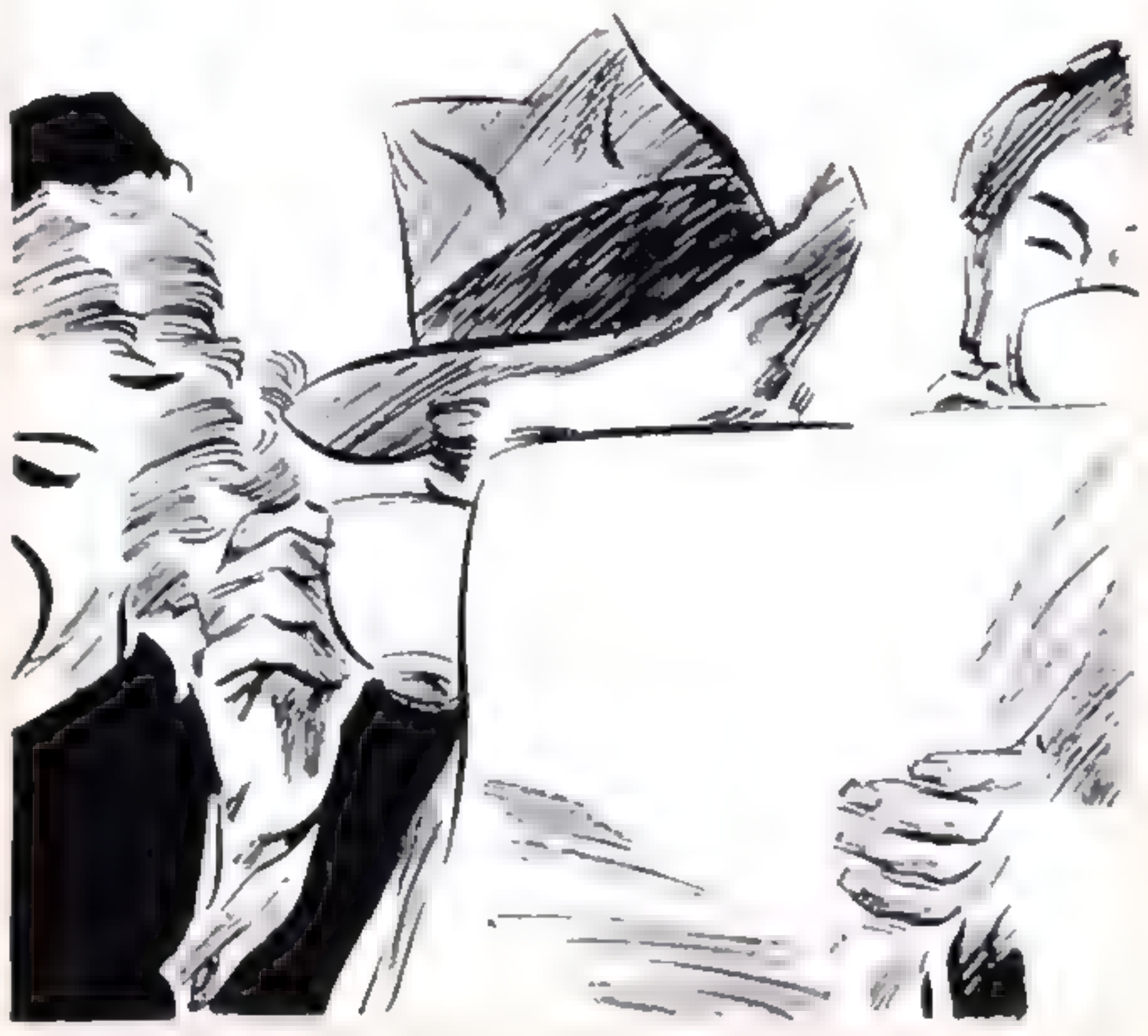
2—*Here we come . . . a herd of cattle*
To the economic Battle!



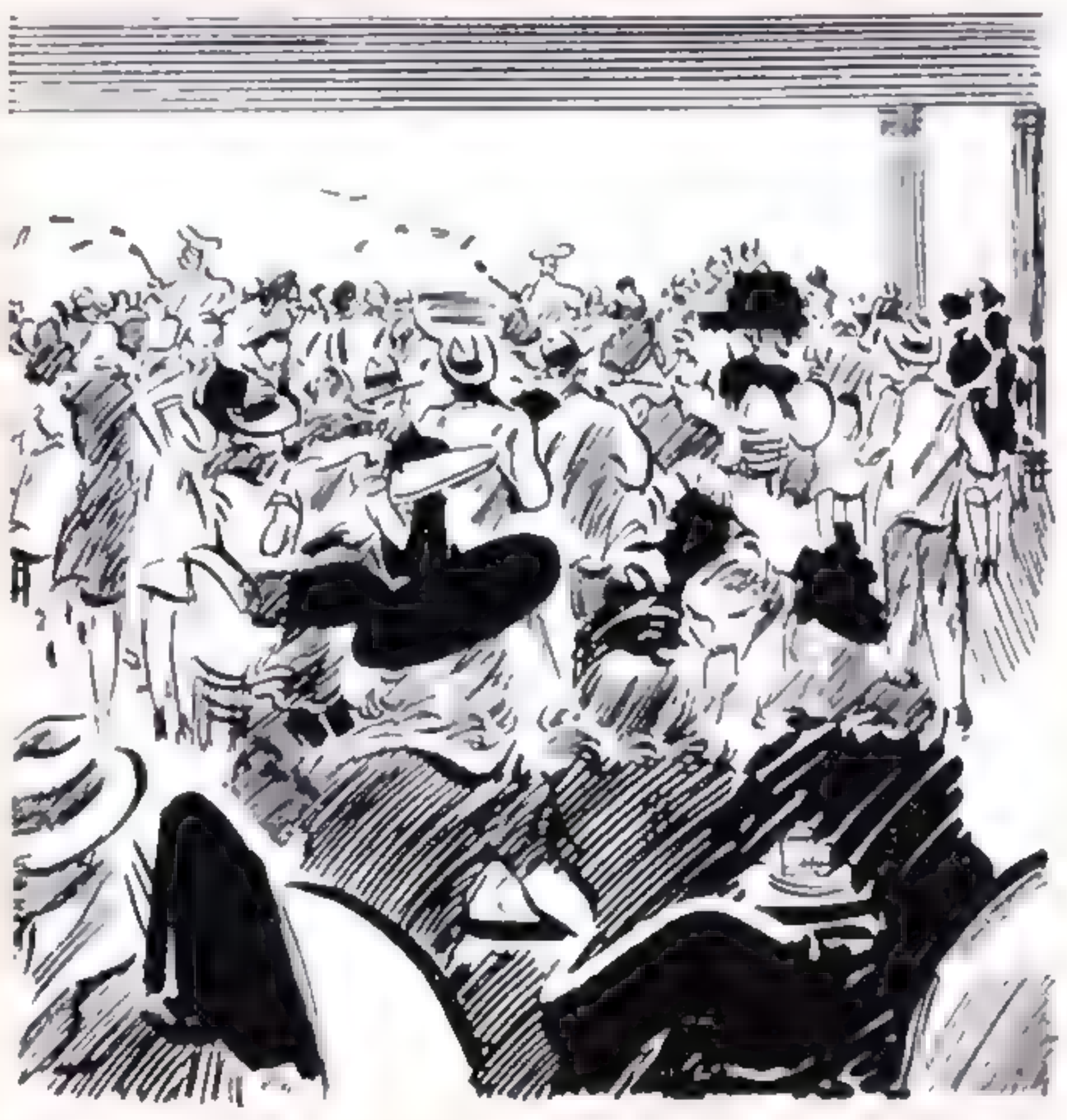
3—*Taxis banging . . . cops haranguing . . .*
Ambulances wildly clanging!



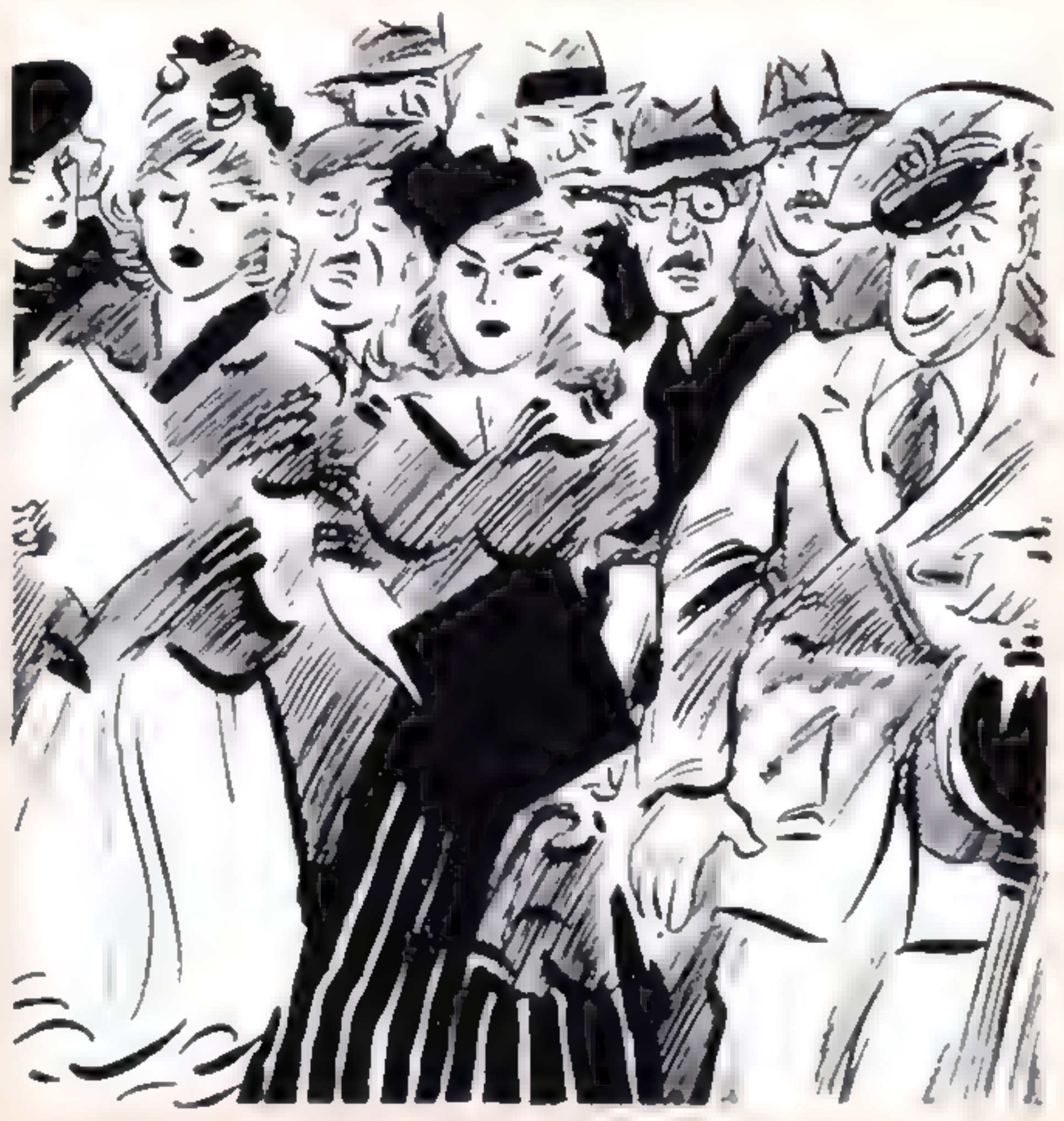
4—*Sirens shrieking! Subways reeking!*
People passing . . . never speaking!



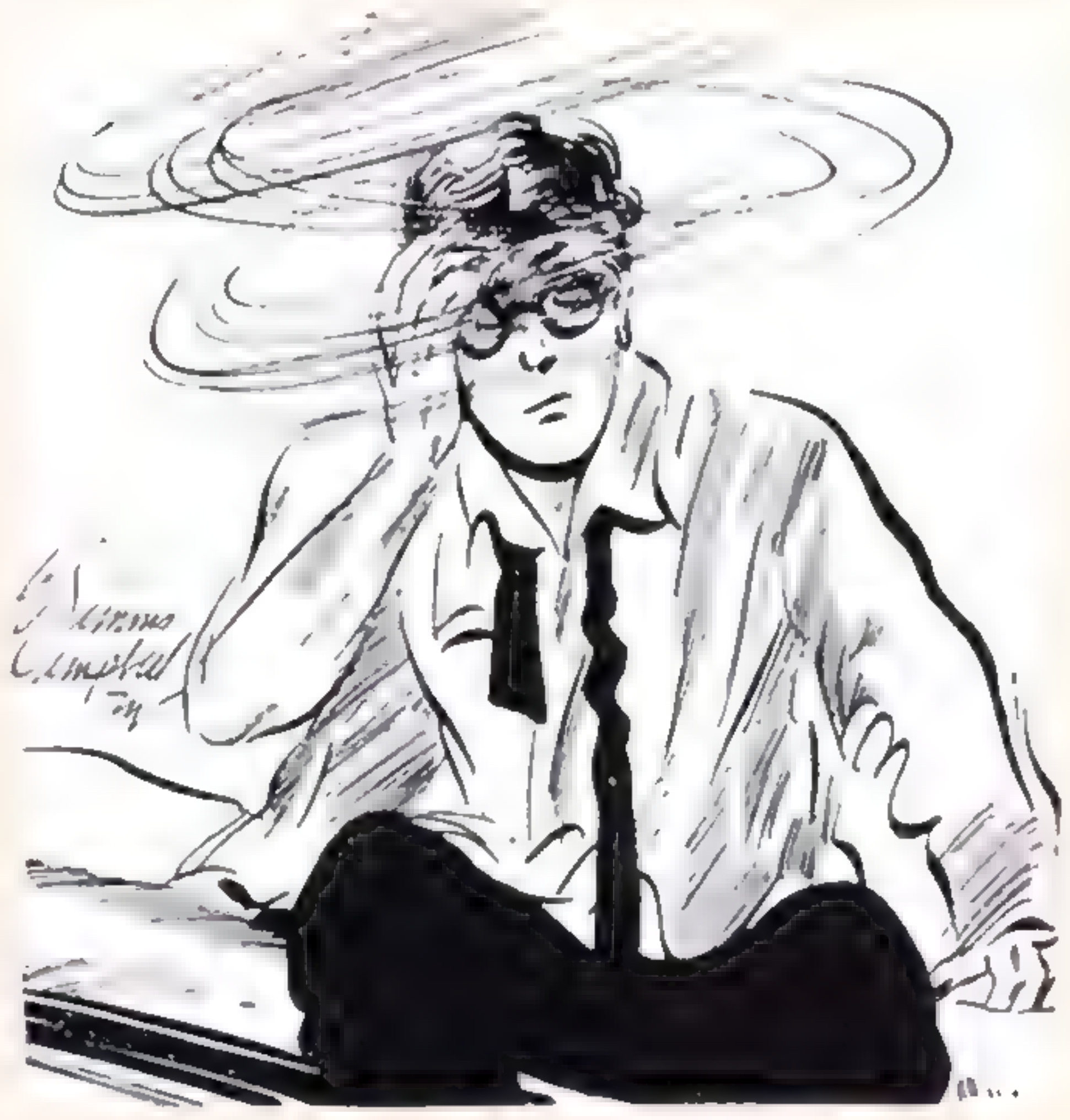
5—*Ten of nine! A chance to have a*
Doughnut and a cuppa java—



6—*Now it's noon and time for crunchin'*
Pastry in a crowded luncheon!



7—*Work is over! Tired and dirty,*
We'll be home by seven-thirty . . .



8—*Verging on a nervous breakdown*
As our Murphy Bed we take down!

—PHIL STACK

The Five Mrs. Bectons

No error could have been more costly than the lawyer's assuming Becton's fourth marriage would be his finale

by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

• FICTION •

℞

PROBABLY no stranger file exists in the law offices of the city of Philadelphia than the one identified as *Ex-Uxores Becton*. The originator of the label may have thought it looked better than Ex-Wives Becton or perhaps he was just being funny. If so, unless the dead laugh, he laughs no more. The present custodian of the file will be astonished should he chance to read the following lines but that is no reason to kill the story as there is nothing he can do about it.

Ezra Becton would have been famous long ago as an Egyptologist and Amazonian explorer if he had not been born into too much money. A poor explorer, having labored up the rungs of some museum of natural history until he receives the accolade of an honorary life membership, rubs elbows with the whole world, makes a lot of friends and steps into the hall of fame through the front door. But the rich explorer is up against it. He seldom meets people except to hire them and has few chances to make friends. Furthermore, no fellow scientist dares give him credit for some sweet job of research lest he become suspect as a toady out to finance a project of his own.

All this did not bother Becton in the slightest. His monographs were privately printed only as a matter of record and he didn't care a hoot what anybody said, thought or did as long as it did not interfere with his life-long hobby which appears to have been the establishing of a link between the head-reducing process as practiced on the upper Amazon and the ancient Egyptian art of embalming.

In the twenty years preceding 1937 he made five expeditions on each of which he was accompanied by a different wife. He disliked the word divorce and never used it even when discussing the next one with his lawyer. He preferred the term replacement or a statement to the effect he felt a need for "stepping it down a bit." The latter phrase probably referred to age, each succeeding wife being approximately five years younger than her predecessor. Apparently he had a mechanized brain and thought of a woman as most men measure the useful life of a car. Lest he be judged too harshly let it be recorded at once that none of the discarded Mrs. Bectons has so far shown the slightest inclination to remarry.

Becton had a theory it made no difference what you paid for a thing so long as you got what you wanted. That went for everything—lawyers, wives, somebody else's cook or guide, cameras, instruments or the suborning of a chief in hostile country. What he left out of calculation was the constant face-lifting of the national revenue law. Fortunately a tax expert was included in Becton's general equipment and several years ago this tax expert pointed out that if something wasn't done in a hurry even the Becton fortune would eventually be shot full of holes.

It was then that the Becton lawyer produced his brain child—a revolving untouchable and non-taxable trust for the benefit of the ex-Mrs. Bectons, share and share alike for life. He persuaded the three women already concerned it promised far more lasting security than their various alimony arrangements. He admitted that the current Mrs. Becton, should she become a widow, would have to be cut in for a fourth of the thirty thousand annual ante but showed that even the stipend thus reduced, owing to its stability, would be worth more than any lien on Becton's floating income. The ladies were convinced and having obtained their acquiescence in writing the lawyer undertook to pry the handsome sum required out of Becton. To his surprise Becton, after reading the documents involved with unusual care, signed without a murmur.

Subconsciously the lawyer must have taken it for granted that having married four times a man is naturally through with marrying. No error could have been more costly. Naturally the contrary is the case and Becton promptly proved it. Having induced wife No. 4 to accept a share in the revolving pot as settlement in full of her marital claim on him, he married a wide-eyed slip exactly twenty-five years younger than the first Mrs. Becton. Now Mrs. Bectons 1, 2, and 3 were fairly intelligent women. Upon receiving their reduced quarterly checks they promptly perceived the vital difference between the fourth Mrs. Becton as a widow and the fourth Mrs. Becton as the forerunner of an undetermined string of divorcées. With one voice they set up a deafening howl.

Becton and his latest bride being well on their way toward either the Nile or the Amazon were beyond reach of the clamor, but not so the lawyer. His first reaction was one of bewilderment and he gained a little time by promising the ladies he would look into the matter at once. Was it possible his master brain had slipped? Was this why Becton had read so carefully and signed so readily? No—incredible—the clerk in charge of all Becton disbursements must have made a blunder. At that point he felt a cold finger of fear begin to bore at his temple. All the partners in his firm had made many mistakes but during eighteen years the clerk in question had never made one.

The lawyer sent for the *Ex-Uxores Becton* file and after an hour's agonized study discovered that his tax-evading masterpiece, set up with the intention of including wife No. 4 only in the event of her widowhood, was so worded that in effect and in law it became a catch-all for all the wives Becton might acquire during the remainder of his

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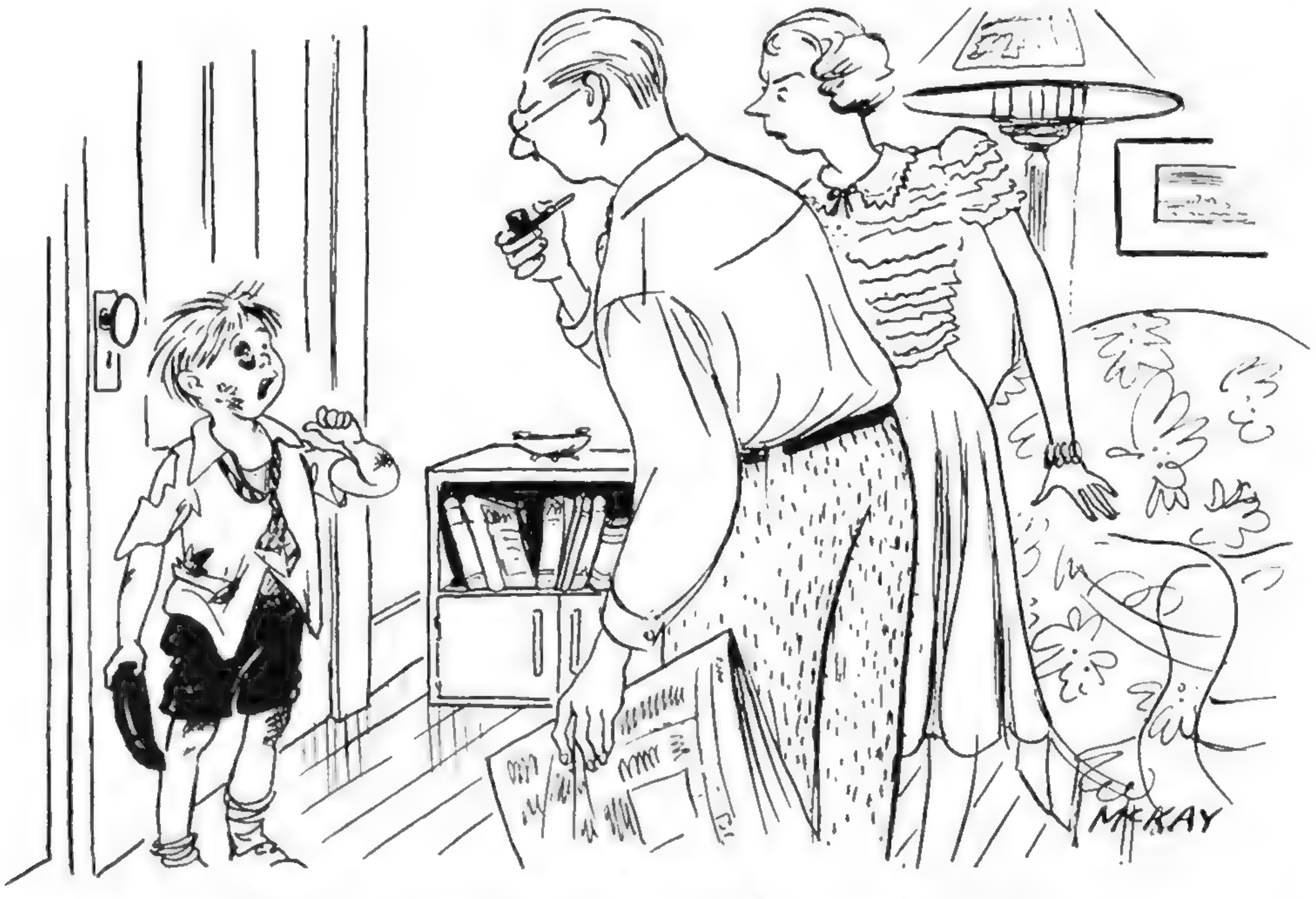
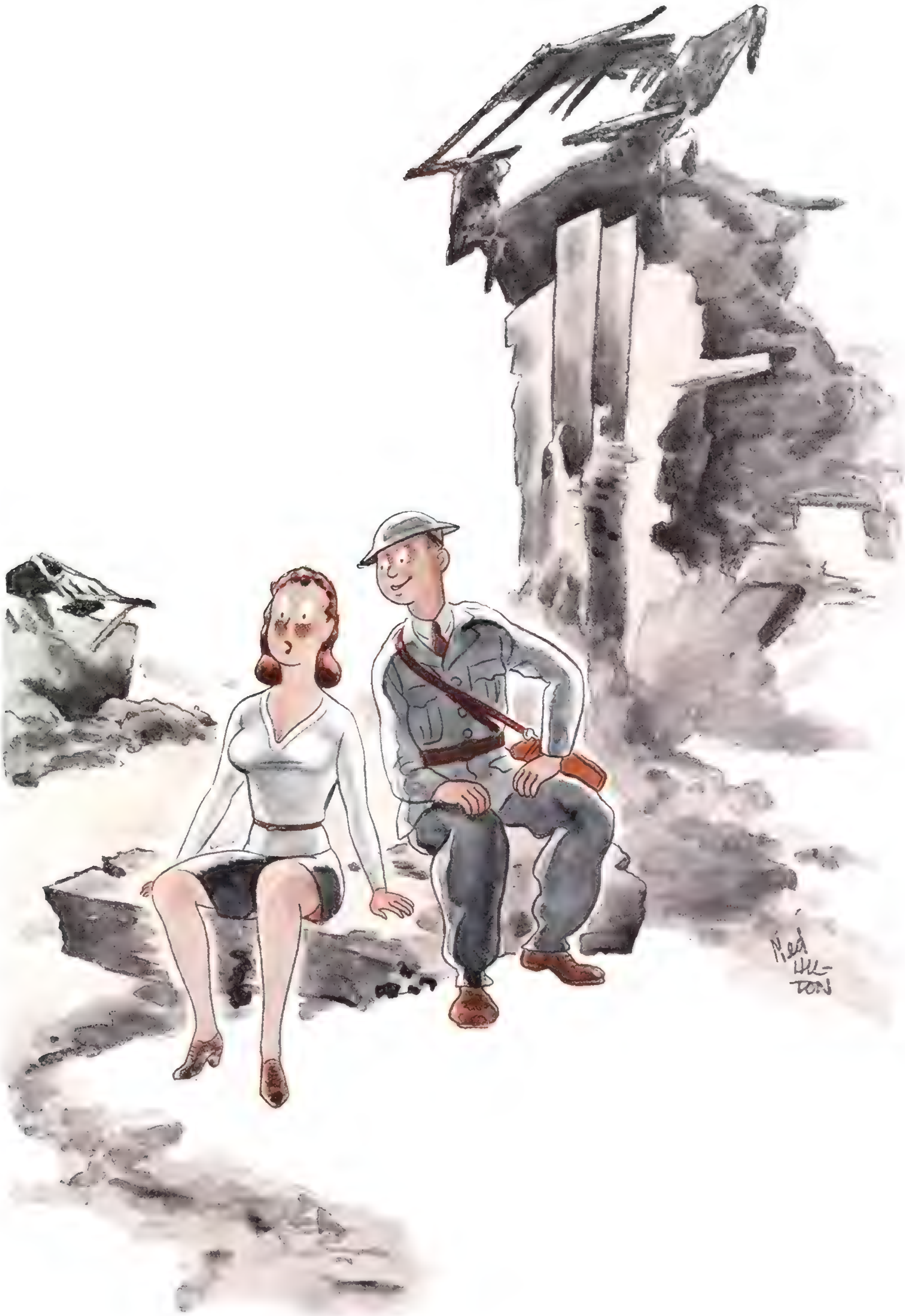


"Well, a couple of kids were fighting and the first thing I knew one of 'em was me!"



(Forty words deleted here)

The Baseball Season Is Over

Picking the next winner of the World Series by using a theory about good batting teams against good pitchers

by MICHAEL MARTIN

• SPORTS •

WELL, the baseball season is over. Anyway, my favorite portion of the baseball season. Of course, there are really two baseball seasons a year. One extends from April to October, and is a mess of players batting and missing, running and breaking bones, with everybody getting all worked up over it.

Everybody but me. My baseball season starts when the stadiums close, when the overworked players and the even more overworked baseball writers take their well-earned rest. My season—which I call the baseball talking season—begins when the managers and owners of the clubs settle down in earnest to cheat each other out of what they hope are valuable players; when the newspapers and the poolrooms are full of rumors about trades and waivers and holdouts, and when you read and hear about enormous figures instead of the comparatively small figures of batting and pitching averages. This is the time when every manager swears his club will win the pennant and the Series.

When they are batting and pitching, only a very limited number of things can happen. It's either a ball, or a strike, or a foul. But when the managers start talking, anything can happen. Compared to what they produce in double-crosses, the slickest double play is a tossover. They proceed under a strict no-foul rule—meaning that anything goes as long as Papa Landis doesn't find out. (Which, surprisingly, he very often does.) It's great fun, and you don't have to pay a cent to watch it.

Naturally, when the talking season draws to a close, you get sort of curious about what will happen during the next few months, when the boys actually get around to playing. Well, as every baseball writer has written a dozen times every year, "It's much too early to know for sure." Incidentally, baseball is the kind of sport in which you can use this particular phrase three hundred sixty-five times a year—because there's always something you don't yet know for sure. Of course, it's especially true of the time before the playing season opens.

To put it frankly: I don't know who's going to win the 1941 World Series. I will even go so far as to admit that I'm not sure there will be any Series at all. Nobody else knows either.

That is the one thing I'm sure of. Somehow, I've struggled through the predictions of the experts for the last ten years. And I've also looked up the record. Well, it was nice comparing the two. It's always nice to find out that the other guys in the press-box don't know a damn thing either.

The guesses on the National League race weren't so cockeyed, though many sports writers figured the Dodgers would cop the flag, and some even went out on a limb for the Cardinals. In the American League the business of predicting who would end up where, was a disaster. The Yankees were almost the unanimous choice; in fact, we were all so damn sure they would go on winning *ad nauseam* that some of us thought something ought to be done about this super-team. Remember the cry: "Break up the Yankees!"? Well, they were broken up, all right—though not the way the experts expected.

Jack Doyle, who, in my opinion, surpasses by far the record of the Oracle of Delphi, gave the Yankees odds of seven to twenty. Boston was nine to two, and Cleveland eight to one. If you had picked Detroit, you would have got ten times your money back.

The whole business of predicting in baseball is a tough proposition. Now, any boxing writer knows it's hard to foretell which of two boxers is going to knock out the other one, if the party of the first part doesn't happen to be Joe Louis. There are so many things to be considered. A boxer might go stale, or get a toothache, or he might have a wife who insisted on his working at being a husband instead of training. There are many things no reporter can figure out in advance.

Now, how much more difficult is it to figure out how a gang of nine men will react against another gang of nine men, not to speak of the gentlemen on the benches who occasionally wake up and clout a homer? You'd need a baseball Einstein to figure out the chance a journalist has to make predictions without looking foolish afterwards. But there aren't two teams; there are, alas, eight teams in each league, and two leagues. That makes, roughly, four hundred men (figuring twenty-five to each team) to go stale or have a toothache, or nurse a sore arm, or a sore wife.

Some of them might even get sore at their manager, and start a teapot revolution against that worthy gentleman, claiming that he's bad for their nerves. Which is, of course, an unendurable state of affairs, since everybody knows that big-time baseball is supposed to have a soothing effect on the nerves.

How the hell could even a baseball Einstein make a prediction under such circumstances and with four hundred unknown quantities? How could such a seer have known that fading Freddy Fitzsimmons of the Dodgers would lead all the National League pitchers with a won-and-lost average of 16 to 2? How could anyone have dreamed of the spectacular comeback of Schoolboy Rowe, the hero of the 1935 World Series, who was all washed up and then suddenly helped win the pennant for the Tigers? How can anyone know when a man will start slipping? Old reliables like Big Poison Paul Waner, or the originator of the Gashouse Gang, Pepper Martin, or Lefty Gomez, or Joe Vosmik, or Frankie Crosetti were still factors to be reckoned with when the first ball was thrown in. As everybody knows now, they aren't any longer. How was anybody—including these guys themselves—

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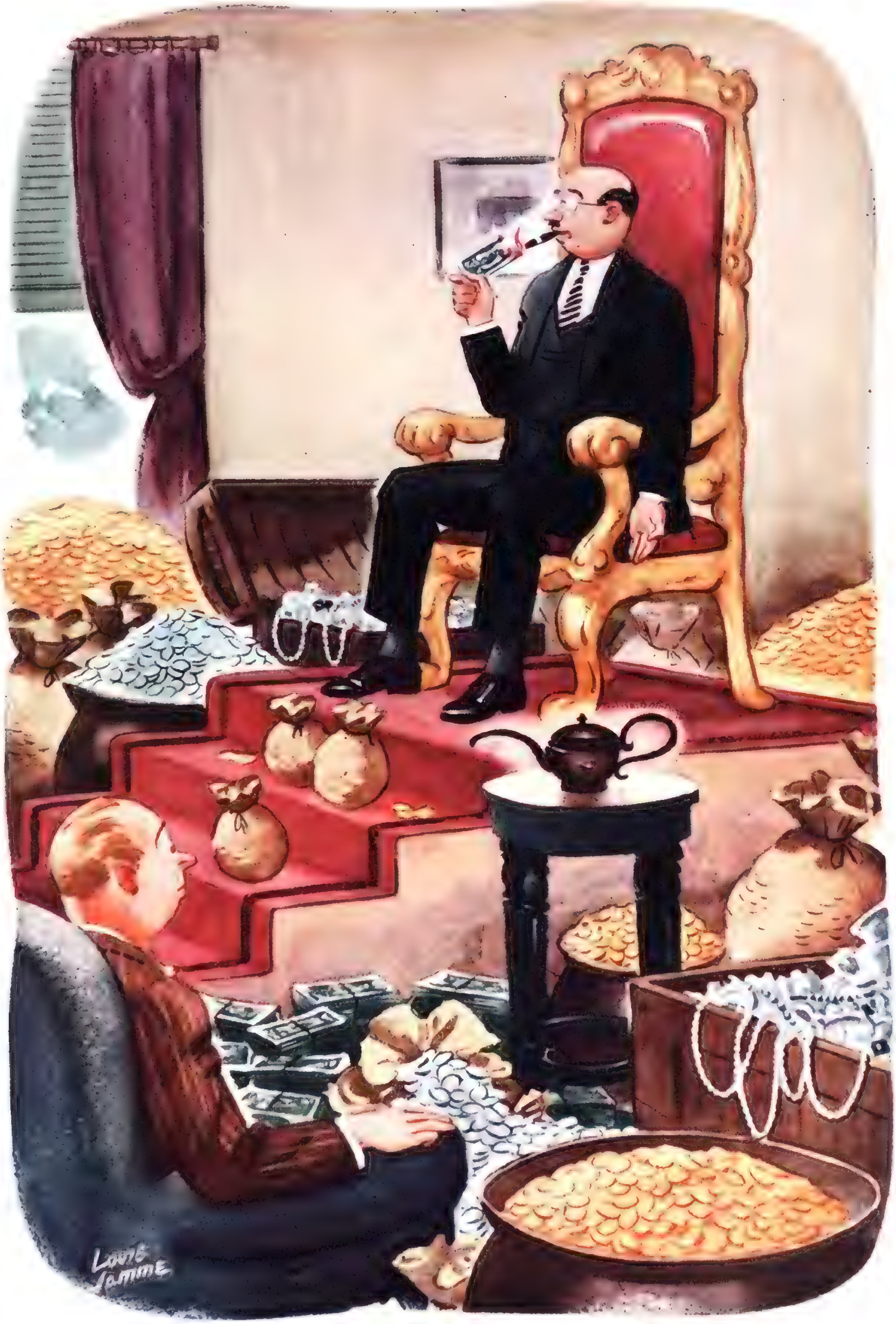
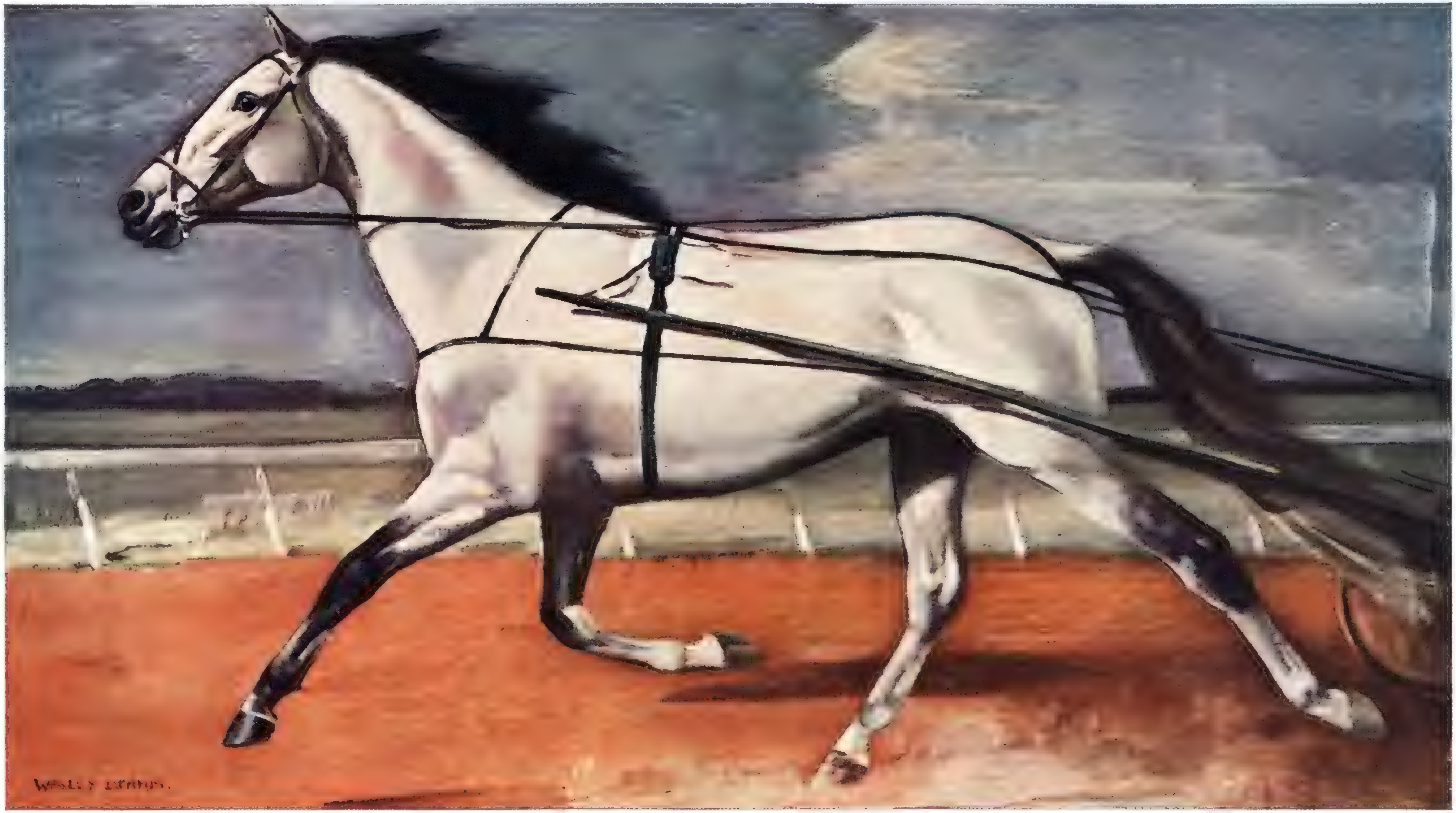
"Couldn't we just give him the Easter eggs, dear?"


Louis Jamme

"My wife found it in the attic—you just rub it"


WESLEY DENNIS.

Greyhound

Slower, whiter, and heavier now, Greyhound is unwinding a great career. Unquestionably, he is the greatest trotter ever bred. In his time he has broken or equaled every established world record. His best mark is the time of one minute, fifty-five and a quarter seconds for the mile, made in 1937.

Greyhound was bred by Mr. Henry Knight of Almahurst Farm, Nicholasville, Ky. Driven in all important races by Sep Palin, who says a man is privileged to drive only one horse like Greyhound in one lifetime. Owned by E. J. Baker of St. Charles, Ill., Greyhound was by Guy Abbey out of Elizabeth.

NO. 1 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSE PORTRAITS PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

When the Hen Crows

Mom said not to step in and cut a rusty at Dollie and Eif's wedding, 'cause she didn't want no trouble

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •

I HEARD the water splashing long before I saw the mule. When the mule come around the bend he was coming in a full lope. Water was flying higher than the willer tops. Great streams of water was splashing up in the air and they looked just like silver in the June sunlight. Little minners playing in the middle of the road took to hiding places under the edges of the banks. And the craw-dads went under the rocks. They know a mule's hoofs don't show any respects in the middle of the big road.

I was barefooted wading up the middle of the road. I saw it was Eif Burton on the mule. I didn't like Eif nohow. I never had liked him. We went with the same girl. He'd been going with her more lately than I had. My old license was in my trunk where I got it once to get married and Dollie went back on me. It was caused by Eif Burton. You know I couldn't like him. Never was a prettier girl than Dollie Holmes.

"What do you say, Cy?" says Eif. "Where are you going this fine June morning?"

"If it's any of your business," says I, "I'm going up to Fred Martin's to get some mule harness this morning. We are running two plows in the terbacker."

"Guess where I'm going this morning," says Eif. "It's the happiest time of my life, remember. Can you guess?"

"Ain't going to get married, I hope?" says I.

"That's what I'm going to do," he says. "I'm going to marry Dollie. Pap promised me that little house around there on t'other end of the place if I'd promise him I'd be a good boy and work and provide for Dollie."

"He did huh," I says.

"I want you to come to my wedding tonight at eight o'clock," Eif says. "Don't eat before you come. We're going to have one of the biggest wedding suppers you ever put your eyes on."

"I'm afraid I can't be there," I says. "I wish you luck, Eif."

I couldn't say any more. I just beat it up the creek after the mule harness. Eif reined the mule down the creek . . . lickety-split . . . the back of his white shirt was filled with wind. Eif was going to Greenwood to get the license.

I wished I'd never seen Dollie. Wished I'd never been born on Turkey Lick. Wished I'd been born some place else. Corn so rank and pretty on the hills. Birds singing in the trees all about me . . . but I didn't care for their love songs about their nests. The nest I'd planned to build would not be built. The bird I'd planned to have in the nest with me would be in the nest with another. She'd be in 'that little house around on t'other end of the place.'

In the cool of the morning the sweat popped out all over me. I thought I'd faint and fall in the creek bed. Thought maybe I'd fall in the creek and drown. But this would only please Eif if he knew it. He'd laugh and laugh to see me dead. I'd be the laugh of all the people on Turkey Lick. I ought to make myself laugh and sing with the birds. I ought to go to the wedding. I ought to be braver than to let the cold sweat break out all over me. I would be braver too!

I went up the creek whistling like nothing had ever happened. I just whistled and whistled. And it seemed to me the birds answered me. Walked right up to Pert McAllister's barn. Pert was standing in the barn lot. "Pap sent me up here to get a extra set of mule harness," I says. "We want to run two plows in the terbacker this morning."

"Your Pap is perfectly welcome to use them," says Pert. "Seems like you're happy this morning. Guess it's because your old girl's gone back on you. You'll thank Eif for this twenty years from now. I've been married twenty years and I've got fourteen mouths to feed. Boy, it's a job."

I just laughed and laughed. Pert handed me the mule harness off'n the peg in the barn. "We're going to the wedding tonight," says Pert. "Guess you'll be there."

"Yes, I'll be there," I says. I said it before I thought. I didn't plan to go.

"Well you are not taking it hard as a lot of people expected you would," said Pert. "Some around here thought it might start trouble." And Pert laughed and laughed. His red jaws shook and his long mustache was bent back against his face by the morning wind.

I took the harness and started down Turkey Lick. Pap and brother Ben were waiting for me. Just over on the next hill I could see where Dollie lived now. There was the place I used to go on Sundays and three nights a week. There was the place I made my dreams. I thought once I'd go over and see Dollie and tell her I hoped she'd have a lot of happiness with Eif. "Eif's the one she wants," I thought. "I'll not go about and spoil her happiness. They are going to get married tonight. Eif is on the way now to get the license. They will soon be man and wife."

"Son, you've been a little long about getting that mule harness here," says Pap. "Don't guess you's over there to see Dollie. Was you over there trying to get her to break her engagement to Eif?" Pap just laughed and laughed.

"Pap, I went straight to Pert McAllister's and got the harness," I says. "I met Eif going down the creek on the mule. He was nearly running the mule to death after the license. Guess he was proud he got Dollie."

"'Spect he was, too," says Pa. "Heard she just promised him last night she'd marry him, and he wanted the wedding tonight. Expecting one of the biggest crowds there that was

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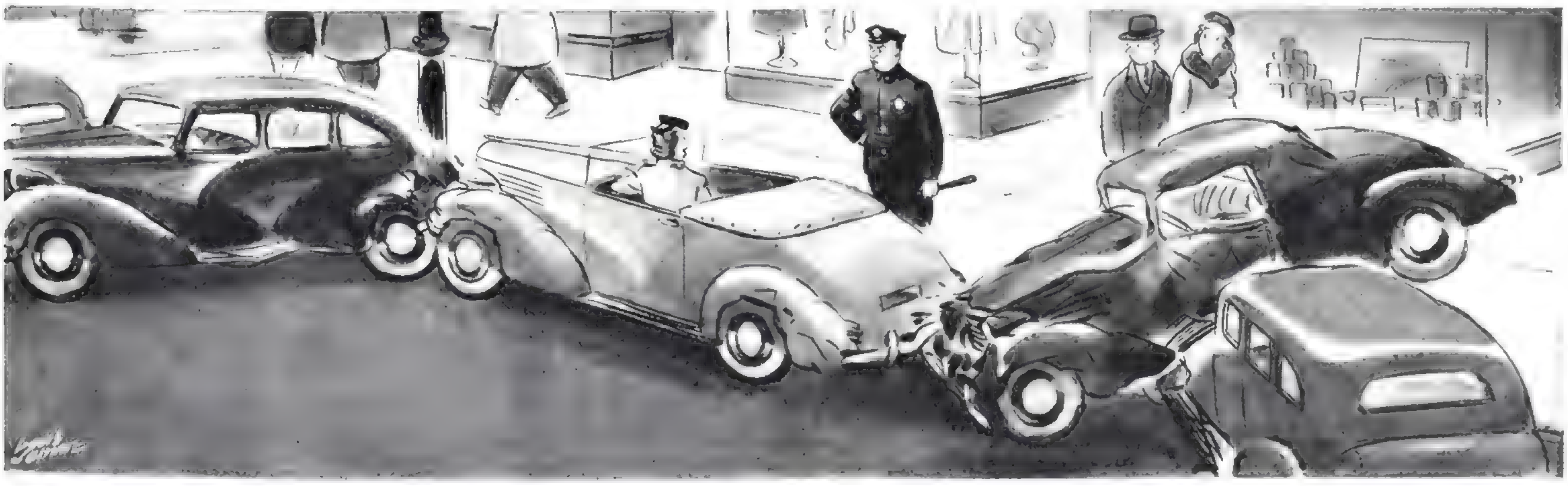
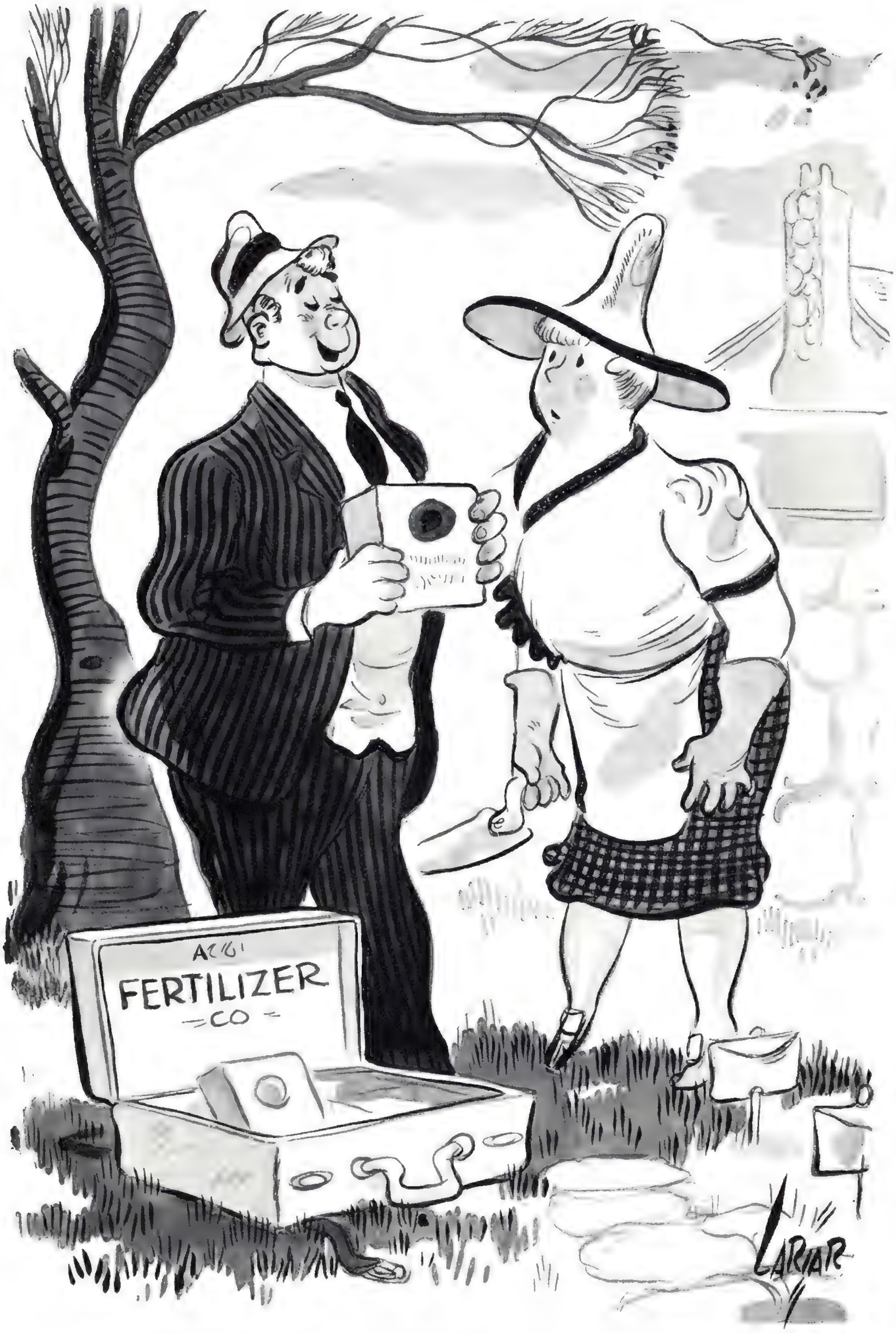


"What's wrong, Officer—aren't I near enough to the curb?"


FERTILIZER
CO
LARIAR

"Just sprinkle this on, lady—and then jump away quick!"

Saving Your Face

Kids in college eating their fill of candy, sodas and hot dogs, pay through the teeth

by FRED D. MILLER, D. D. S.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

THERE is never a Christmas or Easter vacation that I do not drill and fill some entirely preventable cavities in the teeth of students back home for their first college holidays. Year after year these young men and women who had two or three fillings (sometimes none at all) up until the time they had left home become my increasingly frequent patients. Fillings and inlays, porcelain work, extractions, gold bridges and dentures, all the delicate restorative and replacement work of which an American dentist is capable, finds its way year by year into their mouths. And we dentists take pride in making our restorations the best, most durable work possible. But ninety per cent of them could be avoided if these presumably bright young men and women did not acquire the destructive food habits that break themselves down and, simultaneously, their Dads up, for the immediate advantage of the Dentist.

Don't get me wrong. Dentists are necessary—very necessary—and American dentistry is far superior to any other in the world. Even so, Nature makes better teeth than dentists make, and has been doing it for eons. And men could keep the teeth Nature gave them if they used their intelligence about it. I make it a flat statement of fact that, with the few exceptions that must always be allowed for,* there is no good reason why a man should not take to his grave with him the vital teeth he now has in his mouth.

Yet what are the conditions in the mouths of adult Americans today? First, so many men are being rejected from the Army because of bad teeth that they are not only the highest single cause for rejection (nearly a fourth of all rejections according to the last statistics I have seen) but an indication of disaster ahead unless something drastic is accomplished. When you stop to consider the age of these draftees and the Army's low requirements—"a minimum of three serviceable natural masticating teeth above and three below opposing, and three serviceable natural incisors above and three below opposing" you get some idea of the appalling dental health of under-middle-age American men. Second, the average American loses *all* his teeth at forty-nine and has full upper and lower dentures (false teeth to you) made.

This means plenty of work for me and other denture makers, just as destructive wars mean increased activity for the armament manufacturers. And I suppose it is the same streak of sheer stupidity in mankind that makes these two kinds of "good business" possible. But you, individually, can easily solve the problem of preserving your teeth, something you are not able to do individually about preserving the peace.

I know very well the minute I say "diet" a certain percentage of you will want to turn the page abruptly. But hold on now—wait a moment longer. You may *want* to think it is the kind of teeth you happen to have in your mouth at eighteen or twenty-eight that determines whether you will have any at all at fifty. But you're all wrong there. True, what you have in your mouth is important. But *what you put into it* is more important by far.

Moreover, your mouth is both the gateway to health and an immediate barometer of health for you. A decayed tooth or bleeding gums in a young man or a middle-aged man is an indication of a bodily condition that gradually, imperceptibly, but inevitably is leading him toward one of the degenerative diseases of middle and later life—those diseases, that with all of medicine's boasted progress are increasing at a truly terrifying rate in America.

That is why I keep myself poorer than I need be trying to educate these young men—young idiots, I call them—who bring me as many as eight spots of decayed enamel after their first three months in college—men who never needed a half-dozen fillings in all their lives before. Cut loose from home ties for the first time, they are at the mercy of food providers whose first aim is profit from food pleasures rather than physical well-being from food pleasures as in good homes today. They have had for the first time their fill of white-roll hamburgers and hot dogs, of hard candies (tooth destroyers, I call them), chocolate bars, sodas, and sundaes—also of headaches and aspirins, constipation and laxatives. They say so quite frankly and think they've had one "helluva" good time. And it all puts money in my pocket—but . . . .

In a few years it's going to put money in some physician's pocket, too, and discomforts to their own bodies from which they won't find one "helluva" good time, either. For even if Nature is wonderful, she isn't wonderful enough to protect the more delicate tissues and organs of the body from the kind of dietary abuses that eat holes in tooth enamel. Tooth decay is a sign of illness! Every time a decayed tooth appears and keeps on decaying it is Nature's signal that a disease-breeding condition has been created and is continuing in the body.

Don't forget that when you have a spot of tooth decay that gradually gets a little bigger and a little bigger, it is because your daily diet is favorable to the growth of bacteria that produce acid that eats into the

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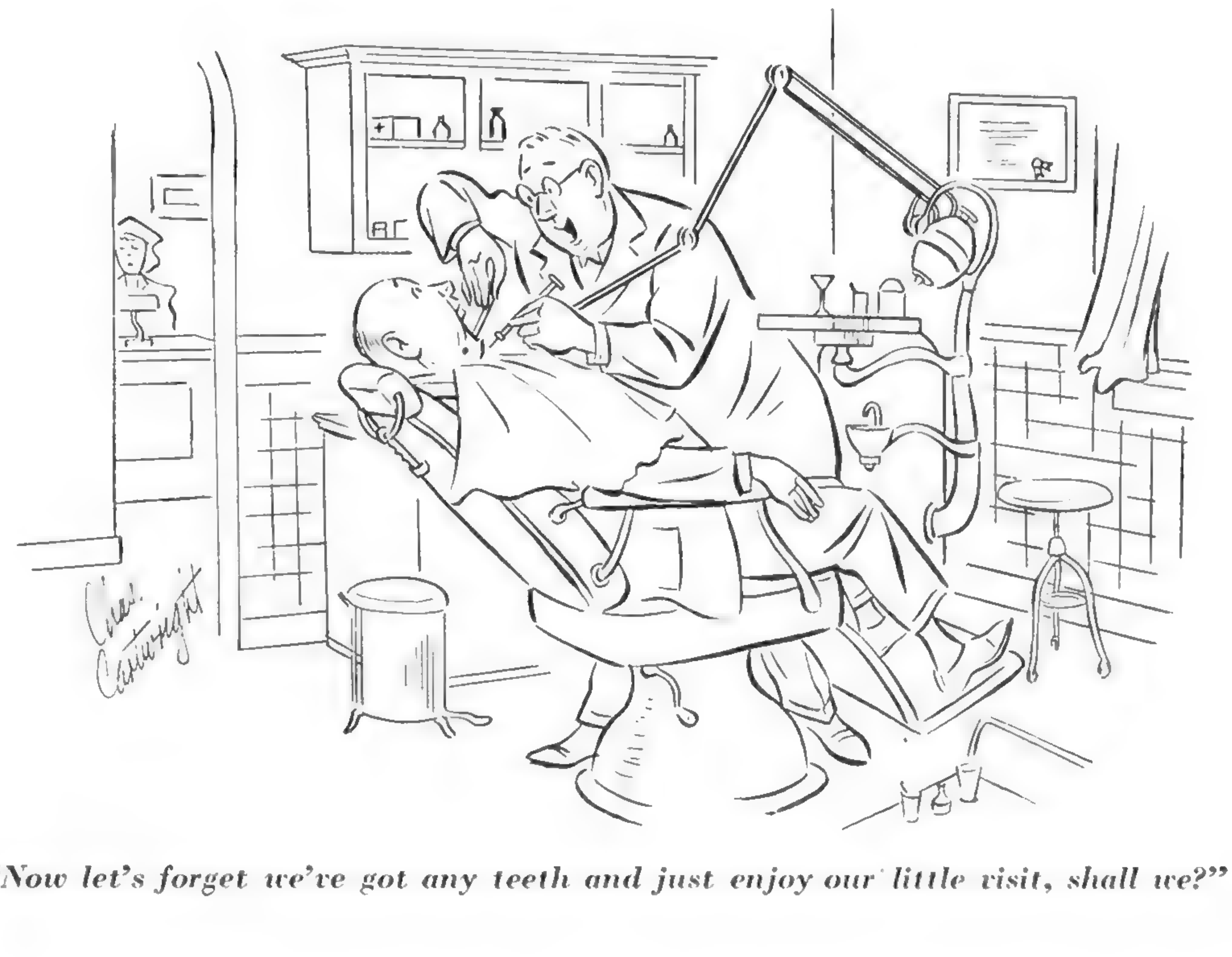


"Now let's forget we've got any teeth and just enjoy our little visit, shall we?"

Certain metabolic and glandular disturbances make for dental deterioration, but, in general, a man's a fool to try to blame the decay in his teeth on these comparatively rare disturbances. Usually he is the aggressive "culprit" who brings dental caries upon himself and not a helpless "victim" of it.

Black Sea Excursion

Jack was sure it would be a lark, despite dark warnings of Turkish ships and the hotel in Zonguldak

by CEDRIC SEAGER

• FICTION •

R

We had been living in Turkey for three years when Jack turned up unexpectedly. He had been in France with some of his brother legionnaires and on an impulse had boarded the Orient Express in Paris. My wife, Belinda, had always been his favorite niece. He would never allow us to call him uncle, though. Said it made him feel old and a man couldn't be called old when he was in his middle forties. Jack looked young for his years, anyway, with his pale blue eyes and fair hair. He had a jolly laugh—and Belinda has it too. I'm rather a quiet fellow myself and much too serious, Belinda says.

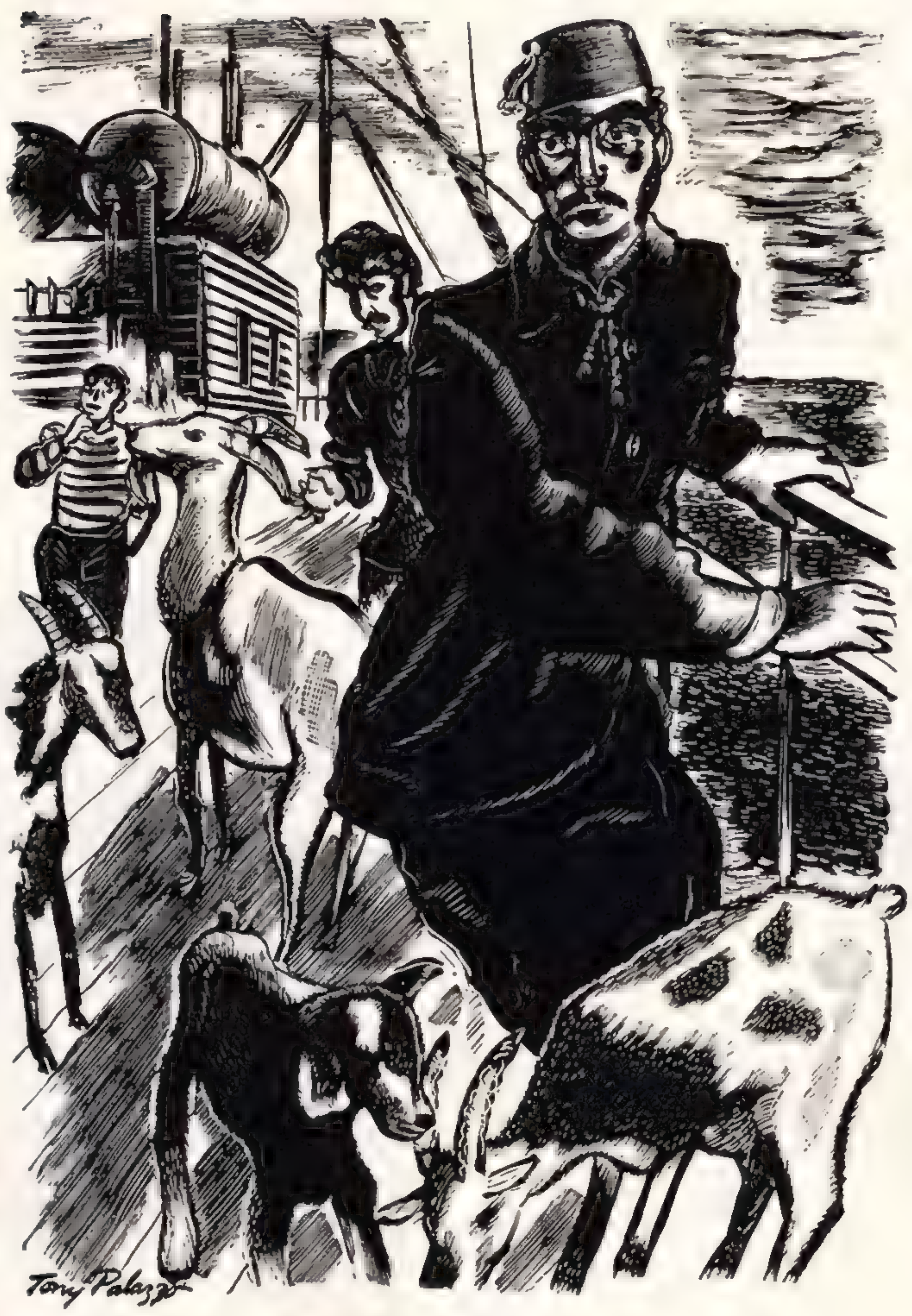
On the third day after Jack's arrival I was kept late at the office. When I got home, "It's a perfect nuisance," I said, "but I must go up to Zonguldak tomorrow. Landed an important coal contract for the Government this morning and I've got to see my first ship loaded."

"Zonguldak?" asked Jack. "Where's that?"

"Black Sea." I replied. "About one hundred and twenty miles to the north. Center of the Turkish coal basin. Filthy hole in itself but the surrounding country is quite lovely."

"When do you expect to be back, darling?" asked Belinda.

"In about a week," I said. It depends largely on the weather."



Jack looked at Belinda.

"Can you spare us that long?" he asked.

"Us?" I echoed.

"Sure," said Jack. "I've always wanted to see the Black Sea."

"Not this trip you won't," I said firmly.

"Why not?"

"Because it won't be any picnic. I go by boat and I stay in a hotel, but neither boat nor hotel are like anything you've ever patronized."

Jack laughed heartily.

"My dear man," he said, "I've sailed a Gloucester schooner all the way from Georges Banks to Eastern Point in a howling Atlantic gale. I've billeted behind the lines in a French estaminet that had to be seen to be believed. You can't scare me off like that. If you go tomorrow I go with you."

"You're Belinda's uncle," I replied, "and if you had any grey hairs I'd have to respect them. But you haven't and so I won't. All the same, a Gloucester schooner is one thing and a Turkish ship is another. As for the French estaminet—but wait till you see our hotel!"

Jack laughed again and slapped me on the back.

* * *

All Turkish ships carry deck cargo. That was the first thing Jack couldn't understand. He thought that a one-class passenger vessel carried one class of passenger, and was suitably fitted out for their accommodation. He didn't see where the goats came in. Goats smelt.

I said, what about those Gloucester schooners? Didn't they smell? Oh yes, said Jack, they smelt all right but it was a clean, healthy smell—not at all like goats. Well anyway, I replied, goats were deck cargo and of course the ship must carry deck cargo. What were decks for? Jack said he guessed a fellow could get used to most things: it would be fine, he said, if only he had a cold.

Then, just before sailing time, they brought the recruits on board. The recruits had marched across Thrace. They were perspiring freely, poor fellows, because Thrace is very warm and Turkish uniforms are heavier than lead.

I heard Jack sniffing suspiciously.

"Oh, that!" I said. "It's their boots. Turkish shoe leather is only half tanned."

The recruits disposed themselves all among the goats. After half an hour Jack said he preferred the goats.

He told me that in America goats are not carried as deck cargo on passenger steamers. And American recruits don't smell. At least, not worse than goats.

Jack said, "I think I'll go down to the cabin. Maybe there won't be so much smell there."

Three minutes later he was back again. I saw he was suffering from some strong emotion.

"There's a dead sheep hanging in the alleyway," he told me. "The butcher's working on it right now."

There seemed to be nothing I could say. Jack stared uncertainly at Istanbul's receding shore. We were under way.

I heard an apologetic cough at my elbow. I turned and saw that it was Osman, cowman to the Pacha whose property adjoins ours on the Bosphorus. Apparently he had been busy right up until sailing time. There was a certain tang about him. Jack moved over to windward—with rather too much deliberation, I thought.

"Allah smiles upon me," I said.

"Allah smiles indeed," Osman agreed. "Greetings!"

"You travel far in the Black Sea?" asked Osman.

"We travel to Zonguldak," I replied.

"Would it be upon business?" Osman inquired.

"Who's your frowzy pal?" asked Jack pleasantly.

I introduced them to each other and gave Jack the gist of our conversation up to that point.

"He doesn't think, does he, that you'd choose this ship for a pleasure cruise?" Jack asked.

"What does the distinguished foreigner say?" asked Osman.

"He says," I replied, "that life held no meaning for him until he came to your beautiful country."

Osman beamed.

"He will be my guest when we return," said Osman.

"The hell I will!" said Jack when I passed on the glad tidings.

"What does the American *efendi* say?" asked Osman.

"He says that now he can die happy."

"Allah forbid," said Osman piously.

I made as if to go. Osman touched my arm.

"You have a cabin?" asked Osman.

"We have a cabin," I replied.

"I have no cabin," said Osman. "I sleep in the saloon."

"Allah send you sweet slumber," I said.

"Might there be a spare bed in your cabin?" Osman continued.

"There might be," I replied.

"It would cement our friendship if we shared the room," said Osman.

"What's he saying?" asked Jack. Then, grimly, "This is where I swim for shore," he added after I had interpreted.

"What says the American *efendi?*" asked Osman.

"He says this has been his thought ever since he met you," I replied.

Osman touched his lips and his forehead reverentially.

"When sleep approaches," I said to Osman, "be sure to don an extra coat."

"How so?" asked Osman.

"The *efendi's* lungs are not what they should be," I replied. "By order of his doctor we sleep with our portholes open."

Osman pondered.

"It will be late when sleep comes to me," he sighed. "Therefore it is best that I sleep in the saloon lest in disturbing your rest I disturb our friendship."

"Our friendship is a rock," I replied.

Osman salaamed deeply and departed.

I went downstairs and told the butcher to remove the sheep's carcass. I said that my American friend was funny that way. We drank coffee together and the butcher asked me to be his guest some time.

* * *

Jack didn't sleep very well that night. There was a beam sea running and the ship rolled rather heavily. A few of the recruits and most of the goats were badly seasick. A seasick goat is the funniest thing; it hiccups incessantly, like the sound of a soda pop bottle bursting under high pressure. But there wasn't anything funny about the recruits' seasickness. Our blankets weren't too clean, either; and I think we were the first passengers who ever opened a porthole in our cabin. It smelled musty. All in all, we were mighty glad to see Zonguldak when dawn came.

Jack braced up once we were on shore. The horrors of the night were behind us, along with the goats and the recruits. Zonguldak is indescribably dirty, but that morning, some rain having fallen during the night, the town did look spruced up a bit; and down the long main street a breath of wind from the hills brought us the scent of lilac. Down the main street also, a few minutes later, came clanking and puffing an ancient locomotive trailing a string of coal wagons in its wake.

Jack said, "How quaint! A train running the length of Main Street. Did you ever see the like of that?"

I didn't say anything. I wondered what room they would give us in the hotel.

They gave us the only room they had available. It overlooked Main Street. It smelt musty too, like our cabin. Jack struggled with the latch of the window and finally managed to throw it open just as the second locomotive went by. The room was filled with sulphurous smoke; so were Jack's lungs. I never heard such language in all my life.

When he had quieted down we called a taxi and drove ten miles up the coast to where the ship I had chartered was loading the coal. Jack was so pleased to get away from the hotel that he sang college songs all the way out and we were very happy.

I had been to Zonguldak on many occasions and had bought many cargoes of coal. Always I went with hope in my heart, believing that this time at least the coal would be loaded quickly. Never had my hopes been fulfilled. I suppose it was foolish of me to think that fate might treat me more kindly now.

The mine was open to the sea. The coal came down in chutes from the top of the hill. It was gathered together in heaps on the beach and there were barges there to carry it out to the ship. When storms came the waves swept all the stocks of coal away and the mine owner said it was *kismet* and waited for calmer weather, while I calculated anxiously how much the delay was going to cost me in demurrage.

Jack asked me one day, wasn't there an easier way of doing business in Turkey? We were having breakfast at the time in a coffee house that adjoined the hotel. A storm that had whipped across from the steppes of Russia was raging all over the Black Sea. The rain was falling in torrents. The coffee house was full of miners and of shepherds who had come down from the hills to sell their goats in the marketplace. A good many of them had brought their charges into the coffee house with them. The air was redolent of goat and damp humanity. The goats baa-ed, the men shouted, and after a while somebody started playing a hurdy-gurdy in the corner of the room. We decided it would be more fun to watch the passengers rowing ashore from the Istanbul boat which had just anchored, so I paid the check and we went out.

If Jack had been sleeping well he might have endured the delay the storm was causing us with greater fortitude. But he said he hadn't been sleeping at all. That, I told him, was the fault of his Yankee obstinacy. Our first night in the hotel he had watched me sprinkle my clothes with bug powder and place a small quantity of the same around each leg of the bed. I told him to follow my example. He said he didn't mind putting the stuff *around* the bed but he was damned if he was going to sleep in it. He spent the night beating off an army of bedbugs bent upon his destruction. I was comparatively unharmed. The weaker ones died by the side of my bed, the stronger ones pushed on to meet their fate on the upper slopes. Only a handful of hardy warriors reached my side—say six or seven in every hour—and these I could cope with almost without waking up. Jack said that not even a ton of powder would keep these fiends from trying to massacre him. It was the intrusion of a stranger that they resented. He said he had seen them stalking him along the ceiling above his head: that they dropped down on top of him when he wasn't looking.

But finally the bad weather passed and we came to our last day out at the mine. The coal would be loaded by nightfall. With some trepidation I broke my bad news to

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That Crazy Sheepherder

Nobody understood Shorty's gift for gabbing with dogs and sheep but they agreed it wasn't right

by LYNN MONTROSS

•SATIRE•

Nobody knew his name. It might have been Jones, it might have been Johnson, but we called him Shorty. Every stranger in Thanatopsis, Wyoming takes his turn at being Slim or Shorty, Blackie or Whitie, until he sticks around long enough to have a checking account.

Old Man Nelson brought him into the Rhinoceros Bar and Grill to pay off in cash for six months on the range. Shorty had been herding out in the Sawtooth foothills, and it is very hard to keep a good man in that God-forsaken part of the country. Sheepherders are getting more particular than they used to be. Even the Basques and Mexicans are getting more particular.

Old Man Nelson said: "I got a fellow here that can talk animal language."

"Animal language?" said the bartender.

"Animal language. I heard him myself! He can carry on a conversation with a sheep just like you and I are talking together right this minute."

"Well," said the bartender, "I knew a fellow once in Butte, Montana that could talk animal language. He could talk moose-talk as natural as if there was a moose sitting there in that chair listening. Up in Canada he like to drove the game wardens nuts but they never could catch him at it."

Old Man Nelson, being an old timer, didn't like to have somebody else stealing his thunder. "That's nothing," he said. "He was probably using a birch-bark call. Anybody can send away and get a birch-bark call."

"No," said the bartender, "he wasn't. He did it just with his mouth. When he talked like a cow moose, every bull moose would come running from miles around."

By this time all of us in the bar were interested. Spence Borden, who runs the Thanatopsis filling station, claimed he knew a fellow over in Nebraska who could talk crow-talk. "He didn't use any tooter, either," said Spence. "He would call the crows dirty names in their own language, and when they got good and mad he would let them have it with a twelve-gauge pump gun. He cleared better than six-hundred dollars in bounties one summer."

"Could he talk *sheep*-talk?" asked Old Man Nelson, becoming hot under the collar. "Could he talk *dog*-talk?"

"No," said Spence, "and they ain't another living human that can. "Maybe sheep-talk, yes, because a sheep is a dumb and lowdown sort of an animal. But I got ten dollars that says nobody can talk like a dog."

Without a word, Old Man Nelson wrapped a bill around five silver cartwheels and handed them to the bartender. "Shorty," he said, "come here!"

Spence put up his money, too, but Shorty didn't seem enthusiastic. A pony-built chap wearing old-fashioned specs with steel rims, he looked more like an unemployed bookkeeper than a sheepherder. He might have been any age up to forty, though afterwards you couldn't remember much about the man except his eyes. Little eyes, they were, and sort of a hot reddish brown. They blinked when he talked, yet he could stare without blinking until a person felt uncomfortable.

"I ain't been practicing for six years," he said, "just to do tricks. This is a big experiment I'm working out. Why, if the Government people in Washington knew how far along I was with my sheep—!"

The bartender winked. "That's interesting," he said, stringing Shorty along. "How'd you ever get started?"

"My radio," said Shorty, blinking fast. "I keep a battery set in my wagon. First I began by imitating the guys that imitate birds and animals. Then when I got better than anybody else in the world, I knew I was called for greater things."

"My! My!" said the bartender. "You ought to go on the amateur hour and tell the folks some of the words in animal language."

Shorty looked disgusted as he tried to explain that animals did not use words. They communicated with each other by different vibrations and shades of sound, he said, but a human had to study for years before he could understand.

"Take Chinese writing," he shouted, getting more excited every minute. "Could you tell them hen-scratch jiggers apart? No, you couldn't! The same with animal sounds, every tone and vibration means something different. But you got to be patient. You got to *think* like a dog or a sheep—"

He stopped. Just then he saw Spot McFee lying under a table, his nose twitching while he dreamed about chasing coyotes. Shorty walked over to the dog and made a little whining sound.

In his day Spot had been one of the best sheep dogs in Wyoming. Bill McFee had refused three hundred cash for him, and after the mutt got old and stiff he was retired like somebody on a pension. Every morning he trotted to the butcher shop for his scraps, while every afternoon he waited at the Rhinoceros for his beer. Most dogs don't like beer, of course, but Spot was smarter than most. He knew he could always depend on his snifter, and the porter kept a nice clean spittoon for the purpose.

Spot was sound asleep but he jumped a foot in the air. He looked up at the sheepherder as if he couldn't believe his ears, then he growled back a few rapid-fire questions. Without knowing any dog language, a person could guess that he was saying:

"Hey! What's that? What's that you're telling me?"

By this time you might suppose that all of

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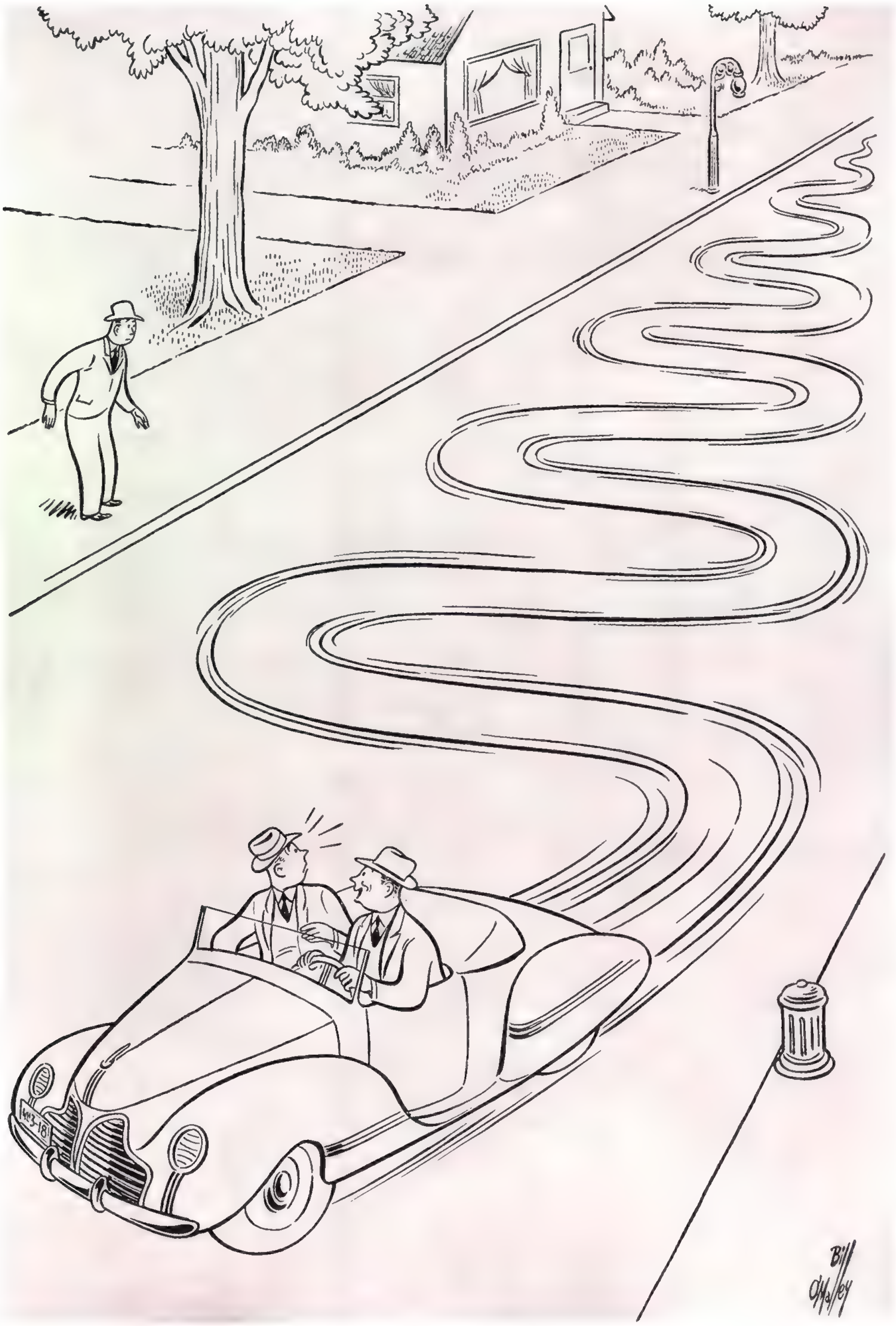
JOIN THE ARMY
BEAUTIFUL HOSTESSES
Roseland DANCE PALACE
BEAUTIFUL HOSTESSES



"It's my new invention—runs on beer. I've been getting over a hundred miles to the gallon"

Sweet Adeline, Inc.

After a few snorts inhibitions fly, and if the close harmony's a little corny, it comes from mellow hearts

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

Give a hound dog a big round moon and he'll sit back on his haunches, lift his head, and sing—in his own natural voice without ever taking a lesson, or bothering to remember the words. He doesn't bicker as to who's going to carry the air, who's going to be tenor, and who bass. He just thrusts his whole heart, liver, and lungs into song.

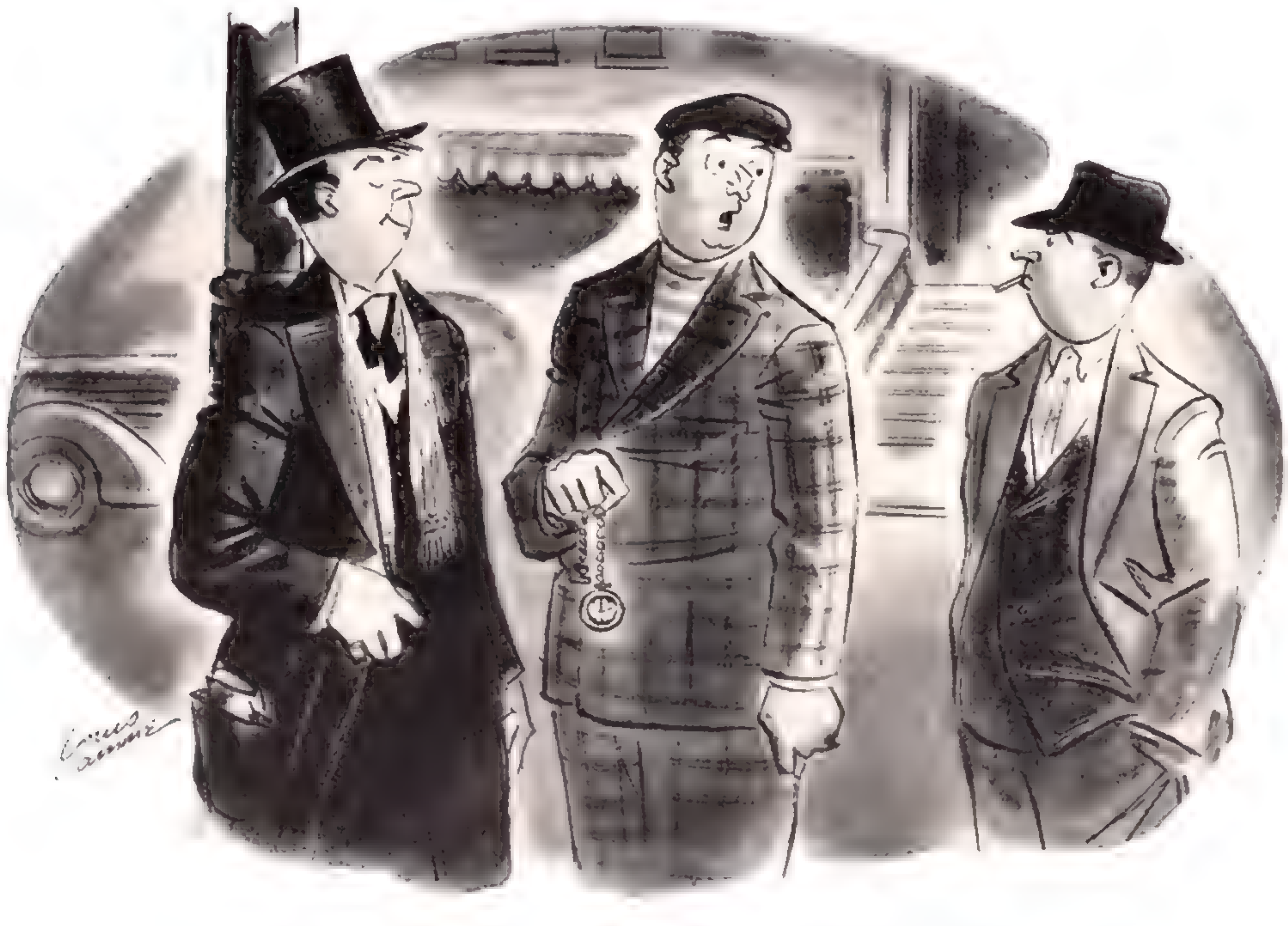
With two-legged, two-fisted sweet adelinemen the mood is the same but the procedure is less impulsive. Certain preliminaries of a moisture-imparting sort are gone through with, otherwise glottises wouldn't really get going, or at best would confine themselves to ear-searing croaks of *How Dry I Am*—a theme which makes Scottish hosts turn pale. The extent of preparation depends on the seriousness of the pipe-priming to be done. Some musical authorities figure 1 quartet, 1 quart; 1 sextet, 2 quarts; 1 ensemble, 1 case, with a hint from the police captain to please moderate your voices.

The trouble with such computations is that they are too general. Granted that a tenor is one-fourth of a quartet, it's no proof that one-fourth of a quart will exactly tune him. He may be a two-finger tenor, a three-finger tenor, or a *tenore robusto* requiring a whole pint to bring him to concert pitch. And while he's warming up his vocal chords with *mi-mi-mi-mi* the other members of the quartet may have finished the bottle, his share included. So where are we? And what about the barytone who isn't ready to be carried back to ole Virginny until thoroughly oiled with sazaracs? And the *basso profundo* who isn't up, or I should say down, to *Sailor Beeee-ware* unless thrice zombied by special dispensation of the management? As for the "lead," his cry is a poignant "Give us a drink, bartender!" And he means it. Anything.

Equally difficult to figure is the identity of the cad who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder. As far as I am able to gather, she said *Give Me My Boots and Saddle*, and the corny slacks were what she got.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that sentiment stays sweet even though the harmony may grow a trifle sour. Be he ever so humble a vocalist, no man with a glass in his hand will let *Silver Threads* go unjoined in, snub *Old Black Joe*, give that little old red shawl my mother wore the brush-off, or fail to come out flatly for Jeannie of the BMI. The mere fact that he's tone deaf doesn't mean that he's got to keep dumb when Loch Lomond's High Road and Low Road are finding takers right and left.

I am wondering, though, how many men nowadays could qualify for the assignment that used to be handed a stag banqueter in ye olden, bolden time—how many of us could muster the necessary assurance to respond to jovial thump, thump, thumps on the table, punctuating the command, "And now let's have another bumper and a song from Steve Whozis. What shall it be, Steve? *The Innkeeper's Daughter?*" The draftee was supposed to rise and oblige, with the glass in his hand as sole accompaniment and with his table mates joining in the choruses so lustily as to set the pewter dancing on the plate rail. And next it was somebody else's turn, and so on till all present had chanted their pieces.



"I'm going to hate myself for this tomorrow, Louie"

Our good friend Ben Franklin acquitted himself ably at sessions like this, not only as a singer but as an original song-smith, one of his lyrics having to do with Noah's wine carrier and disapproval of water "for he knew that all mankind by drinking it died." An early Ascapper, you might say.

There *are* men now among us who can thus rise to the occasion as impromptu soloists, but they are scarce. Dudley Digges is one, and J. M. Kerrigan another. Likewise Morton Downey. As for us non-professionals, we are hamstrung with timidity when it comes to after-dinner singing. If a couple of lively Sepians, hired to thaw our reserve, go into *Roll Out the Barrel*, we let ourselves be lured into communitying along. But our voice by itself would sound naked to us.

Why be shy? Take a tip from the emancipation of Titan K. Beetlebrow, participating in just a song at twilight. All day long at the office he tensed his master-mind over problems as knotty as pretzels and barked decisions at his yes-retinue. And now look at him! Just listen to the guy. Furtive hums blossoming out into exuberant howls. It's his artless, instinctive way of getting the poison out of his system. (A Turkish bath merely house-cleans the pores; this renovates internally from the gizzard up.) And by his fervor for *The Sidewalks of New York* you would think he was ready to stoop down and kiss the cement. The fact that in ten years he hasn't noticed a New York sidewalk while crossing same from town-car to door, is irrelevant and immaterial. By the same token, in his lyric elation over the immortal Casey's insistence on dancing with the strawberry blonde while the band played on, he is forgetting platinum. Or trying to—with a tendency to wonder who's kissing her now.

For a real good social cry, what is more haunting than:

Saloon salooon saloooon
It runs through my brain like a toooon
I don't like café
And I hate cabaret
But just mention saloon and my cares fade away
For it brings back a fond recollection
Of a little old low-ceiling room
With a bar and a rail
And a dime and a pail
Salooon saloooon saloo-oo-oon!

Indeed, the wolf packs of Siberia could

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for active sp

Tennis . . . cotton tennis cap with
green under-visor, knitted wool shirt,
cable stitch sweater with border
stripes, red and blue belt, flannel slacks,
blue canvas top tennis shoes.

Sailing . . . shaker
knit sweater, flannel shirt,
club yachting cap, faded blue
denim slacks, woolen socks,
canvas deck shoes.

olf . . . Glen plaid processed cotton jacket
ith slide fastener, Glen plaid shirt,
olka dot foulard tie, hound's tooth
heck tweed cap, flannel slacks, wool socks,
noccasin pattern shoes with spiked leather soles.

ports

Fishing . . . processed cotton fishing hat, flannel shirt, foulard tie, processed cotton sleeveless jacket with pockets for flies, dope, etc., in front, and large slide fastened pocket in back, rubber waders, rod, reel and net.

Robert Goodman

Skeet shooting . . . pork pie felt hat with green band, cotton skeet jacket with leather shoulder pad and reinforcements over pockets, tartan flannel shirt, wool tie, Bedford cord breeks, thick soled country blucher shoes. Glare-proof skeet glasses.

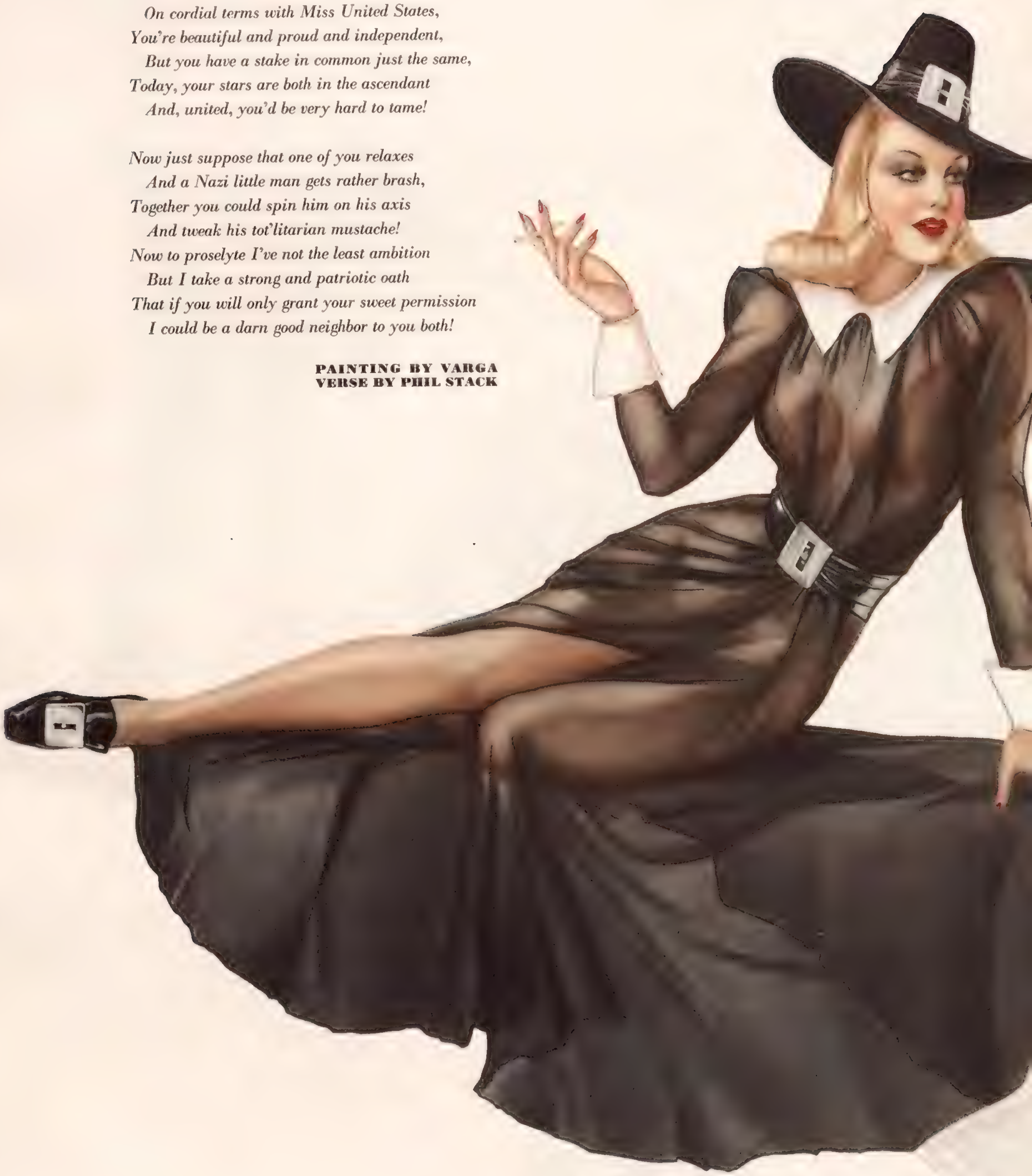
Riding . . . soft felt hat, plaid Shetland riding coat, flannel shirt with pinned collar, sports pattern printed wool tie, Tattersall check waistcoat, cavalry twill riding breeches, field boots.

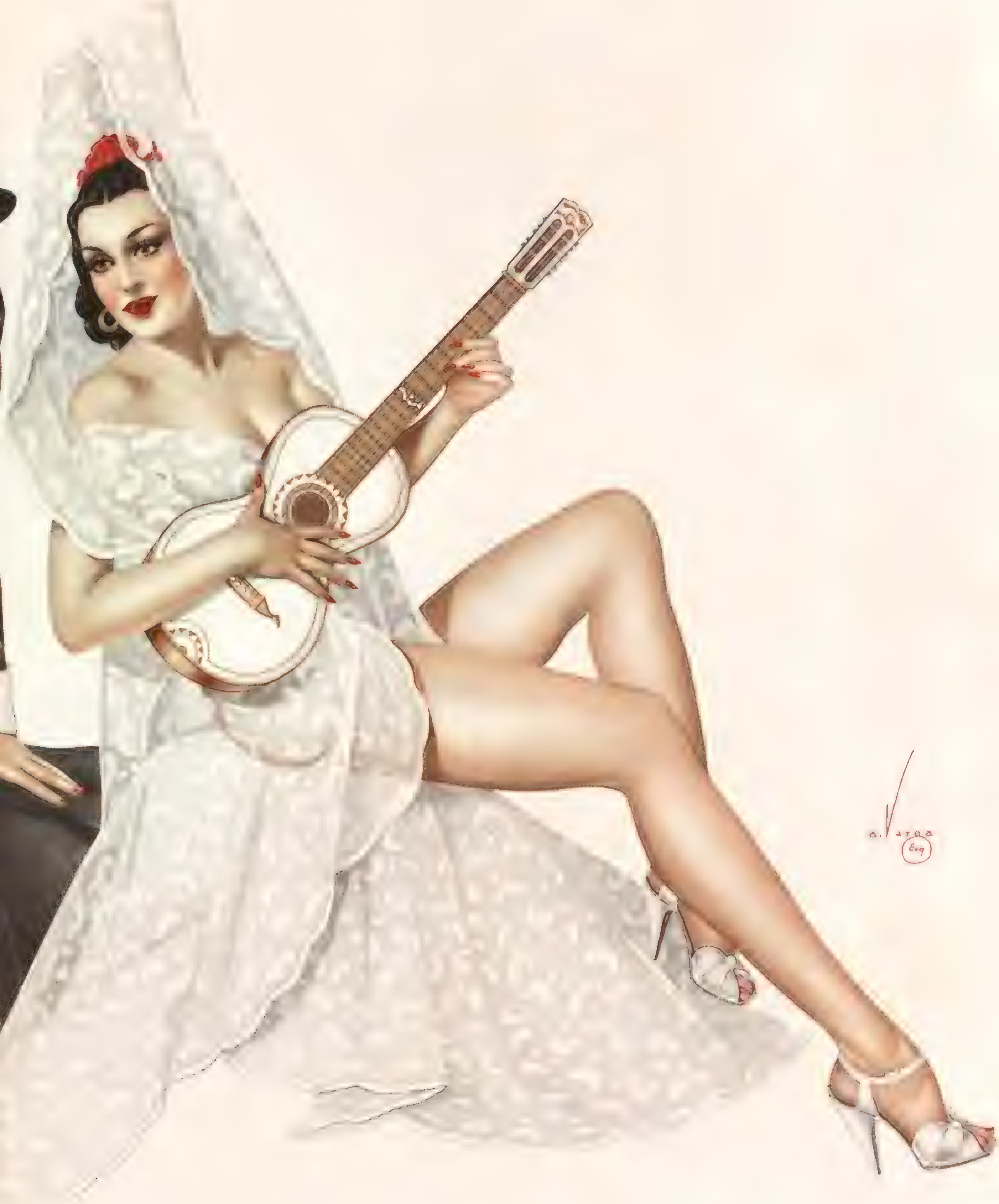
NICE NEIGHBORS

A friendship such as yours will be enduring,
And a very pretty picture it creates
To see a Señorita so alluring
On cordial terms with Miss United States,
You're beautiful and proud and independent,
But you have a stake in common just the same,
Today, your stars are both in the ascendant
And, united, you'd be very hard to tame!

Now just suppose that one of you relaxes
And a Nazi little man gets rather brash,
Together you could spin him on his axis
And tweak his tot'litarian mustache!
Now to proselyte I've not the least ambition
But I take a strong and patriotic oath
That if you will only grant your sweet permission
I could be a darn good neighbor to you both!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK




a. Varga
Esq

The Mountain of God

Tanapu, the tracker, found an oblique but effective way to punish the Masai's arrogance

by MICHAEL TAAFFE

• FICTION •

AT THE time, Wright, who is a District Commissioner in the Colonial Service, was out on *safari* in the Masai Steppe. His camp was pitched near a stream, high up in the Country of the Mist. If you don't know that part of the world, the name will convey nothing to you. If you do, no description can better your memory. It is a country not easily forgotten.

Mountains ten thousand feet in height loom and glower at the edge of a crater that looks like the world's navel. So vast is this pucker in the earth's surface that the peaks on its brim are dwarfed and have no majesty. Vomited by the crater in ages past, they stand about deferentially, clothed in their primeval forests. Behind them and beyond stretches the open steppe.

The Masai inhabit this country. From the Rift Wall to the arid wilderness in the West their primitive kraals are scattered. Arrogant, lean faces smeared with red ochre, they range this upper world with the herds which mean life to them. Possessing fifteen head of stock to each member of the Tribe, they are one of the richest communities in the world. As yet they are a people unspoiled and have not even learned to ride bicycles which, of course, is held by some friends of the African to be a deplorable business. Conservatism always is.

Wright, who was unimaginative, but who hadn't outgrown Kipling in those days, wrote to his mother on the day he first looked down on the crater—"I am taking tea with the giddy Masai, as R.K. says. The scenery is what I think you would call baroque, but one can't help looking at it. Don't expect me home for at least two years . . ."

Wright had a tracker who bore the name of *Ol-Tanap-owaru 'l-embolioi naibor*, which means The Lion-Killer of the White Salt Lick. He was called Tanapu, which means "The Killer," for the convenience of his friends, and was a gaunt creature, whose bony frame concealed amazing strength and the endurance of a buffalo. In a fatherly way, he was genuinely fond of Wright and cleaned his rifles with passionate care. His bushcraft was superb and he feared nothing living.

Wright's caravan had left the crater two days before and was camped that afternoon on the north slope of a mountain called *The Cold One.* Although it was two hours before sundown, the fire had been kindled in front of his tent. The air in that high and open place was keen.

Wright stood with his back to the fire, drinking tea.

Beneath an acacia tree, fifty yards away, Tanapu was working on a raw lion pelt. He squatted like a great baboon, intent on his task. Two young warriors, their new swords much in evidence, were assisting in the removal of the last remnants of fat from the underside of the skin. In the surrounding trees a dozen vultures, obscene and scraggy, surveyed the proceedings with interest.

From where he stood, Wright could hear Tanapu's voice—"Not that way, *Ol-jere!* Look! Like this. The tail should never be stretched. Moreover, I have told you this before." He shuffled round, buttocks to earth, to where the other young *Muran* appeared to be in difficulties. "*Oie!* I have split the paw for you and there is no need to make another cut. Remove the bones—thus! Your sword is blunt. Go and fetch the small knife which lies over yonder with my bow."

Putting down his cup, Wright strolled across to the tree.

The lion, an unusually large beast in magnificent condition, had been shot that morning five miles from camp. It had been skinned on the spot, only the head and the paws being left intact. Tanapu and his satellites were now engaged on the delicate task of cutting away the fat and gristle from the lips, ears and pads. The skull and the four gory feet, freshly removed, lay on one side.

As Wright approached, Tanapu looked up.

"See! Master," he said. "Truly, the new copper bullets have great strength. The skull is crushed utterly." He picked up some fragments of bone which lay beside the raw and hideous head. "There will be little trouble in taking out the brain, for the back of the head is in pieces. See!"

Wright examined the skin and then the skull. There was a bullet hole under the ear, hidden on the outside by the coarse hair of the mane. The occiput of the skull had been blown to bits.

"Make sure that none of the pieces are lost," he said. "For otherwise the man in Europe whose business it is to fit this head once again into its skin will have a difficulty."

"Master, I know," said Tanapu. "All the bits shall be collected. I was but now telling these men the very same thing."

"Truly was he named The Heavy Paw!" murmured one of the young *Muran*, ecstatically, lifting the enormous, splayed pad on which he was working. "And the full belly of him! They say that the spotted ox, pieces of whose skin we found inside, belonged to Meshupo."

"*Oie!* It was but one beast of many that he has taken from the kraals of the Eng-otiek Masai," said the other. "But the White Man's bullet was for him and for no other, ever since the days of his youth. *Yee!* Now he will hunt no more."

"How ye prattle! *Korrokorr!*" said Tanapu, severely. "Sundown is near and there is still much fat to remove. Make haste, lazy ones!"

The warriors bent again to their work. Wright sat down on a rock and began to fill his pipe. His fingers moved slowly, for his eyes were intent on the scene before him.

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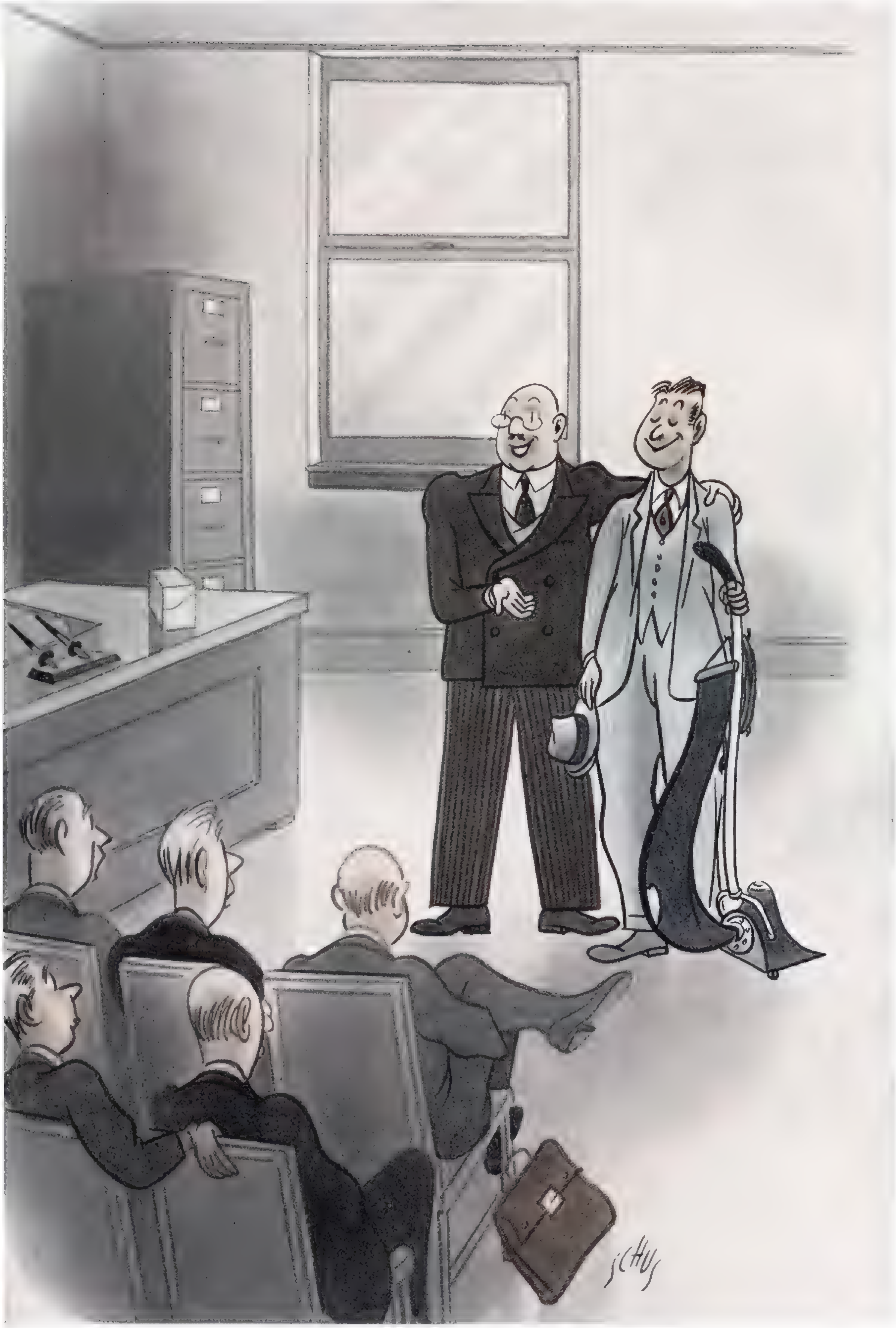
"I'm afraid we shouldn't have brought Junior—the natives seem to resent him!"



"Spivvins pushed his 2,000,000th doorbell today!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Appraising *The Talley Method, Mr. and Mrs. North, Arsenic and Old Lace, The Cream in the Well* and *Lady in the Dark*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Before I move an inch farther I want to say that the next time I go to a musical show and hear another song about how sad it is that Paris isn't what it used to be I am going to start things. It isn't that Paris wasn't O.K. I lived there on and off over a period of many years and some of the most charming days and nights of my life were spent there. (I remember some of them with a strange and deep affection.) But this professional Broadway nostalgia that miscellaneously pours itself out in song offends not only my delicate sensibilities but also my esteem for the verities. What is more, if another such show accompanies such a song with still another presumably heart-breaking spectacle of can-can girls, apaches and senile flower vendors and with a view of a gilt Eiffel Tower on the backdrop, I'll bite the ushers.

As I've said, I don't want you to get me wrong. I have had some delightful times in Paris—for that matter, I have also had some pretty swell times in Boston and Newark—and I am duly grateful. My point is rather that they always imply that Paris was the one and only city in the whole world that was a chip off the rim of Paradise and then, by way of convincing you of the fact, customarily describe it in terms of a combination booze parlor, bed-house, night club and general honkytonk. They may occasionally stick in an allusion to chestnut blossoms, the Seine, Sacré Coeur and the Bois de Boulogne—at which point the tune will provide the singer with an opportunity for a quavering gulp-note—but the essence of the picture will be the same. And if they think they can instill in me a wistful and overpowering homesickness by recalling to my memory, however lyrically, the red, fat bottoms of those Tabarin can-can dancers, the allure of a tourist Montmartre, the gigolos at the Ritz bar, the midinettes who hadn't had a bath for a week, the fancy women in the corridors of the Moulin Rouge, and the gang of American expatriates who hung around Maxim's, they have picked out the wrong boy.

Most of our local lyric writers who cry into their stingers and sidecars over the passing of Paris very evidently knew it only in such of its aspects as these. They saw and see it not as the serene and beautiful city it was in spirit but as the Midway it was on its surface: a sideshow of promiscuous love affairs, cheap champagne, Latin Quarter shindigs, apéritif guzzlings, facile pickups, and the like. And though, as I have noted, they may try to conceal the fact with incorporations into their ditties of longing sighs for the moon over the Arc de Triomphe, the dawn over the gardens of the Tuileries, and April in the Bois, the Paris they invite us to brew a tear for remains a Paris for which any decently romantic Parisian himself had only the profoundest contempt. There was another Paris, and a lovely one. But the passing of the Paris they describe can affect no one any more tenderly than the passing of, say, the Chicago of Mike McDonald.

II

Inasmuch as Sam Behrman is far and away the most skilful writer of polite comedy we have in this country, it is something for regret that he does not more strictly and exactly confine himself to it instead of seeking to give it a theoretically greater weight and body by converting it into a disquisition on the current malaises of the world. I appreciate that playwrights are up against a hard problem these days, what with the great majority of the critics arguing that plays which sidestep the present alarms should have small place in the theatre. But writers of the grade of Behrman should disdain such trumpery counsel, for if the critics see fit to betray themselves as aesthetic Philistines such writers should doubly refuse to betray themselves as truants to their art.

The Talley Method, Behrman's latest comedy, is thus again found to be impaired by his obvious toadying to the critics' prejudices. The story of the love of an eminent surgeon for a poetically minded woman and their separation through their oppugnant philosophies of life, its otherwise sufficient interest is periodically invalidated by an all too arbitrary introduction of outside considerations having to do in one analogical way or another with the chemistry of immediate ideologies. Behrman writes so well that here and there he manages to make these extrinsic considerations seem superficially to be part of his direct story, but before the evening is over they give his play the effect of an otherwise attractive speaker who interrupts himself a little too often for a sustaining drink out of the pitcher.

It isn't, surely, that I argue for aloofness from the immediate problems of the world when and if they happen to be logically inherent in the design of a play. That would be the height of absurdity. But when a play is deliberately maneuvered arbitrarily to include them, as *The Talley Method* seems to have been, that is equally and surely a quite different matter. Why, suddenly, this prevailing belief that human beings in themselves and out of all time are not sufficient unto the higher demands of drama and that they must be identified with mental, emotional and philosophical symbols of the current world aberration? *The Talley Method* and innumerable other comedies like it will have gathered the dust of oblivion many, many years before even so much as a speck of it attaches itself to such comedies of humanity timeless and unending as—the classics plainly apart—*Candida*, or even, I daresay, *Anatol*.

Continued on page 121

JEFF KEATE
STAGE DOOR
NOTICE
GLAMOU
NOW
LORRAIN

"Mom, isn't it time you admitted your real age and stopped trying to fool the public?"

How to Deny Printed Statements

As you may waken to find yourself a Big Shot any day now, learn to wiggle out of words with finesse

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

Every once in a while the American public picks up its collective newspaper, and reads that John H. Hammerstraw, President of Amalgamated and Incorporated Utilities, has stated that what American industry needs is more socialism. Or it learns that Heinie Gatnett, star second baseman of the Coal City Black Sox, fervently wishes he would be traded to the Centropolis Wolves. Or that Senator Mish, voting contrary to the wishes of his constituents, has remarked: "To hell with the folks back home."

There was a time when the American public, faced with such disclosures, would have sat up in shocked amazement, and hissed: "I can't believe it!" That time has passed. Today it simply sinks back deeper into its chair, and waits for tomorrow's paper—which, it knows perfectly well—will print denials of any unorthodox statements that have been made. What Hammerstraw *really* said, it will transpire, was that American industry needs more social conscience. Gatnett didn't *wish* to be traded, and his manager, Jeeps Grogan, was simply jumping at conclusions. All Gatnett had done was to point out that a straight swap of him for first baseman Kluggs of the Wolves would have strengthened both teams. As for Senator Mish, he does no explaining or clarifying at all. He says that he never made such a statement or anything in any way shape or manner remotely resembling such a statement.

Nobody can be a big shot today unless he learns how to deny a statement or interview attributed to him. The bigger the shot he is, the more interviews he will have to grant. The more interviews, the more times he will be misquoted. And sometimes he will have to issue denials even if he isn't misquoted—on occasions, for instance, when a statement affects the public more adversely than he had anticipated. Or when he has made a rash statement in a fit of temper without really weighing his words carefully.

My first advice is that the denier should learn to master types of denials that fit his personality and occupation. Of course I advocate being versatile to a certain extent too, but appropriateness comes first. What I am trying to get at is that a university president, for instance, shouldn't resort to the same type of denial that a prizefighter would.

To university presidents, along with lawyers, famous scientists, and major poets, I unhesitatingly recommend the "removed-from-context" denial. This is the most cultured and intellectual of all types of denial, and, accordingly, is appropriate for men in the stations I have mentioned. The "removed-from-context" denial really isn't a denial strictly speaking, although it is far more effective than most. In it the stater admits the statement attributed to him. He admits it wholeheartedly.

But, he points out, the person who quoted him, only quoted *part* of his statement, and by removing it from the entire context of his speech, gave an impression directly opposite to that which was intended to be conveyed. Maybe I had better give an example of how this works, and to do so, I will take an extreme case: President Irving of Plymouth University is quoted as saying that Hitler is all right. Immediately, of course, a gigantic hullabaloo breaks out, and President Irving finds himself on the spot. Does he indignantly deny that he made any such statement? He does not. He merely smiles indulgently, and asks that the reporters get hold of the entire transcript of his speech. They will discover, he assures them, that what he really said was: "Hitler is all right when it comes to annexing defenseless countries and bombing helpless women and children, but when he gets up against real opposition—" President Irving is exonerated—and applauded. The "removed-from-context" denial is often a good deal more subtle and complicated than the obvious example I have supplied, and for this reason I do not recommend it to prize fighters, minor politicians, famous playboys or persons accused of petty crimes. What is best here is the exact opposite, the categorical denial coupled with physical threat. Here no appeal is made to reason, no attempt made at any sort of rational explanation for sour-sounding statements. A good example of this type is: "That's a lie, and the next guy that says it, I'll sock the daylight out of him!" Denials of this type are altogether fitting for those who are primarily men of action rather than men of ideas.

However, sometimes the physical violence motif may be a little too crude, in which case it will be wise to resort to the categorical denial with an alternate twist. Instead of threatening to maim, bruise or stun the misquoter, the misquotee in this case merely threatens to sue. It adds a slight dignity to one's denial to threaten to resort to legal methods. However, in both varieties, it will be noticed, denial is absolute with no attempt at explanation, and in both cases the misquotee diverts attention from himself to the misquoter. In short he does not take a passive role as does the removed-from-context denier, but assumes the aggressive.

This brings us to the third—and perhaps most effective—form of the categorical or no-explanations denial. This also diverts attention to the person who allegedly did the misquoting, but threatens him with neither force nor lawsuits. It impugns the motives of the misquoter—or better yet the newspaper the misquoter works for. It starts out with categorical denial:—"Ridiculous nonsense!" and then starts impugning: "How much, I wonder, has the Mousetrap Trust paid the *Star* to attribute such false statements to me?" or "Can the *Standard* really be so naïve as to believe that the public will be so gullible as to believe that I—or anybody else in his right mind (it doesn't cost anything extra to stick that in)—would make such an incredible statement?" Each of these three types of categorical denial can be devastatingly effective if the denier seizes the offensive and sticks to it.

Halfway between the removed-from-context and the categorical denial is the "I've

been misquoted" denial. As you might expect, it is best suited to those whose stations fall roughly between the two main classes I've mentioned. Prominent business men, doctors, major politicians, actors, amateur athletes—in short the middle and upper middle class, intellectuals excepted—can all profitably claim that they were misquoted, and then proceed to demonstrate wherein the misquotation lay.

This is not always easy. It calls for less bluster than the categorical denial plus counter-threat, but it calls for more mental effort. The misquotee, in this case, has to read the speech he has made, compare it with what he was quoted as saying, and figure where the misquoter went wrong. Or, if it was just a verbal interview, he must do his best to recall what he said or meant to say. Some misquotations, of course, are more obvious than others. For instance, suppose a prominent business man is quoted as having remarked that it is obviously legal, while America is working on her defense program, to force laborers to work longer hours without paying them for their extra time.

The chances are the business man never made such a statement. Or he may have been in a panicky mood, worried that we won't be prepared in time, harried by tales of leftist sabotage, and actually have said those words—words that he'd have been the first to retract after a good night's sleep. In either case the misquotation denial is the logical answer to his troubles. All he has to do is point out that he did not say "legal" but, on the contrary "illegal." This is the most direct way of employing the misquotation denial—to maintain that you weren't heard distinctly.

If the mis-hearing gag won't work, the alternative is to claim that you were misunderstood. This is one of the most complicated of all types of denials, and must be handled skillfully to be effective. Let us say that a director of athletics of a prominent and conservative university is quoted as being in favor of subsidized athletics. Immediately he is taken to task by the president and faculty, and must now frame his denial. Every paper in the country has quoted him as being in favor, so he can't claim that he wasn't heard correctly. His only chance, therefore, is to argue on ideological grounds along the following lines: He and his university have always been and always will be against subsidized athletics. Therefore, the reporters obviously misunderstood his remarks. He did *not* advocate any such procedure. What he *did* say was that it is *better* to come right out and pay athletes openly than it is to pretend they are amateurs, and pay them on the sly. The thing that will put this denial across for him is the fact that practically every athletic director in the country has made it at one time or another. Which brings us to the rule: When pleading misquotation through misunderstanding, always claim that what you really said was the popular view on the subject.

A modern type of denial is, like the removed-from-the-context excuse, not literally a denial, but it is extremely effective. This is the off-the-record alibi in which the speaker maintains that the person to whom he spoke passed along his sentiments without his permission. The off-the-record method is effective because newspapers very seldom violate such confidences. In justice to the fourth estate, a reporter who is told to keep mum almost invariably does so. This means that a reporter who *does* violate such a confidence can be assumed to be an untrustworthy fellow. And if he is untrustworthy in that respect he is probably also untrustworthy as an accurate reporter, and has, accordingly reported the interview incorrectly. In short, the beauty of the off-the-record excuse is that you don't need to issue a denial of your statement. It automatically denies for you.

We come now to the Mt. Everest of all denials; the gaudiest, fanciest, and most devastating it-ain't-so of them all. The trouble with it is that it is reserved only for the very famous and the very prominent. I refer of course to the deliberate and pointed refusal-to-honor-with-a-denial. Its purpose, of course, is to indicate by loud silence that such a preposterous statement made by a man of such unchallenged integrity is simply beyond the bounds of possibility, so why take the trouble to deny it? It has been employed by some of the greatest figures in history.

So bear these in mind. You may not be prominent enough to issue statements that need denying, but you never can tell. They say a boom is developing. You may be in a position of importance before you know it. And you won't stay there long if you don't learn the major types of denials and when to use them. And—while you are getting to the top—you can always practice them on the wife or the girl friend. ##

Stan Brauninger, Aquamentor

The coach of Kiefer, Jaretz, and other world's record holders is known as the miracle man of the swimming fraternity

by JACK MIEHLS

• SPORTS •

When his brothers initiated him according to the traditional sink-or-swim tenets of Ohio River lore, they had no idea that the spluttering five-year-old who succeeded in his initial swim that day, would grow up to be the nation's foremost swimming coach.

Today, thirty-nine years later, that same splutterer is being hailed as a Miracle Man—the aquatic genius who makes champions out of ordinary swimmers—the Unsung Hero behind the careers of a host of world's Olympic and national swimming and diving champions.

This gifted product of Cincinnati's waterfront is Stan Brauninger, aquamentor par excellence, who advises: "Learn to crawl before you walk," the crawl in question being the stroke made famous by his friend, Johnny Weissmuller.

There has been little written about the man, for he believes in putting his swimmers across instead of himself. "Do a story about me?" he shrugs. "There's nothing to tell. Now take Kiefer or Jaretz—"

Although he prefers to remain in the background, he has found such reticence impossible, for through the years his protégés have been the nation's swimming stars. He has been turning out championship swimming teams since 1926, when his famous four-man troupe won the national title at Chicago—the one and only instance where a YMCA team has ever won the national swimming crown.

Brauninger is tall and massive, but mild in manner. Usually dressed in sweater, slacks and sandals, he moves quickly in spite of his size, and talks rapidly—an ever-present cigar accenting the threat of a forceful jaw-line. He is probably the world's greatest swimming devotee, and when discussing his pet topic, his words gather speed as he gathers enthusiasm and his eyes sparkle and glow as his fervor increases. The listener is impressed with his vigor and vitality, sensing meanwhile the genial personality and easy humor of the man.

His methods of handling athletes are unique. At the first glimpse I caught of Brauninger, he was coaching three world champions simultaneously. The spectacle proved more exciting than a three-ring circus.

Standing at the end of the pool, one foot braced against the curb, Brauninger was plying deep-sea rod and reel in an attempt to "land" Otto Jaretz, the world's fastest swimmer and shatterer of Weissmuller's remaining records. Jaretz was churning the water with all the strength of his magnificent body and yet he was losing ground steadily as the powerful coach continued to reel in the 196-pound hydroplane.

"Nice going; Casanova," Brauninger chuckled as he hauled the world champion alongside like a fish. "Kiss the girls good-bye for a week and you'll be pulling me in next."

Otto grinned up at him sheepishly and panted: "Okay, coach."

Hey, "Sunny," the aquamentor barked, calling to Adolph Kiefer, world's and Olympic backstroke champion, who was whipping up waves in a training harness at the other side of the pool, "Stretch out and lay back into your stroke—and pull until that rope snaps."

Sunny, swimming backstroke with a long elastic rope attached to a canvas belt about his midriff, smiled up at his coach, nodded understandingly and proceeded to follow instructions—literally. He did break that rope! Brauninger nodded approvingly, glancing from his stop watch to a figure swimming beneath the surface at the other end of the pool. "390—395—400 feet!" he roared, as Johnny Howard, the world's underwater swimming champion, rose to the surface to catch his breath. "Two minutes and thirty-one seconds. Nice going, Johnny. How do you feel?"

The marine marvel waved his hand in front of his face, palm outward, and swam leisurely toward his coach—after swimming the equivalent of one and one-third lengths of a football field, under water—on one breath. And that just in practice!

"Okay, Al," Brauninger called to a young man on the highboard. "Let's go to work on that triple somersault." And Al Greene, Olympic diving ace and former national champion, went to work.

Five minutes later, Stan turned to a lovely mermaid doing loosening-up exercises on the lowboard. "Come on, honey, let's get that one-and-a-half with a full twist today." The girl was Arlite Smith, who has held the national springboard title the last three years.

And these remarkable athletes proved to be but a handful of his stars!

Brauninger is to swimming what Knute Rockne was to football. He is an institution—like his Aquacademy.

The Aquacademy has for its halls of science and learning the half-million dollar swimming pool of the Chicago Towers Club and was established as an aquatic laboratory for research in swimming and diving.

The waters of this ultra-modern natatorium serve as a proving ground for champions—a research clinic that often transforms this year's guinea pigs into next year's champions. Its test tubes, microscopes, cultures and slides are slow-motion cameras, dynamometers, training harnesses and stop watches—and 100,000 gallons of solarized water that form the training field for its champions and title aspirants.

The Aquacademy is under the personal direction and supervision of the water maestro. Working hand in hand with his staff, he does research work, makes analyses, conducts tests and keeps an extensive filing system that

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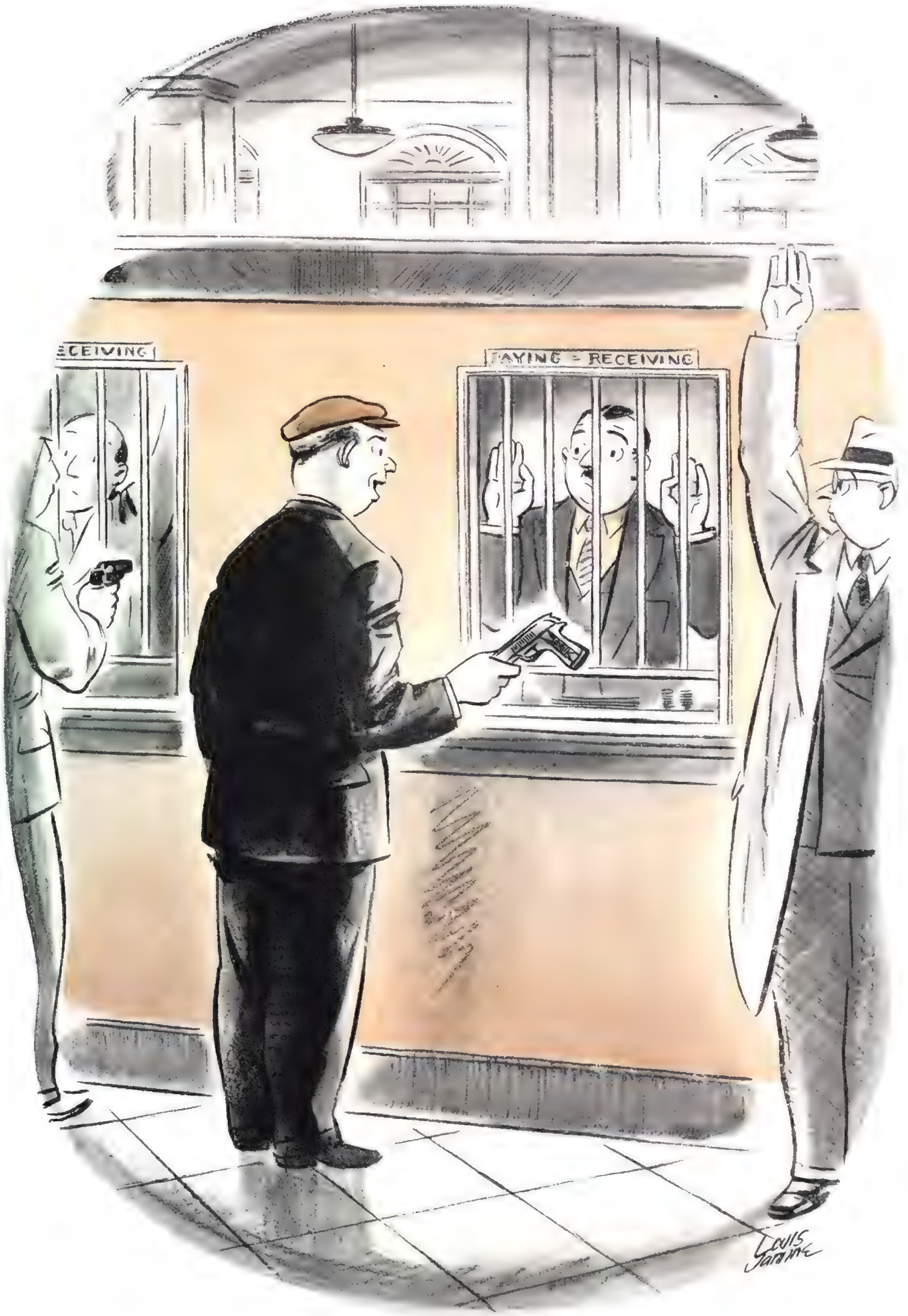
"His liver's on the blink, but his heart's in the right place!"


ECEIVING
PAYING - RECEIVING

"That ain't any way to put up your hands, silly. Here, you be the robber and I'll be the Teller"

Your Comb, Madame

Like many of those who had little time to play, Paulette Goddard is still a little girl

by DONALD HOUGH

• ARTICLE •

We were in the rear office of this Hollywood agency, where they had this little bar across one side of the room. Some room. The coffee table before me was covered with pigskin. Some coffee table. My glass was empty but I didn't like to put it down on the pigskin. After a while I surreptitiously wiped off the bottom of the glass on the knee of my pants, the hell with the pants, and set the glass down.

"I've got to get out to the studio," I said.

"Are you going to see her on the set?"

"Lunch in her cottage on the lot, then on the set, I think."

"Wait a minute." My friend reached over and pushed a button. "She was in here the other day. Wednesday. No, Thursday. Anyway, she—"

"I didn't know you handled her," I said.

"We don't. But she came in a minute to say hello, and she—" The girl at the other end of the button came in. Pretty, wearing a black dress. "Where's Paulette Goddard's comb?" he asked her.

"In my desk."

"Let me have it."

She went out and got it and brought it in and gave it to him and he handed it to me. "She was combing her hair," he said. "Will you give it to her? She combed her hair at the switchboard, out there, at the mirror, and left the comb."

I took the comb and looked at it. It was a black comb, about ten inches long, with large teeth. The word Ace was stamped on it, and at one side a serial number, 1025.

"I suppose I just bow and say, 'Your comb, madame,' when I meet her," I said.

"I thought you knew her."

"No. But I'll give her the comb."

I put it in my inside coat pocket and went out to the studio.

* * *

They have rain in California, in the rainy season. Because the rain comes only in the rainy season, nobody pays much attention to the proper drainage, so the rain just fills up the streets between the curbs and runs along. I don't know where. It comes down out of the hills back of Hollywood. It pours down.

At first, walking down the studio street between the big sound stages, I tried to find the places where the water was shallowest, but after a while I just walked any old place, my feet were wet anyway. I came to the end of the street, where they had told me to go. They had wanted to come out with me but I had said no use everybody getting wet, I can find it, and now I found it. It was a stucco cottage, dark grey, about twenty feet wide, stuck in, incongruous as hell, between a towering sound stage and the high studio wall.

It was set back in there, so that between the pavement and the door there was about fifteen feet of mud. No walk. The mud had tire ruts in it, some of them almost a foot deep. The rain was pattering all over the mud and into the mud-colored water in the ruts and other depressions. I saw a small piece of mud-colored plank just in front of the door. The plank evidently once had reached to the pavement, but had been crushed down by the tires.

I stood back a few paces, ran, stepped once in the mud and water, which came well over my shoe, and made the plank with my other foot. I walked up the steps to the small porch and looked around for a bell-button, but there wasn't any so I knocked at the door.

Somebody said "Come in," and I reached for the door knob but before I could open the door it was opened from the inside, leaving me in a rather ridiculous pose. The girl was smiling and beautiful, but she stopped smiling and looked at my dripping hat, then down at my shoes. "You're soaked!" she said. She took hold of my sleeve and pulled me inside.

"Miss Goddard?" I said brilliantly.

"Do you want to take off your shoes?" she said. "We could put them in the oven. There's an electric stove in the kitchen."

"No," I said; "but I tell you, I could stand—"

"Oh!" she said. She went into the kitchen. "Shall I take the time to heat some water for it?" she called back. "Everybody's getting the flu these days, and maybe I better heat—"

"Just the way it is," I said.

She brought it out the way it was and I drank it. "Good rum," I said.

"I don't know," she said. "It was here when I moved in. I'm just here for this picture, on loanout from Paramount, and they gave me the cottage. I hope it's all right. The rum, I mean. Sometimes I take a drink of brandy and coffee. Black coffee, with the brandy in it, after dinner. This," she added, "is Jenny."

I looked around. In the archway between the living room and the small dinette stood a girl in a white apron. I bowed. Miss Goddard made a sign to her that it was time to put on the feed bag. I sat down on a couch and Miss Goddard sat in an upholstered chaise longue, or whatever you call it, and curled up there and tucked her feet under, or sat on them, or whatever you call it.

"How do you get through the mud?" I asked her.

"The car backs up to the door."

"Pardon me," I said.

She laughed. "Hollywood is funny," she said. "Instead of making a little walk over to the pavement, they send a limousine to take you over to it. I could walk to the sound stage in three minutes if I could get out to the pavement."

Jenny brought out a plate on which were slices of bread spread with caviar, and some

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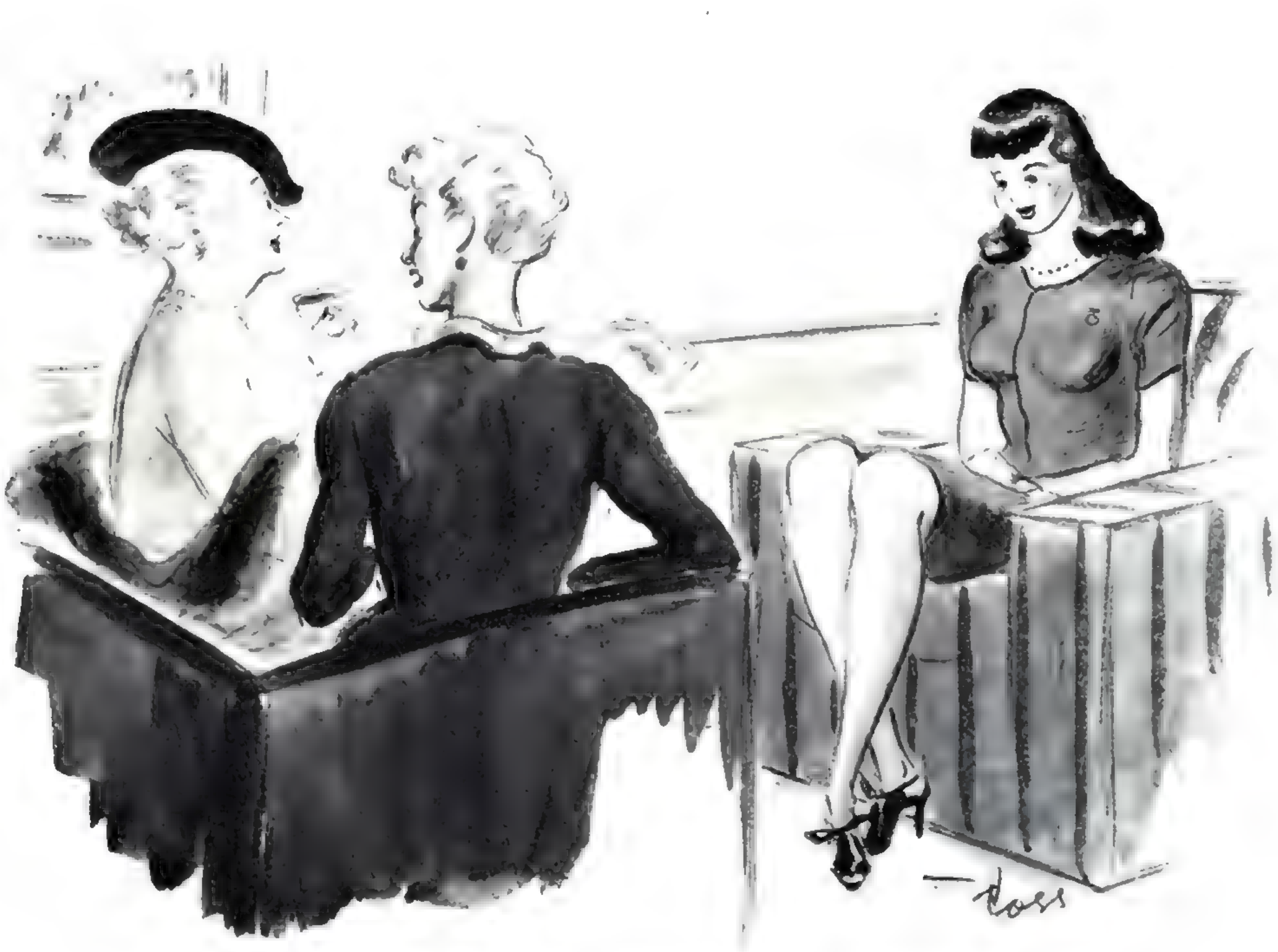
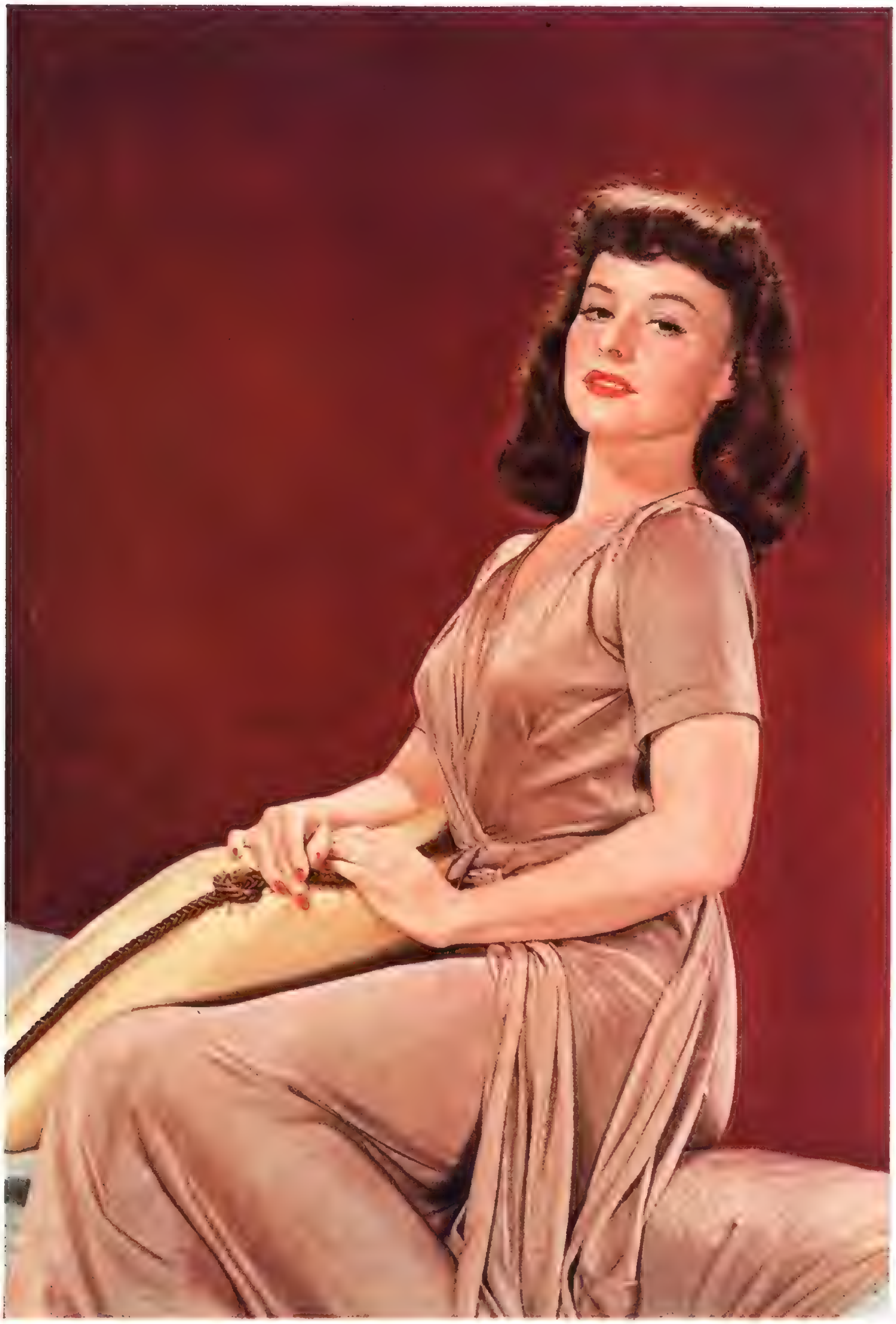
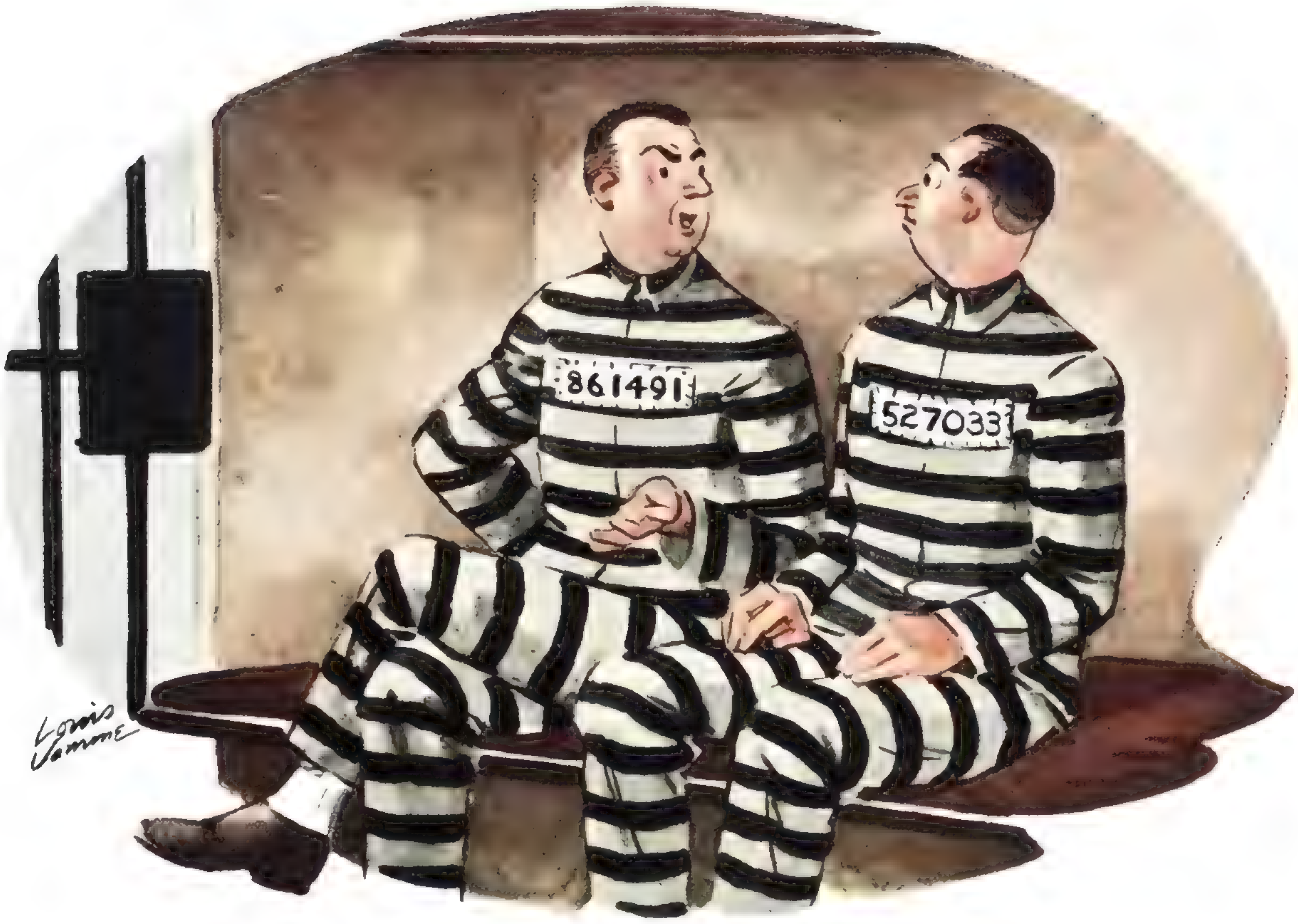


"We're so proud of her—her classmates voted her the best person to be caught with in a blackout"



The gold lamé gown bears no relation to "Pot O'Gold" except that Paulette Goddard's in both. George Marshall directed the movie for James Roosevelt's Globe Productions; Mal Mohr was the cameraman. (Photograph by Hurrell)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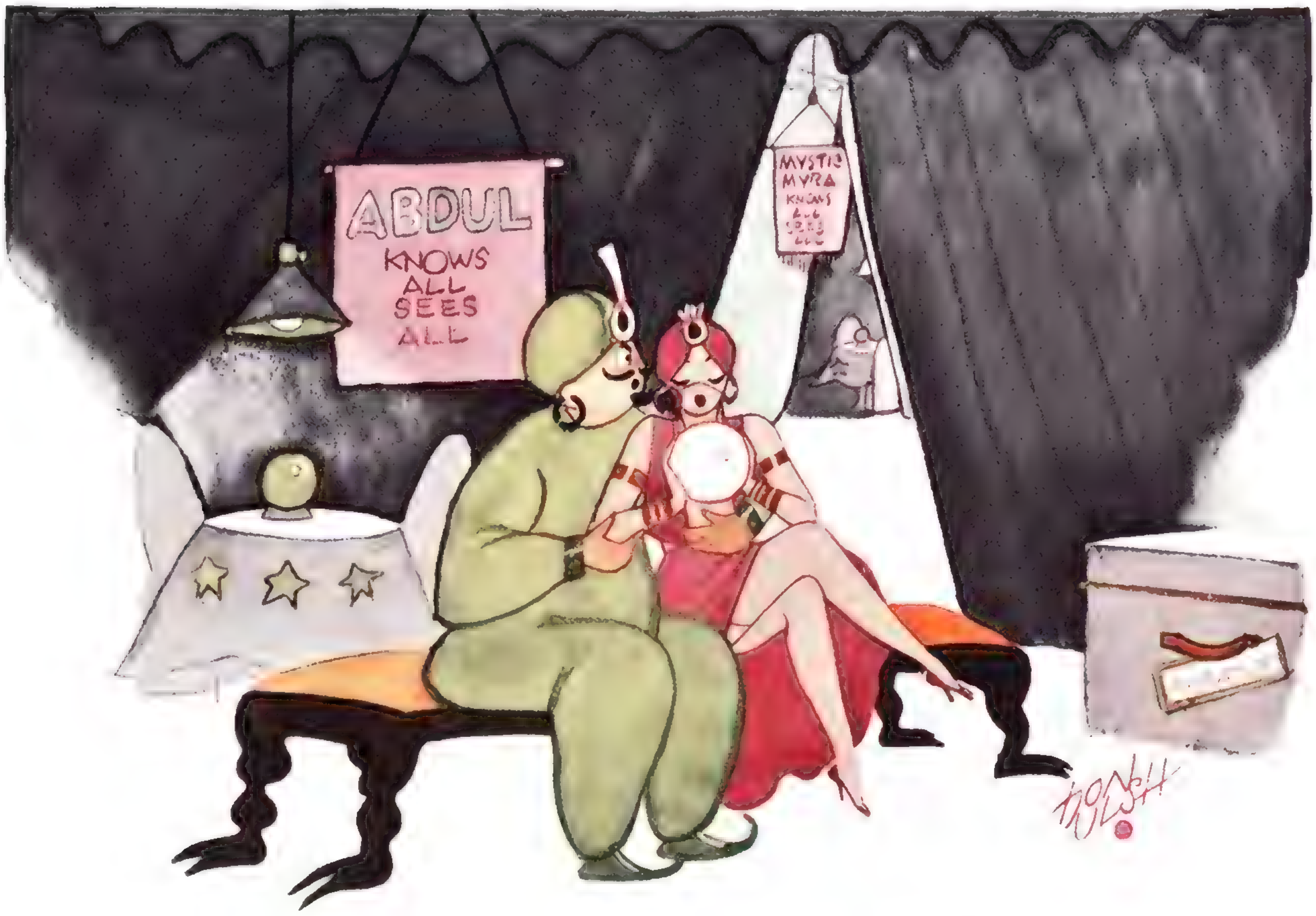
"So I just tells the draft board they ain't gonna tell me what to do—see?"


ABDUL
KNOWS
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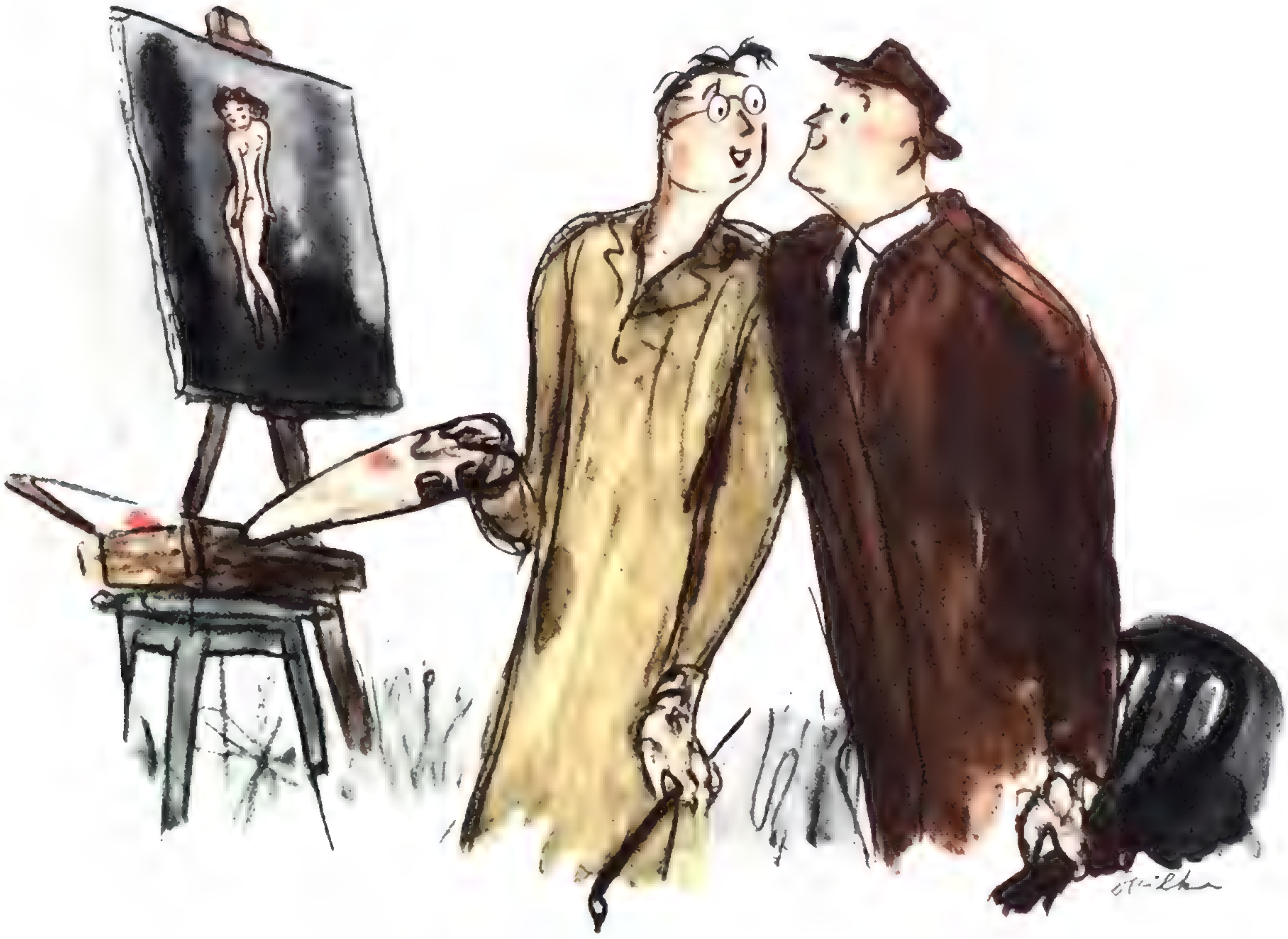
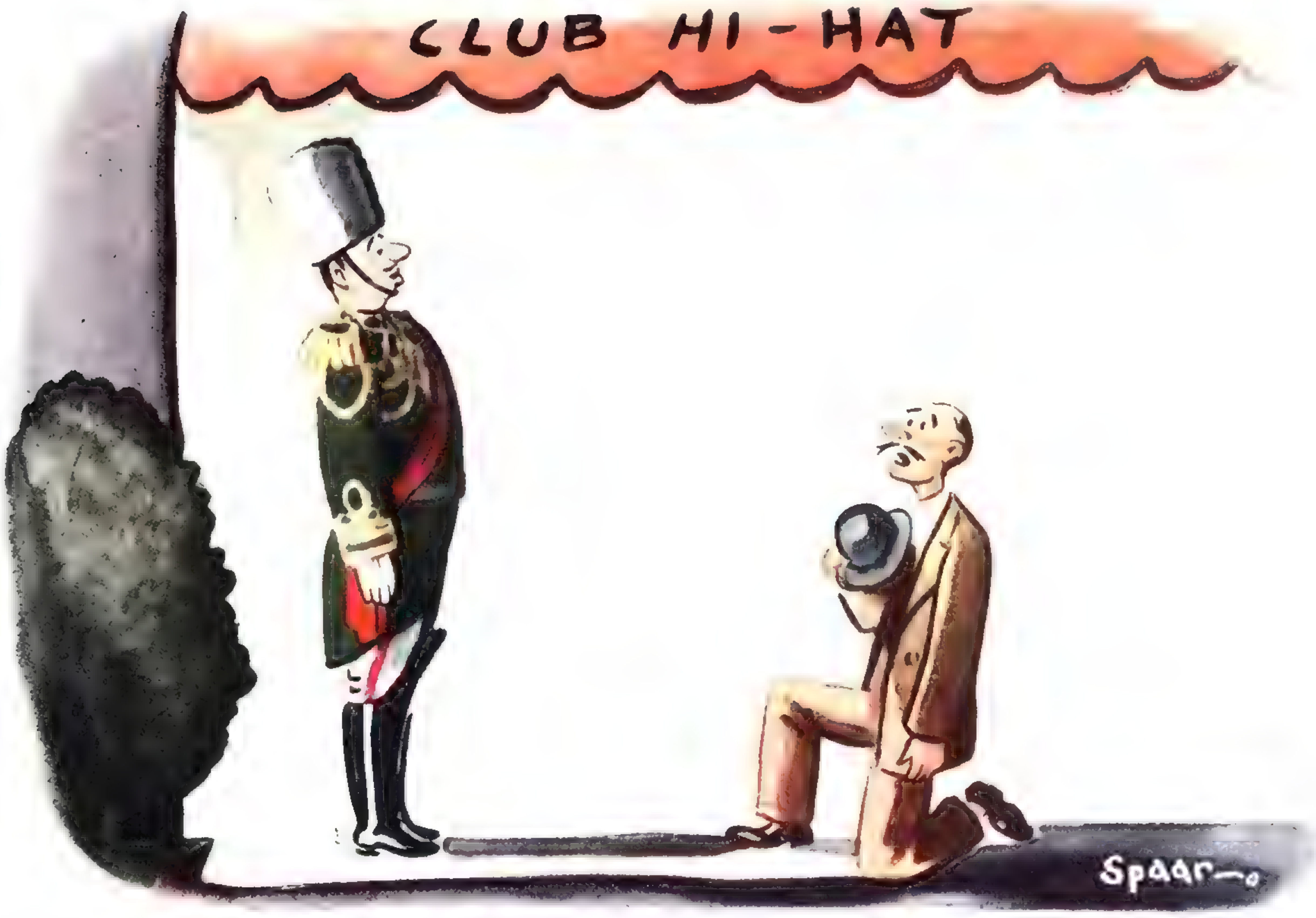
"You're feeling good, Abdul—how do I feel?"



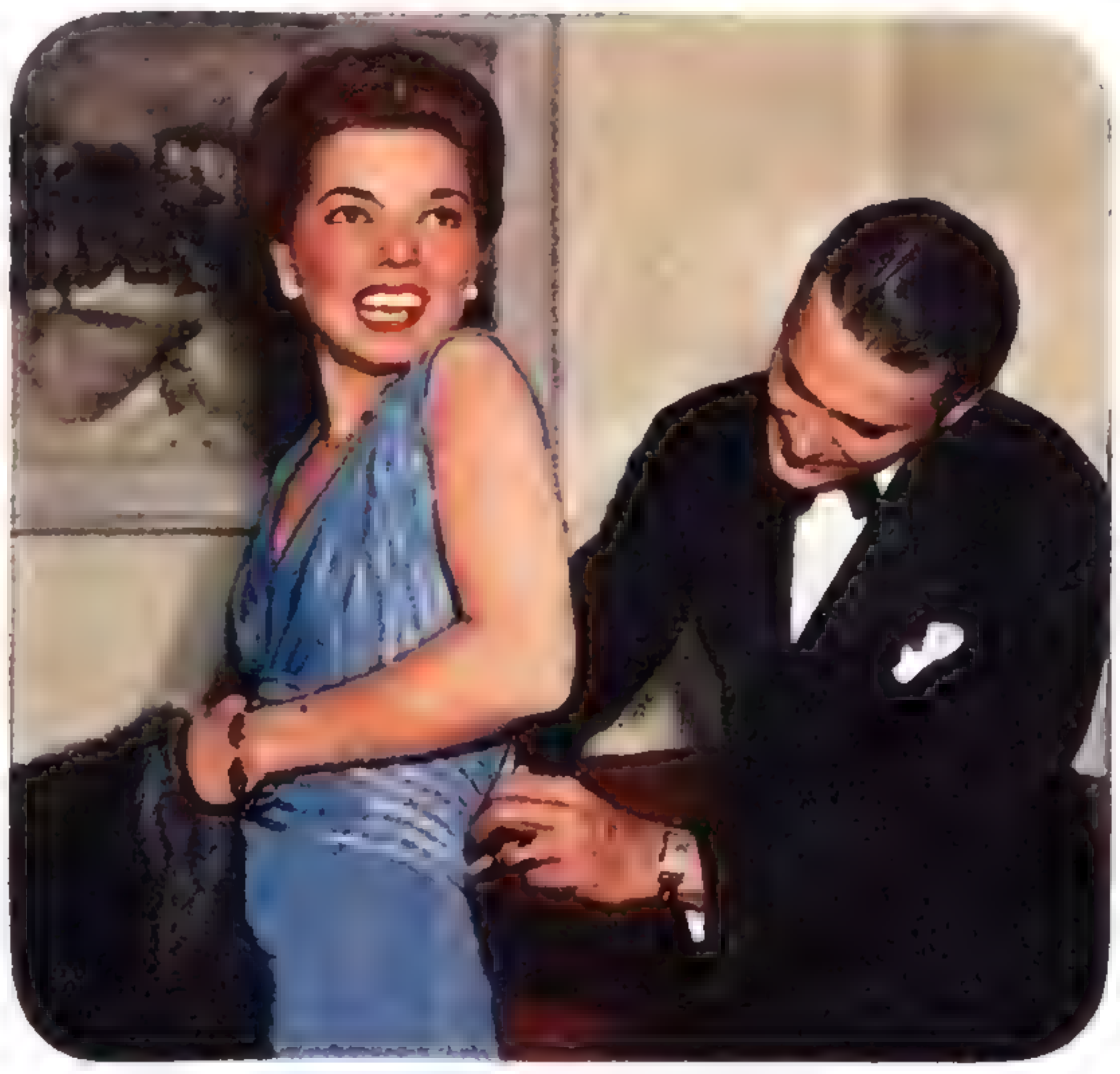
"It came to me in a dream last night"


CLUB HI-HAT
Spaar

"Why your Majesty! I read you had fled to Turkey!"

ESQUIRE HORNS IN ON HOLLYWOOD—*with candid shots by* JULES BUCK

Frank Morgan, who dances circles around the so-called glamour boys, tangos with Anita Louise



Like a good husband, Jon Hall re-zips Frances Langford after a strenuous dance at Mocambo's

It looks like a difference of opinion between the Brian Ahernes—but they're broadcasting

Producer Alan Gordon takes good care of Linda Darnell (who wouldn't?) while awaiting his car

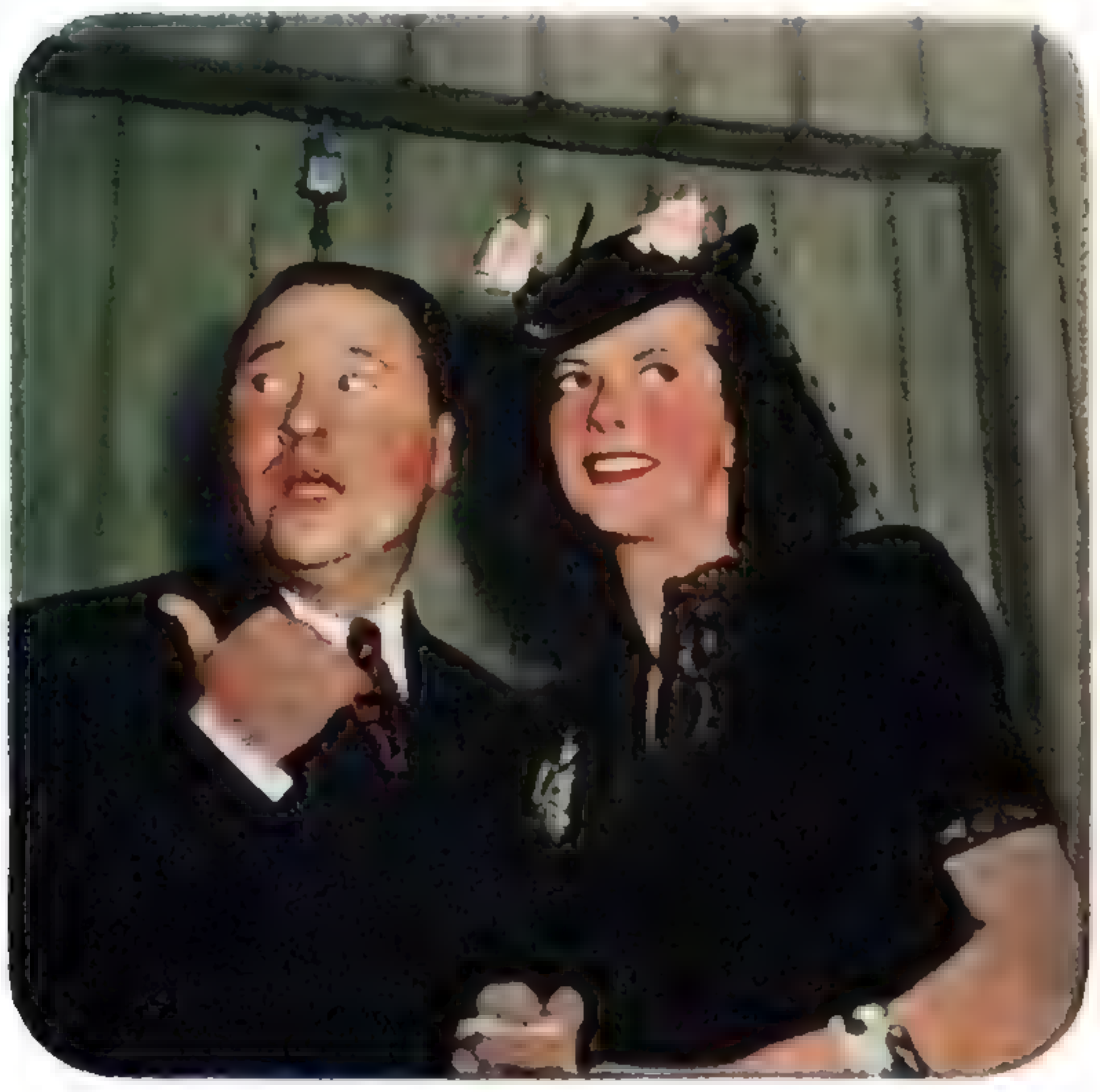
British June Duprez rapt in Randy Scott's tale of how he fought the Indians in Western Union

Hors d'oeuvres at Ciro's are nectar and amb to those romancers, Jeff Lynn and Margaret H

Dining at Ciro's: comedian Bert Wheeler, with his favorite audience and fiancée, Phyllis Ruth

Sour note in harmony team: blonde Mary Martin chisels a swig of Dick Powell's (soft) drink

Checkroom lovelies give good for Harry Ri who tips lavishly, buys them chicken dinne



Jack Oakie, that waiter-kidder, plays like he's ducking his check while his wife plays straight

Screwball Gracie Allen peps up the costume party by setting George's whiskers on fire

Getting a bang out of some elaborate Holly joke, are Mr. and Mrs. John (Anne Shirley) P

Pictures and Politics

That tireless bird dog, Dorothy Thompson, smells a moral in *The Baker's Wife*, a Nazi in *Fantasia*

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

They say that three hundred members of the Sceptics Club bought a pillow, on the day Miss Dorothy Thompson denounced the Disney *Fantasia*, and went around hitting people with feathers, to see whether you *could*, at any time, knock them over. Because, obviously, the nation stood amazed; surprise took us and shook the breath out of us; and consternation and shame and dismay that none of us had discerned what that most discerning, and always courageous, and persuasive, lady had laid bare. *Fantasia* she said, simply, is Nazi; and boldly announcing that this was not the result of an obsession (as if anyone would dare suggest such a thing) she explained that *Fantasia* was the corruption of greatness, with irreverence, with hubris.

Long before that time, Miss Thompson had been to see another moving picture and had written of it movingly and well; she said that it would be long — or maybe longer than that — before she would forget *The Baker's Wife*. Having seen *Fantasia*, about which I shall report in a minute, I thought I'd go and see the picture Miss Thompson thought so memorable; it's not a bad picture and it has a kind of Fourierite charm about it, in the theme of the baker who was a good baker, so good that the entire community banded together to bring him back an errant wife. It has, in an actor named Raimu, a genuinely first-class comic spirit, which is even better than having a first-class comedian; and unlike many French films, it isn't given much to declamation. It is, therefore, among the *few* really good imported films of recent years. (Even if all those I haven't seen are as good as people say they are, the total number would be small; and I bet, by my experience, that two-thirds of the touted imports are from second to fifth-rate stuff.)

Miss Thompson was keen on the humanity of this picture, the way it showed the life of one man affected by the lives of others; and their lives all affected by his; this is democracy; this is what is being killed in France. The actual details of the picture can be twisted around and away from this interpretation; for the picture opens with as mean a batch of quarrelsome and ignorant peasants as you'd care to see outside of a novel by Zola. Here are the inheritors of the land, the simple people of a democracy, and they will not speak to one another; they lay claim to the shadow which a tree casts; they will not tell a neighbor that a dog has drowned in his well; and the local teacher and the priest are nasty to one another about Joan of Arc's voices. However, they need bread; the new baker can bake it; a shepherd is instantaneously seduced by the baker's wife and as the village must have bread and the baker won't bake, they go out on searching parties and bring the woman back. The idea of mutual collaboration is pretty slight. The great scenes of the picture are a very funny one in which the baker talks to serenaders from a balcony window while the shepherd is below him, in the bakery, with the wife, presumably to be rewarded for the serenade with a piece of cake; or tart; and a very moving one in which the baker pretends to his wife that she went to her mother's and then tells off the wandering tabbycat who slinks back to her melancholy Tom. But these scenes are far from the political meaning of the picture.

The Baker's Wife is based on a novel by Jean Giono, a sort of mystic of the soil. I don't like mysticism and I enjoy living in the country and I like farming "as a way of life" and don't ask why the quotes. But many years ago I read a phrase by George Eliot which has kept agriculture and morality separate in my mind; she said you couldn't make people good merely by turning them out to grass. Therefore I think that *The Baker's Wife* is a highly agreeable sentimental comedy, with the other attributes I have mentioned; and is not a memorable moving picture experience. Even if its moral lesson were everything Miss Thompson says, it wouldn't be a great moving picture because the lesson isn't greatly communicated; the same lesson of love has been told better in parables and novels and paintings; it may have to be told again in terms of the movies, but it will have to be told better, if the picture is going to be great.

Fantasia is in eight parts and at least four of these are great; each stands alone, so that Disney has created four masterpieces and four other pictures which most creative artists would give their eyeteeth to rival. I think that he has been utterly misled at moments and was trying to do something not only impossible, but basically not worth doing; he was trying to create a visual parallel for sound, an eyeful, so to speak, for an earful; and if the ear is full, if the function of the music is fulfilled, the eyeful isn't necessary. If what the eye gets is harmonious, appropriate, agreeable in itself, then you do not complain; the ear is not perturbed. But if you are listening to, let us say, the *Pastoral Symphony* and are forced to look at the battle scenes from *The Birth of a Nation*, you might righteously protest that the visualizer had chosen the wrong thing; his work was not pertinent, so he was impertinent. But you ought not to say that he was in any way connected with "the perverted betrayal of the best instincts" or the "brutalization of sensibility. . ." Those are some of the phrases Miss Thompson applied to *Fantasia*.

The job Mr. Disney did lies in a field of special interest to me; for two and a half years I have tried various means of creating

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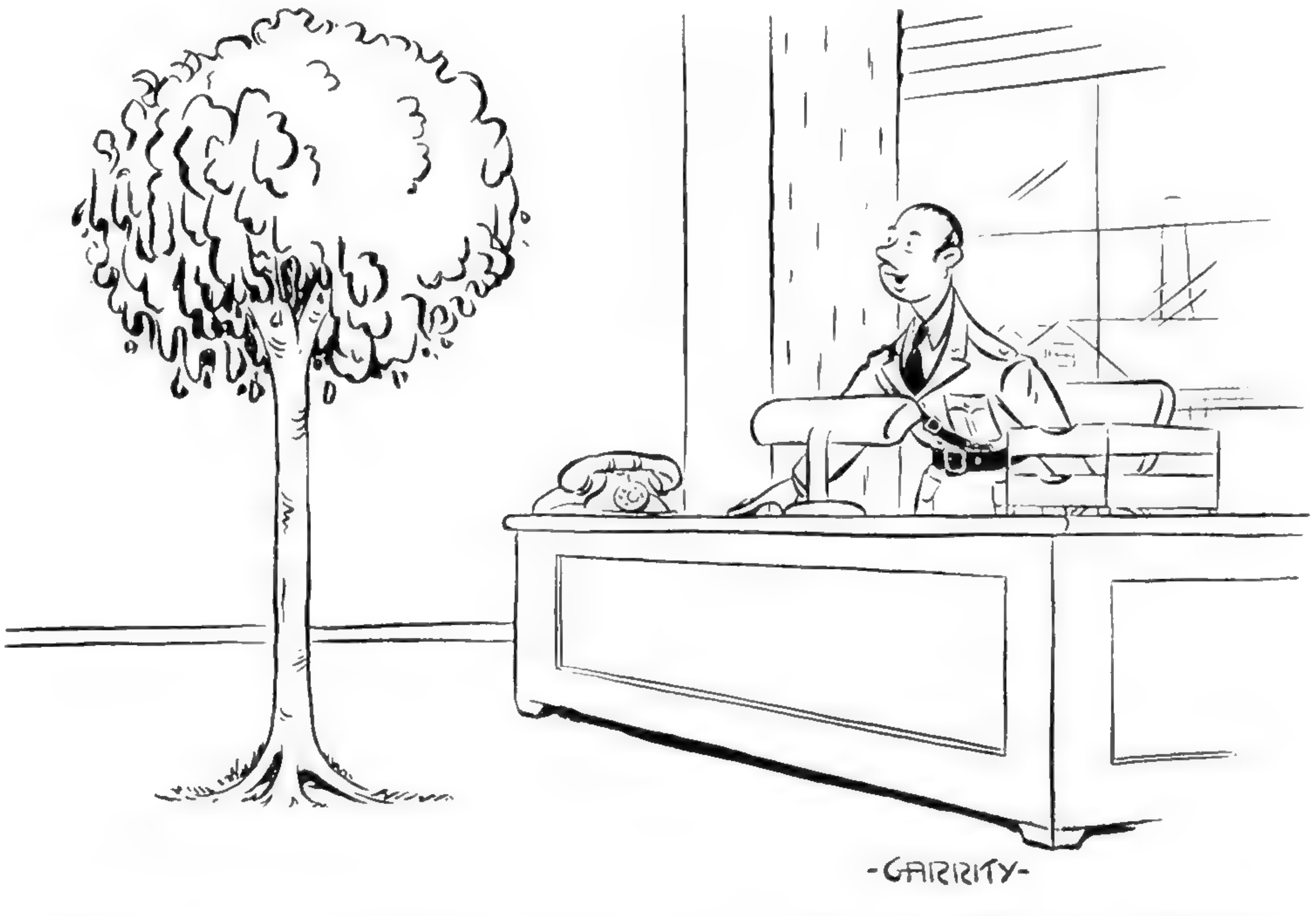


"Your knowledge of disguises makes you our most valuable agent, Fenley!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Open letter to concert managers and promoters with a post script on so-called benefit performances

by CARLETON SMITH

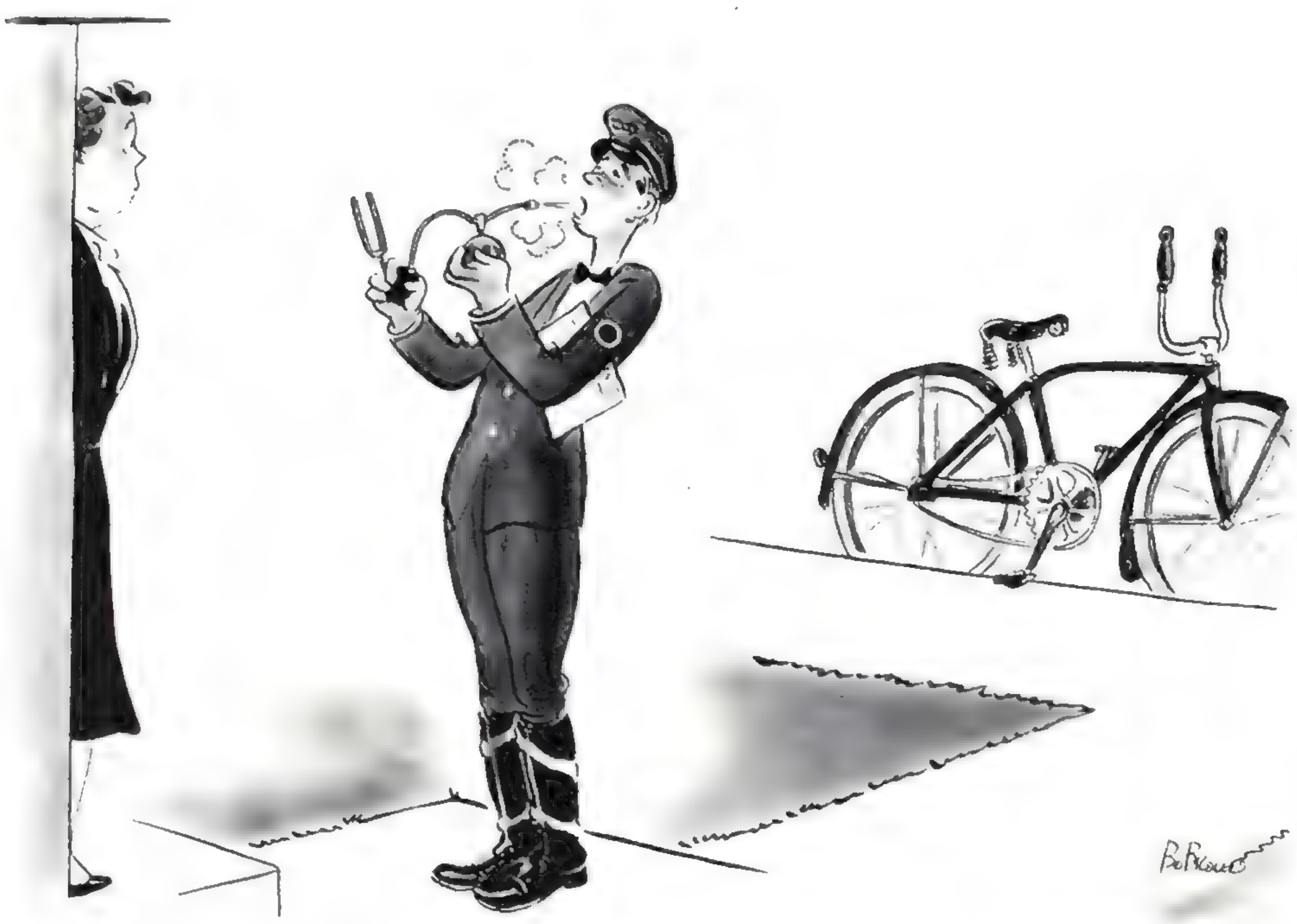
▪ MUSIC ▪

THE day has arrived for me to take time off from Mozart, Bach and Sibelius Festivals, the Paderewski Testimonial and the opera, to report to you on the round of concerts and recitals that have been devastating my afternoons and evenings recently. Fortunately, I have not been to everything of the kind that has been given in New York this season. There are concerts which I shirk, and concerts which shirk me. Some managers send invitations without sending me programs as if, at my age, I would run the risk of walking into a concert hall to listen to the identical hackneyed pieces I heard in my cradle, unless, of course, a young and ravishing lady is performing them.

Other promoters fix their affairs for the afternoon of *The Bartered Bride* or the evening of *Alceste* or *Pélléas*, or when Toscanini is conducting the *Missa Solemnis* or Flagstad is singing in *Die Götterdämmerung*, and wire begging me to be present, expressing enthusiastic hope that I have no other engagement. A few expect me to fill out blanks and return them with self-addressed envelopes. Some send exchange coupons and suggest that I appear at the box office at least an hour before the starting bell. Then there are the concerts which I am too lazy to attend, or too busy to attend, or which I would rather die than attend, not to mention the concerts which are in the hands of sensitive souls who rebel at the injustices perpetrated on these pages and who therefore mercifully lighten my burden by not inviting me.

But with all these deductions, my life is one hell of a grind from October to May inclusive. And that, notwithstanding the fact that my footwork has been halved by the invention of the handiest musical instrument known to man: the camera-sized personal radio. Thanks to it, I can enjoy Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall with Kreisler and Brailowsky and the Boston Symphony and, during intermissions and interminable Liszt or Wieniawski sonatas, check up on B-flats and C-sharps at the Metropolitan Museum of Music (which, incidentally, need these days to be checked and double-checked). Also, when I cannot forego the temptation to walk around the Central Park lake or stroll in Connecticut's woods on Sunday afternoons, I can now take Messrs. Barbirolli, Bruno Walter, Mitropoulos, and André Kostelanetz and their music-makers over my shoulder. Then, there's always WQXR. Why doesn't every city have a radio station which plays good records all day?

My real fondness for this portable music-box, I confess, is that it enables me to hear music out-of-doors and in that position in which it pleases me most: horizontal. You must not deduce from this that I am complaining or that I take this job lightly. On the contrary, I am in dead earnest and there is no more hard-working wine-taster anywhere.



Ticket stubs indicate that since October first I have been exposed to no less than 236 "events" (including a deluge of benefit concerts). Yet I never become acclimated: I can only tolerate public performances of music. It is positively painful for me to sit in stuffy halls amid hypocrites who are scandalized when anything excites or amuses them . . . who, having satisfied themselves as to the splendor of their own and their neighbors' appearance, proceed to rattle their programs and snore . . . who make no attempt to know the *inside* of a composition . . . whose chief criterion for great music is that they do not understand it and that it bores them.

Besides, there is invariably a lack of ventilation. When to the ordinary effects of respiration you add the smoke of hundreds of cigarettes and of hundreds of holes which the discarded ends of them burn in stale carpets, the effect on a professionally sensitive person who does not smoke is indescribably noxious. The privilege of smoking and burning carpets makes public music-making, I suppose, cheaper than home music-making. Also, the close proximity of rousing explosions from trombone, tuba, and side drum every thirty seconds or so, plus the barking of taxicabs and roar of the subway, helps to reassure New Yorkers that they are still in New York.

What a stranger from another planet would think of these public spectacles I hesitate to imagine. He probably would be as caustic as the Navajo silversmith—just off the Reservation—who spent his first night in New York inspecting mobs of snobs at the Modern Museum's "private" opening of its Indian show. He observed: "The most interesting exhibits were those not nailed down."

New York concert halls were built before air-conditioning and sound-proofing . . . and before Eliel Saarinen designed the hall in Buffalo. At Carnegie taxi horns punctuate Schubert's *Ave Maria* and Grieg's *Ich Liebe Dich* with the same disregard they display toward *Iron Foundry* or *Pacific 231*. The B-M-T rumbles ominously through the *"1812" Overture* and *Dona Nobis Pacem* from Beethoven's *Mass* not to mention *Pop Goes the Weasel*.

Perhaps, after the war, metropolitan managers and concert promoters will realize that persons exist who are almost as particular about the sounds they hear and the air they breathe as about the opinion of their next door neighbors as to their respectability.

I

Monumental moments of this, as of previous New York winters, were furnished by that big little man, Arturo Toscanini, and his colleague from Boston, Serge Koussevitzky. Toscanini conducted the Verdi *Requiem* and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the world's No. 1 choir—the Westminster from

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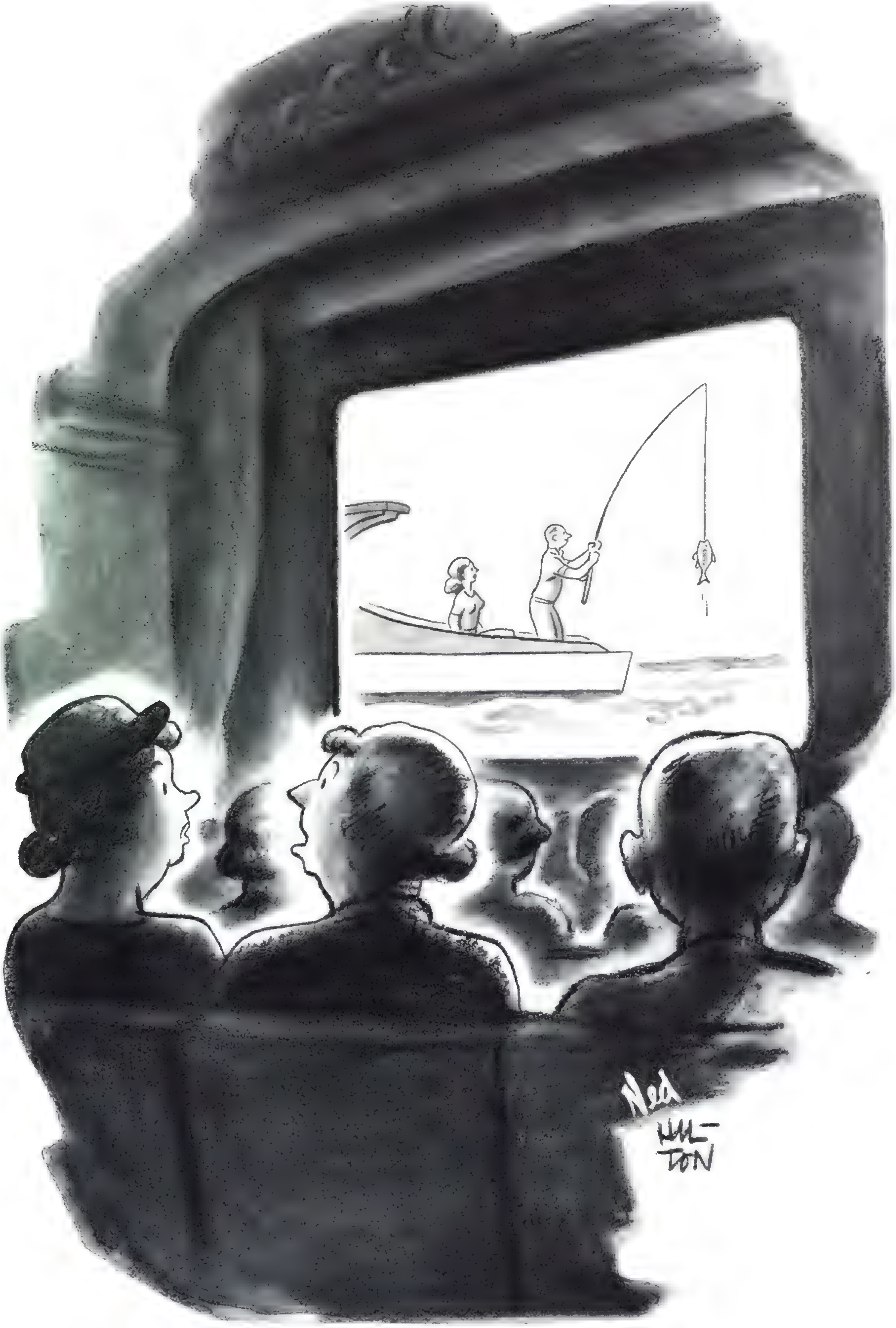
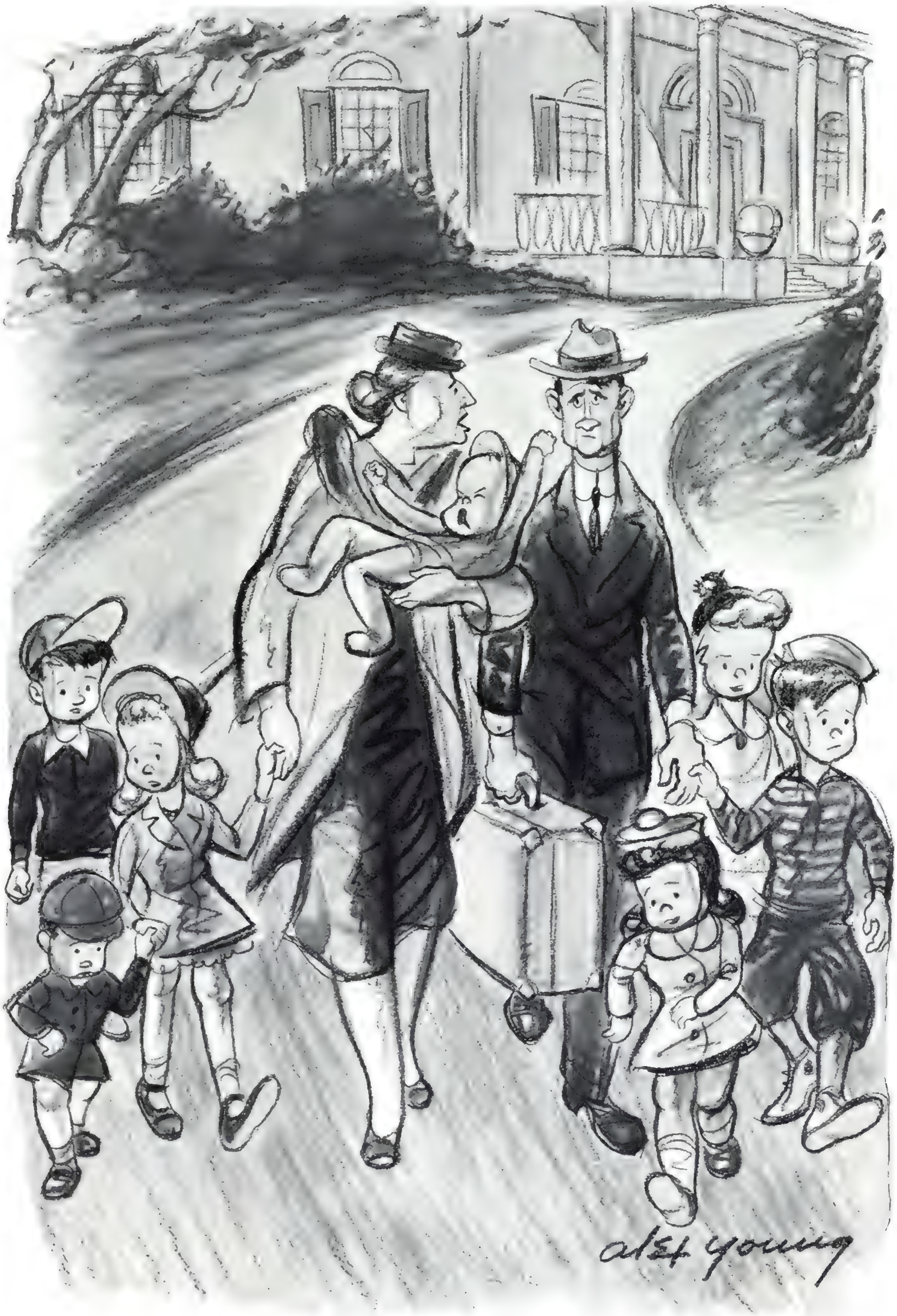


"That's what I don't like about the movies—in the book he doesn't catch anything"



"I can't understand it, Edgar, their letting us go after seven years of faithful service"

Man the Kitchenette

On the habits of the mollusc and of the fish and how they're dished up, from the Balkans to the Orient

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

We'll have to say good-bye, or at least Au Revoir, to oysters at the end of April. And as though they wished to make sure we don't forget them, they are at their best in their last month. However, there are other bivalvular shellfish that don't go off to make love in the spring, or if they do, we don't much care one way or another, and still eat them. Clams, for instance, remain, and I personally like them as much as oysters. But it is mussels I want to talk to you about: this little-known, modest and inexpensive mollusc, which in America is more often used for bait than for food. I protest against this unjust degradation, and urge you to try some, employing this recipe:

MUSSELS MARINIÈRE

(For six; for two or three persons cut the proportions in half.)

Wash and brush thoroughly six dozens of medium-sized mussels. Put them in a pan with a quarter pound of sweet butter, eight chopped shallots and one pint of a good dry wine, and season with a pinch of salt. Cook on the stove for fifteen minutes, then remove from fire. Open the mussels and put them on a platter in their half-shells. At the same time let the liquid boil until it simmers, to half its former volume. Add a pinch of chopped parsley. Remove again from fire, add a lump of butter and a ladle of Sauce Hollandaise (look it up), and mix briskly with a beater. Complete the seasoning with a pinch of Cayenne pepper and the juice of two lemons. When ready to serve, pour the sauce over the mussels and sprinkle some chopped parsley on top.

This recipe comes from the restaurant of the old Hotel Lafayette in New York, where the food—for the money—still remains among the most interesting and palatable in the whole world.

Mussels Marinière was one of the outstanding dishes of the French, when these unfortunate people still had outstanding dishes. In every café in Paris you could see the familiar sight of the large silver bowl piled high with mussels. The shell is small and black and the bivalve inside a vivid cadmium yellow.

Mussels were a particular after-midnight snack in Paris, and the best place to get them was supposed to be the Café Coupole, on the Boulevard Montparnasse. At one time, when this palatial and immensely popular restaurant was at its zenith, a visiting American offered one million dollars for it and at the same time tried to induce the proprietor to emigrate with him and open a similar establishment in America. The *patron*, a beefy and quick-tempered fellow nearly beat up the bidder—he thought the sum too small and loathed the idea of leaving his beloved and prosperous France. Today, it is sad to imagine, you could probably buy the place for a bowl of mussels. Which, by the way, tasted better to me at a little bistro near the police station in the Rue de la Gaité than at the great Café Coupole. The ceremony of gastronomy, not to mention plain common sense, called for the use of the mussel shells as spoons for scooping up that marvelous sauce after having eaten the meat out of them.

In the United States it is a pity you can't get mussels far from the coastal cities; their transportation is difficult, and involves careful packing, owing to frailty and a tendency of the shells to open prematurely.

Now that I have done my bit to popularize an ignored dish—for you have to give a break to the suppressed now and then—I shall talk about a highly celebrated one which makes its appearance in the spring. It is shad and its roe, delicacies of the sea, nearly everyone likes. I went down to New York's Fishery Council where I heard a long and interesting discourse on the shad situation expertly delivered by Mr. Kessler, the secretary, and Royal Toner, one of the heads of Lester and Toner, important fish dealers at Fulton Market.

The shad is the largest member of the herring family, weighing two to eight pounds, the gentlemen informed me, and the female are the larger of the species. At this point I interrupted, and in an effort to heckle them mildly, asked: "How many eggs does a female produce?"

Without batting an eyelash Mr. Toner answered blandly: "Twenty-five to thirty thousand. But exceptional females have had as many as 156,000." For the rest of the session I dreamed of broiled shad roe of 156,000 eggs, and my ears, so near to the gustatory glands, refused to function properly. Nevertheless, I heard enough to remember that shad is an andromous fish, living most of its life in the sea, and ascending fresh water rivers while spawning; but since they never feed in fresh water you can't tempt them with bait; they are taken in nets. There used to be an abundant supply about fifty years ago, but now there are conservation laws to protect shad from becoming extinct. The open season starts on March 15 and lasts till June 15.

The one inconvenience with shad is that it's full of small bones; although fish experts say that this accounts for the sweet taste of the flesh. And there are other experts who can skilfully debone the fish, so that it isn't ruined at all. I am much more interested in the roe, however; Europeans seldom see or taste this tidbit, which is essentially an American specialty. And when you take a look at it in its raw state, it is gratifying to see how Providence takes care of man in the way of food: the eggs are securely enclosed in a sac-like membrane, nature's own Cellophane, which holds the eggs intact even while cooking.

Broiled or baked, surrounded by *fines herbes*, or without, with strips of bacon and a boiled potato or two, the only trouble

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"Ajax Caterers? I ordered one cake with twelve candles!"

Baseball's Arc Angel

Players keep cooler, more fans can attend, and owners come out of the red with arc-light ball

by AARON DAVIDSON

• SPORTS •

It is doubtful whether Thomas A. Edison, either in his Mickey Rooney adolescence or Spencer Tracy adulthood, ever imagined that he would some day be hailed as the arc angel of baseball, bracketed with General Abner Doubleday among the patron saints of what is euphemistically known as the national pastime.

There are some players with drooping batting averages who feel that the wizard of Menlo Park might well have rested on his laurels after inventing the gramophone and siring a New Jersey Governor, leaving the business of illumination to the competent Old Sol, but to most of the minor league and a few major league magnates, Edison is the genius who also invented the accelerated turnstile. His incandescent lamp, tailored to modern proportions and needs, has wielded almost as much magic for baseball as the well-known genie's lamp did for Aladdin.

As for Old Sol, he has become only a prop for week-end and holiday use as far as baseball is concerned—in the minors, at least. For night ball is here to stay, just as surely as the automobile, the radio and a few other devices of this Merlin age, though virgin soil still remains to be broken in this evolution.

Arc-light ball has given organized baseball a seven-day week where formerly the game drew only on week ends. Every day is Sunday now to the baseball business office.

It won't be long before arc-light ball will be steady fare even in the majors, where today only a limited diet is allowed, in the belief of an outstanding illumination engineer who has seen the evolution spread from one town in 1930 to more than 250 cities and towns in 1940—more than seventy-five per cent of all organized baseball. This savant of the kilowatts, who was nearly stoned for prophesying the present trend fifteen years ago, has put himself on another limb with the augury that within a few years most professional baseball, especially major league ball, will be played within roofed parks illuminated by indirect lighting. This, he points out, will do away with the traditional rain-check because there will be no necessity for game postponements due to meteorological reasons.

Just how this roofing will be accomplished, he is not prepared to say. He is willing to handle the lighting assignment, leaving the roofing problem to structural engineers and architects. To skeptics, he is always prepared to parry with, "Well, fifteen years ago—"

There are many cogent reasons why the sun is becoming less important in the baseball firmament. The sun had its day at a time when anybody with an afternoon off and the price of admission in his pocket could think of nothing better to do than broil under blazing rays, stuffing himself with peanuts and hot dogs chased down with pop, between gasps of rooting the home team to victory or commiserating in defeat. Those were the days when "Kill the ump" was a national cry. There was a feeling of actual participation in the game in those days and of pride in giving the office gang an eye-witness account the next day.

That was before the automobile became a household pet and made the highway such a popular place for spending an afternoon off. That was also before the social revolution leveled golf to a proletarian plane and anybody with the price of a set of clubs and a season's permit to the public park links could afford the luxuries and sport of Tommy Tailer and Bobby Jones. Between the highways and the fairways to occupy him, the fellow with the afternoon off somehow takes little time off for what we have become accustomed to calling our national pastime, although it is outdrawn by basketball and football in paid patronage and probably by golf in actual participation and interest.

There are a few millions, however, who are still loyal to the game and pay cash tribute to it when they can, which, until the advent of controlled illumination, was only on week ends or holidays. Since ball players are on a seven-day week, it became apparent to magnates that they would have to cater to the maximum patronage. Hence the solution in night baseball which is destined to grow to a saturation point.

Another reason why night ball is certain to replace day ball, in the belief of many authoritative observers, is that it is favored both by the spectators and a good share of the players. The players like it because the cool evenings take less out of them physically than the sizzling sun of July and August. Also, they find certain other advantages, such as the elimination of shadows on the playing field in well-lighted parks, which is a help to batting and fielding. Contrary to some loosely held opinions, the players follow the flight of the ball as easily as in the day time. The proof of it is that there is plenty of good hitting and sparkling fielding under the arc lights. Another proof of the players' ability to follow the ball, advanced by President Frank J. Shaughnessy of the International League, is that there was not a single beaning in his league although a fourth of the 1940 games were played under lights. Syracuse led with fifty-four games, a trifle more than a third of its schedule, and Buffalo played an even fifty.

Mr. Shaughnessy also cites a strong point for the fans' preference for floodlight ball. It is a greater spectacle. It is like transforming the playing field into a gigantic stage, with the players brought into sharp focus. All of the daytime distractions, the passing

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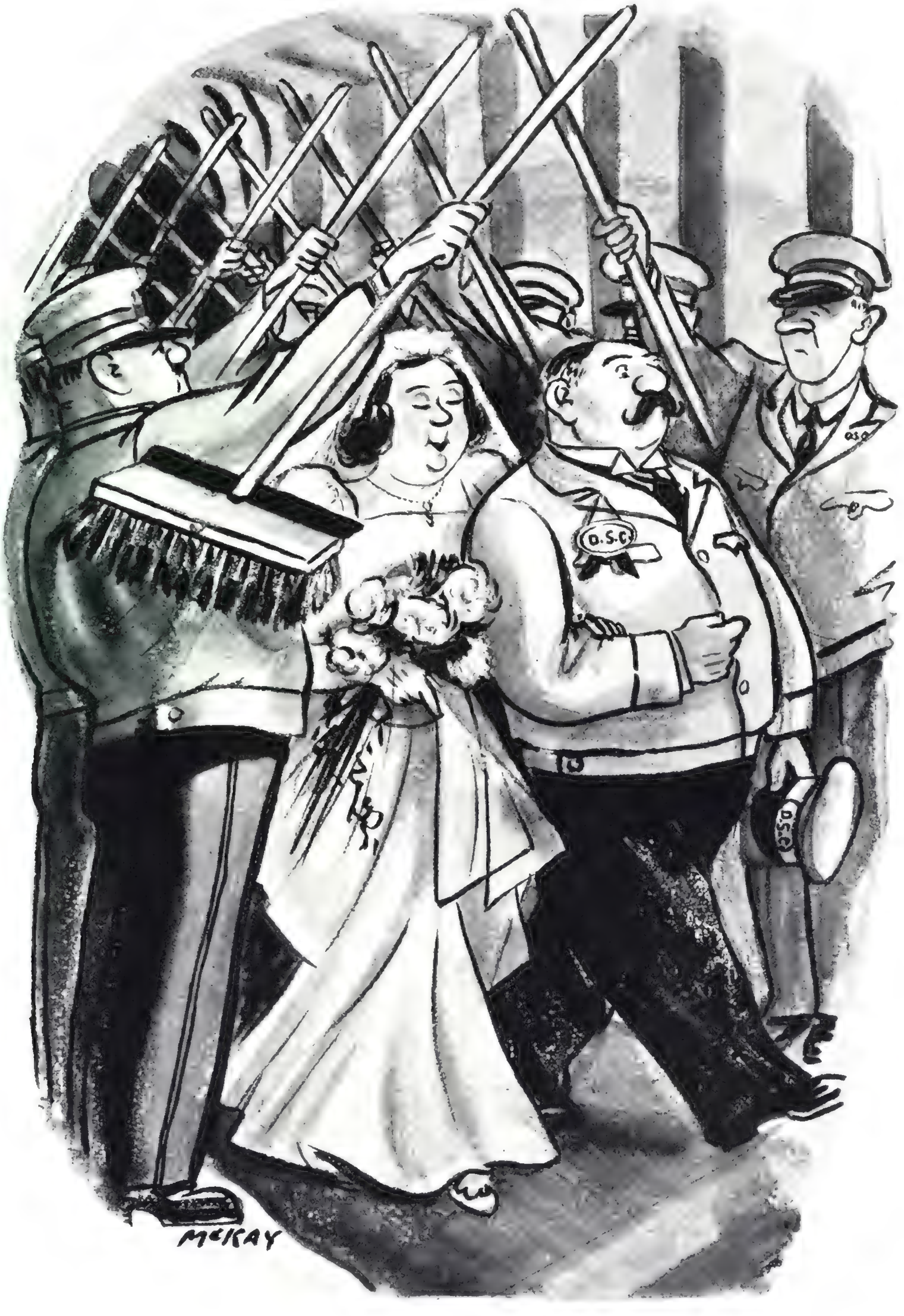
"You can dress now, Miss Moonshower, and don't forget two aspirins before meals if you ever have another headache"


O.S.C.
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McKAY

Adolf Dehn: Happy Artist

Reviewing his boyhood in America and those golden years in Europe, he can say he has realized dreams

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

ADOLF DEHN comes closest in American art to the state of the happy man who owns a shirt. You know the moral fable about the great king who was depressed and whose medicine men, or soothsayers, prescribed as a sure-fire cure the shirt off the back of a happy man. The king's men searched the highways and the byways and when finally they found the happy man he had no shirt; the moral of which of course is intended to give the ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed contentment with their lot. The modern version of this happy man in the Fascist state is the one who sticks out his chest as he pulls in his belt. Within limits, Dehn is the man whom they couldn't find in the story. He isn't deliriously happy and the shirt off his back, in both literal and figurative senses, is neither of cambric nor of silk, but it serves. It is rare enough for a human being to fill this bill even approximately; how much more rare for an American artist to be able to sing at his work and earn his shirt by singing instead of by service as someone's skilled hired hand. Adolf Dehn is a human being who is like a gold coin in whom there is no alloy—he gives forth a genuine ring.

His conditioning was fortunate. He was born into one of the most beautiful parts of this country, a land of rich, rolling farms, of lovely lakes, of good fishing and hunting. He was fortunate, no less, in his parents, who were modern without knowing it. As a result he had the kind of boyhood other boys can only dream about and as a further result he had the kind of boyhood that sweetens the grown man, so that even when he has occasion to rebel, he rebels with grace and without sacrifice of force or principle. He was happy and he knew he was happy. Later, when he went abroad to live and to work, he realized the dream of the artist's life in Europe. For seven years, except for occasional return trips to America, he lived on terms of civilized leisure in Paris, Vienna and Berlin, earning with the proceeds of six weeks' hard work for America, six months of good living in Europe. He is an American who extracted the essences of happiness out of his native land and out of his expatriate years. It is not often one meets a man who, in describing various stages of his life, can say that he has realized dreams in them. At the very worst, Dehn will always have his memories. Men of a contrary stamp who always get what they want curdle their own success by believing that what they have is less than what they deserve, and sunlight turns sour upon them because it shines as well upon their enemies and their competitors.

Certainly Dehn is ambitious, but without sacrifice either of humanity or of perspective. His drive for the future is qualified by a sensible capacity for enjoying the present, too. He is too intelligent to be merely a Pollyanna. He is capable of taking thought for tomorrow without borrowing trouble from the day after tomorrow. But with no more than a dime in his pocket he has a gift for enjoying the present that bursting purses cannot buy for others.

He is built on a scale larger than the average man. He is a big person in senses other than the physical. He is generous and he is loyal. He assumes responsibilities rather than attempting to shed them. Bohemianism implies drift rather than mastery, incapacity to take care of yourself, rather than readiness to help others. Except that Dehn has a strong sense of social as well as of personal responsibility, he might be called a Bohemian, a Bohemian of the post-war decade who has managed to remain unembittered against either society or himself. Bohemianism may be out of fashion, but he is one of its finest surviving specimens.

A belated American adolescent who grew up in Europe, as he describes himself, he continues faithful to the basic pattern of habits formed during those golden years. He enjoys the conviviality of café life and his work schedule is arranged to give play to his inclination to be up and about when the electric lights go on. He likes to stay up late, work until dawn and be deep in sleep when the drudges of the metropolis are moving toward the subway stations for the day's work. He can and does work hard. No one better than he can meet a deadline. Whenever necessary he can sketch, draw and paint for such lengthy and sustained stretches that the schedule would exhaust almost anyone else. He has energy and stamina; he delivers the goods. He is not too proud to do a job and he has a standard which prevents him from being satisfied with his second-best. His very best may be a little bit beneath the snow-capped peaks of Parnassus, but it has a spirit and a flavor undeniably belonging to this man Dehn and to no other.

Because his name sounded German the editors of *The Masses* would not publish Dehn's political cartoons during the first World War, and because he took the subject matter for his early drawings and lithographs from the café and street life of the capitals of Europe, there was an impression that Dehn was, at best, a naturalized American who had not cleared his roots of Europe's soil. One has only to look upon his treatments of his native heath, in whatever medium, to realize that such profound and such constant love of the American land cannot be an acquired characteristic, no matter how loyal the intellect or the will may be about it.

It is no virtue to have been born on American soil. It is good fortune. For Dehn it was doubly good fortune, for to him his birthplace has always been safe harbor in times of stress and hardship. His birthplace has been

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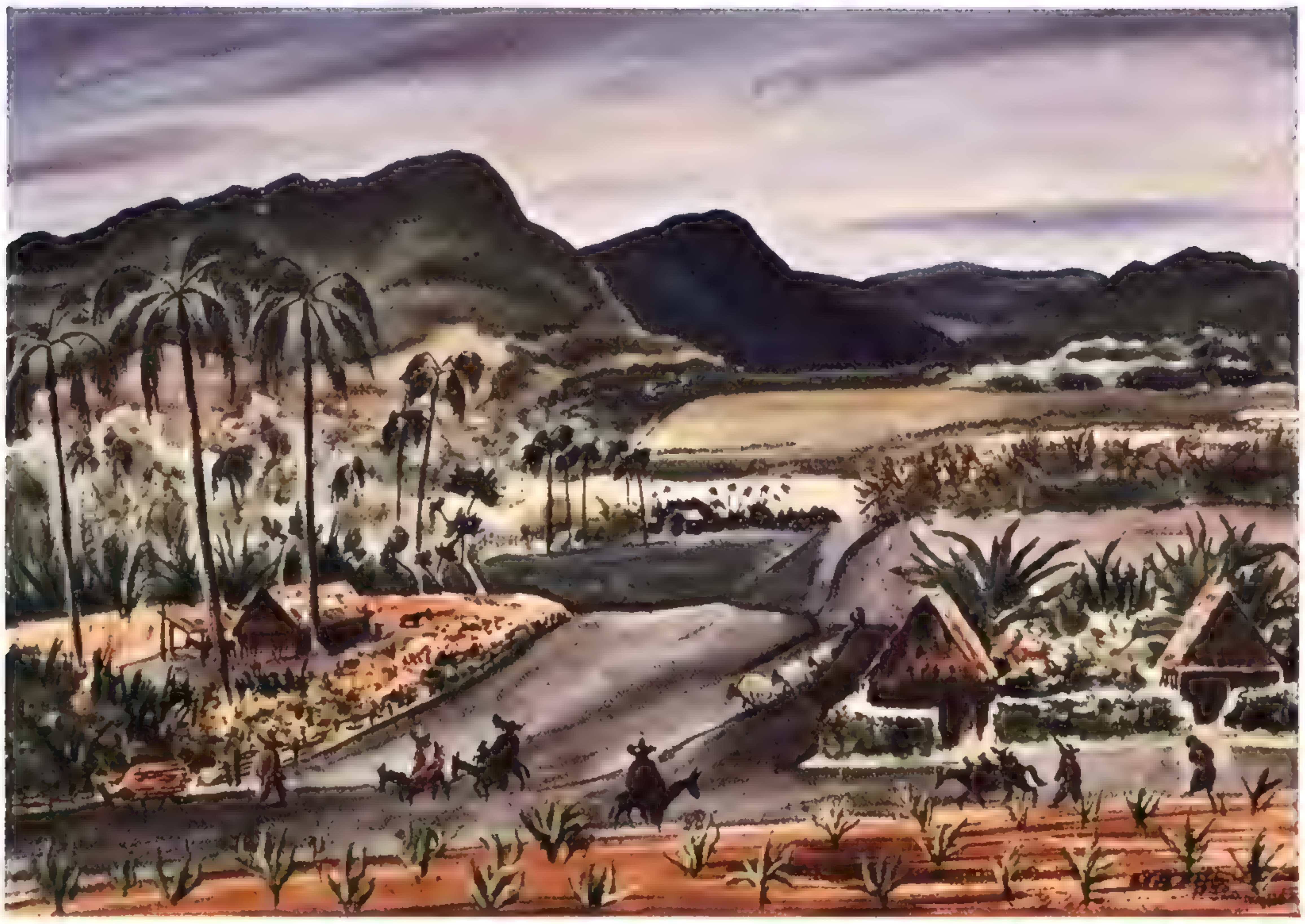
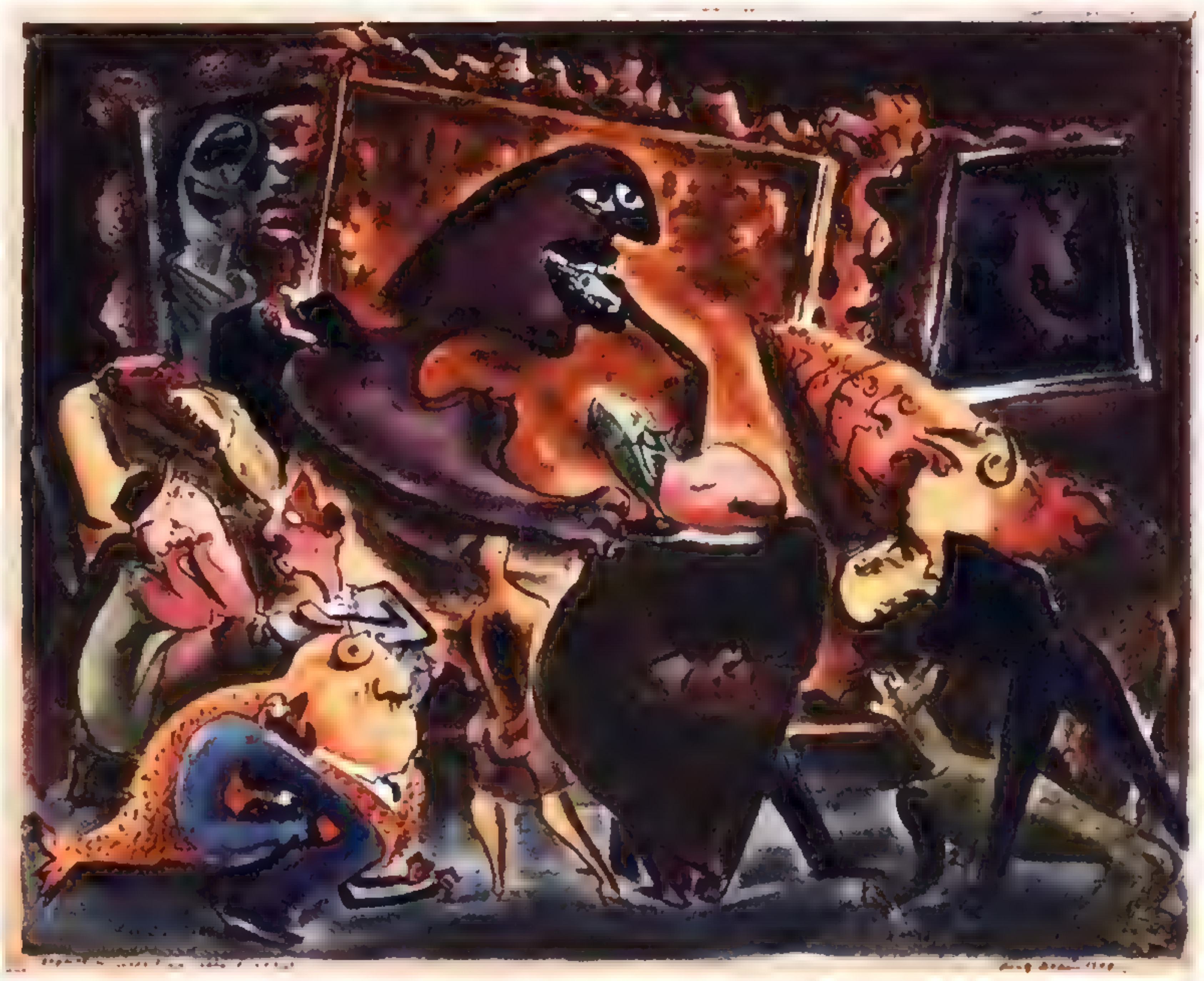
"Madam—one of our girdles will solve all your problems"



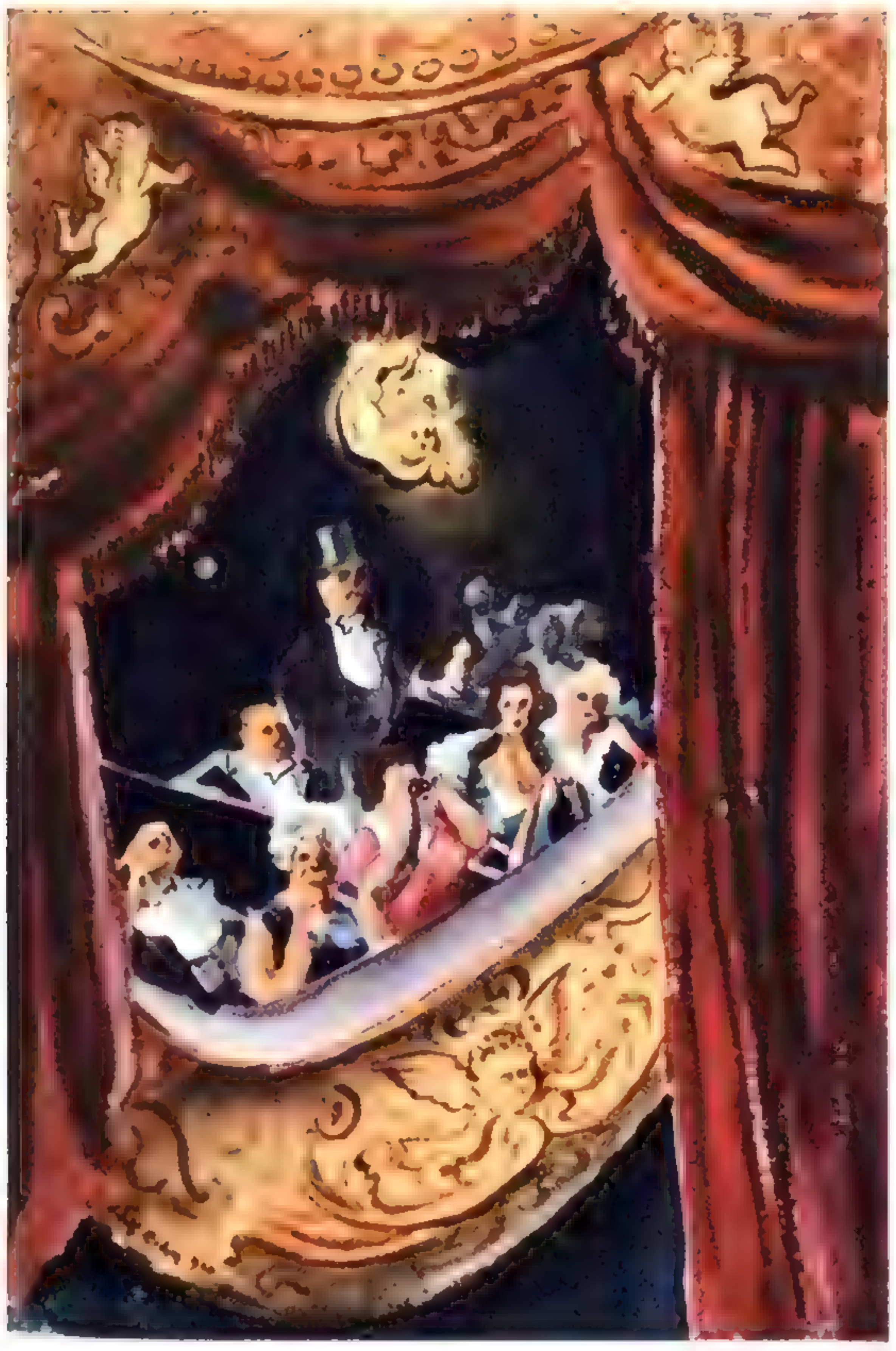
LITTLE MEXICO

A Group of Paintings

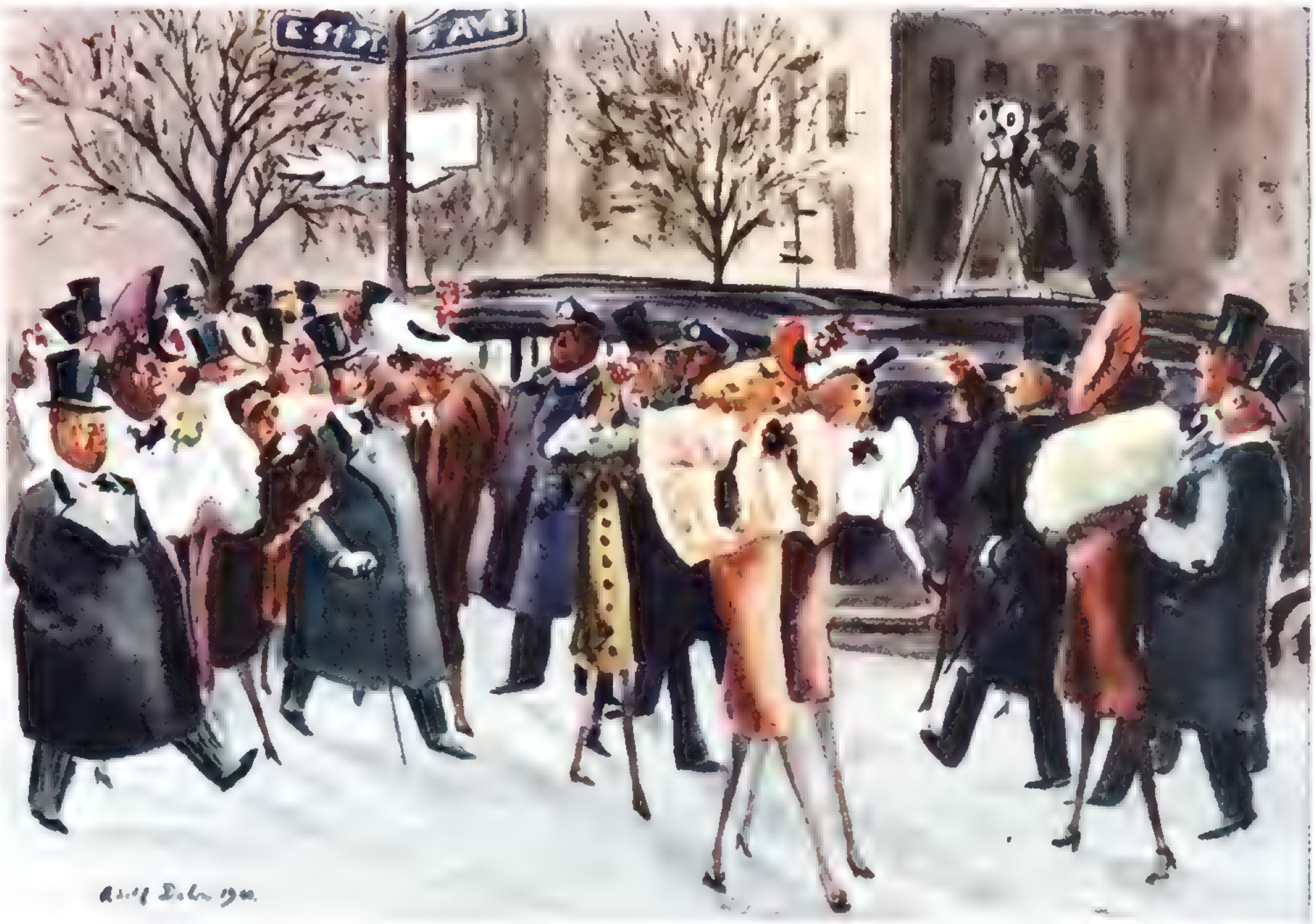
by ADOLF DEHN



CONTACTING PICASSO

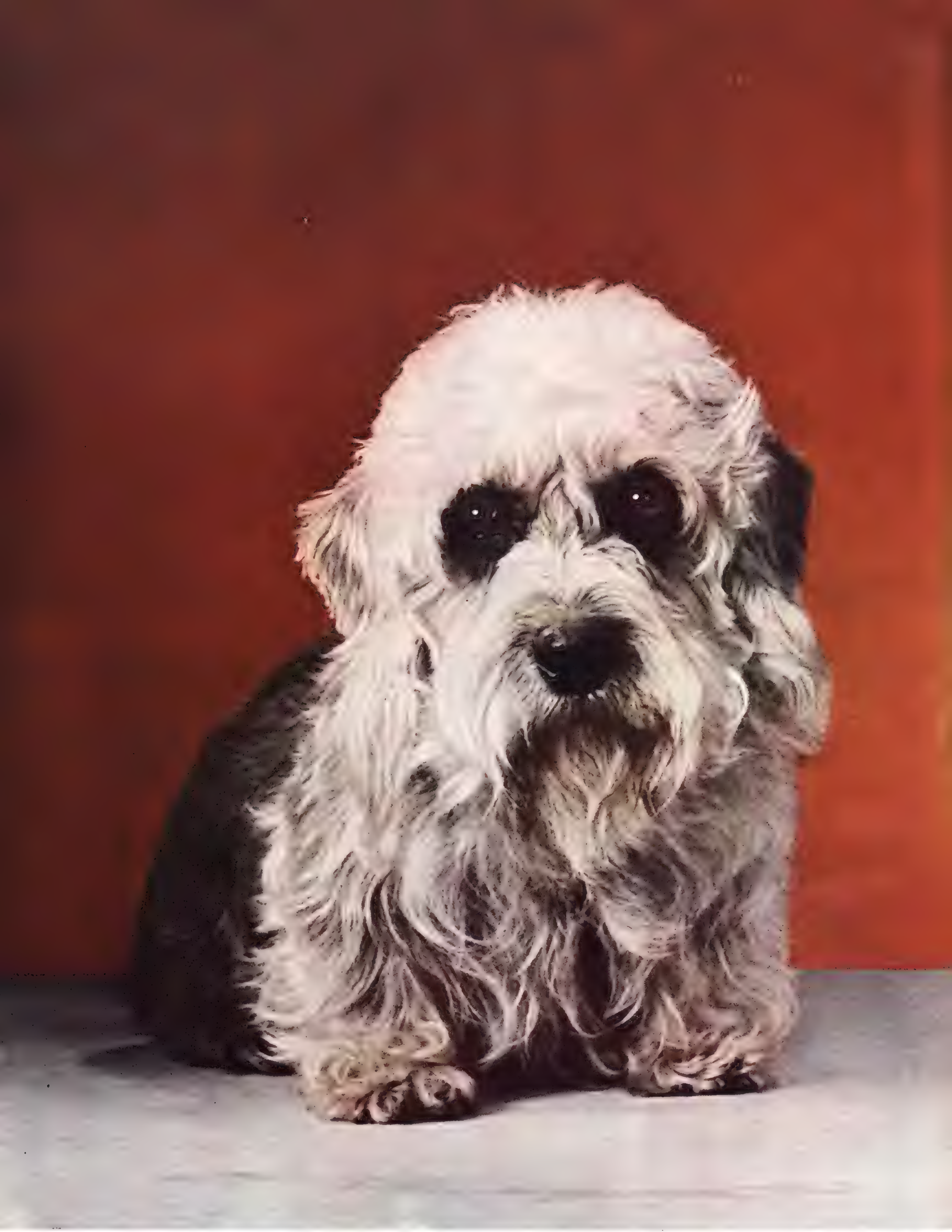


OVERTURE



EASTER PARADE

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of the Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City



CHAMPION ALCIN NOAH OF HEATHERDEN, OWNED BY MISS ESTHER BIRD

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAY

THE DANDIE IS HANDY FOR GROUND WORK

The Dandie is a complete departure, geometrically speaking, from all terriers. Instead of being straight lines and sharp angles, he is made up of curves. This special build was the result of careful thought in an effort to develop a breed that could go to ground for all kinds of "varmint." The Dandie was first recorded as a distinct type of terrier about 1700. And in 1814 Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*, did such a masterful job of publicizing the breed that from then on it has been known as the Dandie Dinmont. Scott was evidently sold on the Dandie as the following quotation would prove: "I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rotters, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam' wi' a hairy skin on't." Dandies are an intriguing combination of dignity and humor. They have all the reserve of the big breeds but aren't above indulging in a playful mood and they love a good roughhouse. The Dandie is handy to have around a vegetable garden to discourage woodchucks and rabbits. His strong will makes him a dependable watch dog, as an interloper—when a Dandie says "no trespassing"—will stay the Hell out. Because of his practical coat and size, he is a more than desirable town and country pet.—Chase Herendeen.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Reflections on mysteries and love letters, Shakespeare and Macaulay, James Hilton and P. G. Wodehouse

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

The greatest celestial disappointment of the Star season of 1940-1941 was the total failure of a predicted comet. We were informed through the newspapers by many astronomers in October and November that a new comet had been discovered, that it was approaching our sun at tremendous speed, and that early in January it would not only be visible to the naked eye, but that it would be splendiferous, the best comet since 1910. I was excited about this, for I regard myself as one of the foremost living non-mathematical astronomers. I remember a few years ago there was a comet in the sky that could be discerned only with a telescope. Well, I spent a long time looking for it, and when I got it, it was nothing but a little bit of fluff. Now a little bit of fluff is more interesting terrestrially than celestially; one star differeth from another star in glory; but a little bit of fluff (in the sky) differeth from nothing. I made up my mind that I never again would hunt for a comet; the comet must force itself upon my attention. I well remember the magnificent comet of 1910; and I should like to know what has become of the comet of 1940?

Here is another thing about comets; some of them have well known and regular orbits; so that their reappearance can be predicted with nearly the same certainty as an eclipse. The elliptical track laid out in the sky (millions and millions of miles to one lap) can be measured with certitude; and astronomers know about where a certain comet is and when it will complete one more lap. But there are certain comets of which there is recorded only one appearance; this means either that they have an orbit so vast that although traveling at terrific speed it takes them several centuries to make one lap; or, as perhaps used to be believed more commonly than today, that they have no orbit, no track, no ellipse; it is an hyperbola. What do you think? Is it more overwhelming to the imagination to have such a comet visiting our sun once in a thousand years, or to have it coming from some remote part of the universe (God knows where), appearing in our solar system only once and then departing forever toward some other remote part of the universe (God knows whither) never to be seen again?

When I was a boy, I read nearly all Jules Verne's romances; and I recall with especial pleasure one that is almost forgotten today. It is called *Hector Servadac*. A comet sideswipes the earth, takes off a bit of France and the Mediterranean with some Frenchmen on it, they go visiting in the solar system, calling on Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, etc., and return eventually to the earth. I recommend this book *now* to all lovers of the author; to those who used to read with interest *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Round the Moon*, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, *20,000 Leagues under the Seas*, *Tour of the World in 80 Days*, *The Mysterious Island*, etc. For *Hector Servadac* is almost forgotten; yet it is thrilling, and has aroused the interest of many boys and girls in popular astronomy.

In the beginning of the present century French literary criticism underwent a complete change in its attitude to Jules Verne; the critics used to regard him with a tolerant lack of respect, as American critics regarded Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter; but when Frenchmen found that he was translated into all the European languages, that his books had aroused intellectual curiosity in millions of foreign boys and girls, they began to look upon him and appraise him for what he was—a romancer of genius. Shortly after his death his statue was erected in Amiens and speeches made at its dedication by members of the French Academy. And now (1940) a new biography in English has appeared, *Jules Verne*, by K. Allott.

Let me remind my readers that very cheap, well printed and bound copies of all Jules Verne's novels *in French* may be obtained through any large American bookshop. It is great fun to read him in the original.

To return for a moment to popular astronomy. Those who, like me, know nothing of mathematics, but are interested in the sun, moon, stars, planets, eclipses, comets, and all the celestial theatre, would do well to buy James Stokley's recent book, *Stars and Telescopes*. It is intended for "fools like me."

In an admirable lecture by the famous Shakespearean actor, Maurice Evans, he said that many persons had no interest in Shakespeare, because "we studied him at school," meaning that the lessons and the teacher of them had destroyed all interest in the subject. This is a remark very often heard in England and in America, and almost invariably applied to works of English literature, Shakespeare, Milton, etc. But it surely applies with equal force to nearly everything else studied at school. I entered college with tremendous interest in astronomy; which was active until we were required to take a course in that particular subject; every bit of my enthusiasm was quenched, and it was not until years had passed that I could even think of astronomy with interest.

Among recent motion pictures is *Victory*, taken from Joseph Conrad's novel. It is not a success, and many who liked the novel are disappointed. But I never liked the *novel;* I thought and I think it is one of the poorest of Conrad's stories; more conventional, more routine, than any other of his works. Even many of the most original writers are (at rare intervals) mechanical. *Victory* is one example; Willa Cather's *One of Ours* is another.

P. G. Wodehouse's new novel, *Quick Service*, the title of which, considering the book was

Continued in center of page 136

Bill O'Malley

"Did you notice, dear, if we came into a drug store?"

Esquire on the Record

Now that European music is confined chiefly to bombs, some exciting new discs have come from the home front

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

THIS war is doing unexpected things to music as it is to everything else. Many albums and single records in the regular monthly releases used to come from European studios. Union rates for recording there are much lower than here. It was cheaper to record extended works in England, Germany, or Italy and ship the masters across the Atlantic.

Now, while Nazi bombers are leaving their explosive and incendiary calling cards and the Royal Air Force is promptly returning them, European phonographic activity has ceased. There is neither time, space, nor quiet for recording sessions, nor easy transport for the finished product.

Our companies had a large number of imported recordings "on ice." They built up reserves before the war began and during its so-called phony stage, just as they cut a huge shelf of Boston Symphony Orchestra discs when they knew Petrillo would clamp down on its record-making. Columbia has made generous use of what was in its vaults. Victor recently brought out the Rome Royal Opera version of Verdi's *Requiem* (M-734) with Tullio Serafin conducting, Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli and Pinza as soloists . . . and Furtwängler's wangling of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Tschaikowsky's *Pathétique* (M-553). From now on the number of foreign releases will dwindle.

This is not an unbearable calamity. It will stimulate American ensembles and give them a chance to record. Columbia is using the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh and Stokowski Youth Orchestras. Victor has added to its list:

The National Symphony under Hans Kindler
The Indianapolis Symphony under Fabien Sevitzky
The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Eugene Goossens
The San Francisco Symphony and Pierre Monteux
The Toronto Symphony under Sir Ernest MacMillan
The Graduate Orchestra of the National Orchestra Association, conducted by Richard Korn
The Philadelphia Chamber String Sinfonietta under the direction of Mr. Sevitzky

At this moment there is no major symphony in the country (except the Boston) which is not making discs.

* * *

The war has been also a boon to the contemporary composer. He is being heard. The passing panorama of newspaper headlines accustoms us to change. Not for one moment are we allowed to forget that our world is in process of change—with greater changes in prospect. Therefore, accept change more easily, and take a more lively and inquisitive attitude toward the new in music.

"Have you made a diagnosis yet, doctor?"

Listeners always put up stubborn resistance to tonal experiments. "It isn't music," they say, and shut their ears after a single hearing. That has long been so. When Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* had its first hearing in Paris in 1913, shrieks and catcalls filled the air and gendarmes rushed in to protect hooting countesses from bludgeoning aesthetes. Now *Sacre* fills twenty-eight minutes in Disney's *Fantasia*.

In New York in 1926 Antheil's *Ballet Mechanique* expounded by 10 pianos, 6 xylophones, 4 bass drums, a pianola, 2 auto horns, a fire siren and an airplane propeller, caused an elderly gentleman in the sixth row to raise his cane with a white handkerchief pinioned on it. A riot occurred in Berlin in 1935 when Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* was sprung on an unsuspecting world. Five ensembles were used, one on the stage, one in the pit, a military band, a restaurant gang, and a chamber group, plus an out-of-tune tin piano. The score directed the singers to sing off-key. Even Germans screamed from physical pain.

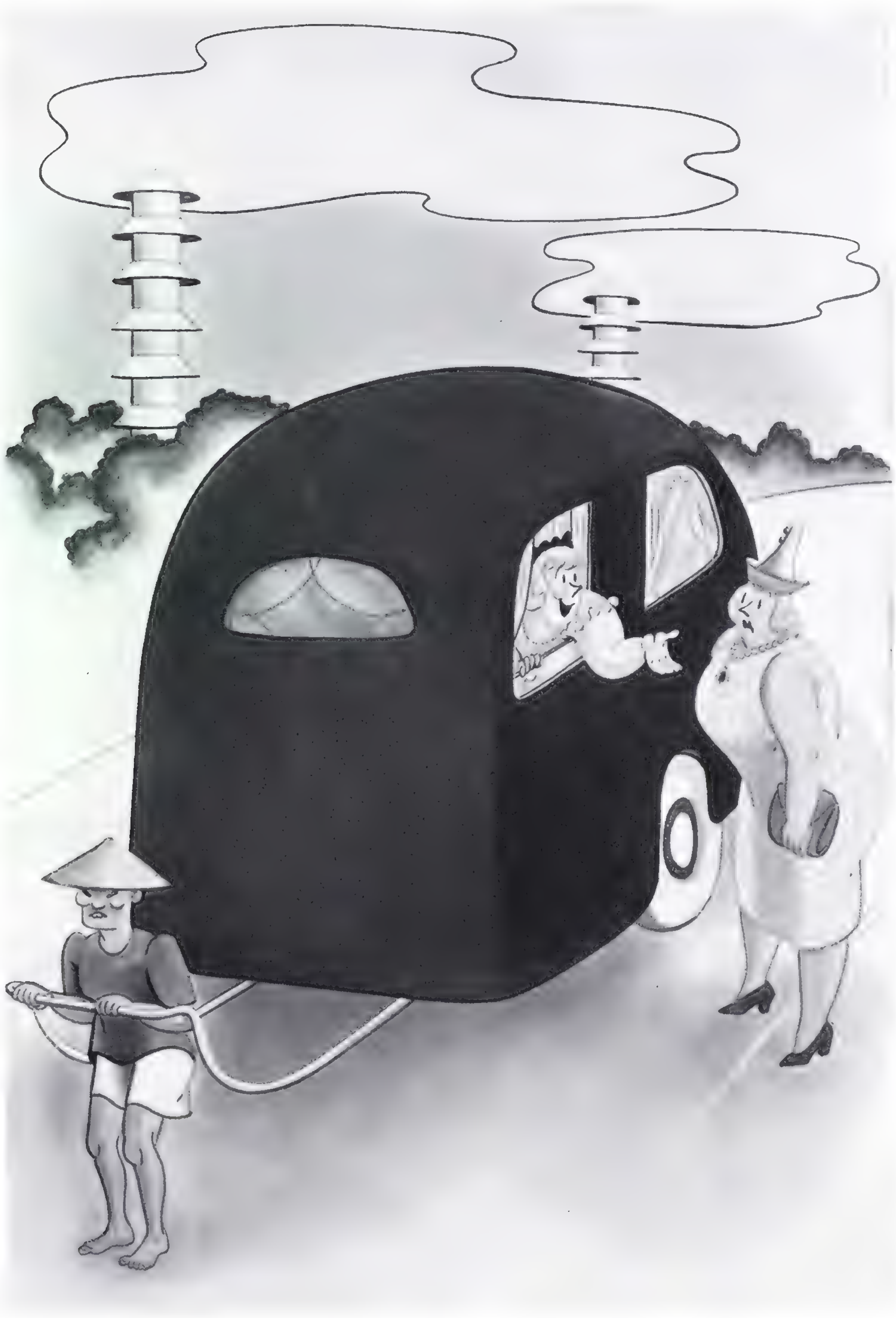
The history of music is the survival of the loudest. Each century adds new sounds. Twentieth Century composers have scored for kitchen utensils, riveting machines, gasoline pumps, fire alarms . . . have embraced hisses, howls, snorts, splashes, buzzes, wheezes, roars, whistles, cannons, thunderclaps and riot calls. The idea that music has charms to soothe the savage breast was not the notion of a modern composer.

They still repeat the story of that aging Lisztian Moriz Rosenthal's visit to the studio of a pedagogue friend who had thought up a new system for developing concentration at the piano. Three pupils were at different keyboards in the same room, each playing a different selection in a different key. Rosenthal arrived, furrowed his brow and listened a minute outside the door. "Ah!" said he, "Hindemith!"

Rubinstein believed that "music died with Chopin." Nevertheless, Euterpe, though dead (according to the gloomy Anton) since 1849, miraculously contrived to give posthumous birth to such offspring as the symphonies of Brahms and Sibelius, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Pélléas*, and other squirming progeny. Euterpe is a huskier female than many have supposed. And there's almost as much life in her as in Petty's gals.

The war will give her new chances to seduce guys like you and me. Her pink-shirted boy friends, the League of Modern Composers, are doing a little spade-work. As an introductory offer, they have recorded Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, conducted by the composer. For $4.50, they will ship this album and enroll you as a member of one of the

Continued in center of page 150



"... and the savings are amazing—we're getting over a hundred miles to a pound of rice"

Baseball's Arc Angel

Continued from page 92

trolley cars or elevated trains seen on the hills back of the fence, flying planes overhead and other extraneous diversions, are blotted out by the curtain of darkness that forms just beyond the illuminated area. Every play, every movement on the field is sharply etched. And the spectacle is seen in comfort in the cool evening.

Of course, there is a balance sheet of pros and cons on this evolution. There are advantages and drawbacks to the night game, but the assets add up to more than the liabilities, so most of the magnates throughout the country are convinced that floodlight ball is here to stay, and they have backed their belief with heavy investments in illumination equipment. Few people have branded Clark Griffith a reckless spendthrift, yet he is the latest major league convert to arc light ball and he promises Washington fans a first-class installation before the 1941 season gets under way.

There are dissenters among players and managers, too. Boss Bill Terry of the Giants considers that this novelty is lowering the standards of major league play. Some players also hold with him, but others contend that this phobia is merely a mental hazard, that once a player has accustomed himself to lights he can play with the same degree of perfection as in daylight. Terry was once quoted as saying that he would never scout a minor league prospect under lights, fearing that the night-blooming star might be revealed as just a bloomer when exposed to natural light. In rebuttal, however, it is pointed out that many a young star cultivated under lights in the minors continued to sparkle as well in the majors.

Skeptics also argue that night ball will keep young fans from organized baseball because of the curfew hours; it will dull their interest in the game and in time result in a shortage of player talent. The rebuttal is that few youngsters just reaching fanhood can pay to see professional games anyway; school hours generally interfere even if they could pay; there are still week-end games in sunlight; the youths can still keep up interest by playing in fun on sand lots as they have always done; illumination systems for evening play at public playgrounds are being installed everywhere and these should keep the youngsters' interest whetted in baseball even if they can play only at night.

Another point in favor of night ball is that women seem to like it. It gives them a chance to attend with their husbands or male escorts and many women have become converted to fans chiefly since night ball. It is a matter of record that in a sampling of opinions among Cincinnati women who have seen night baseball, an overwhelming majority of them prefer night ball over day ball.

Returning to the players' attitudes, much of their objection is due to the fact that occasionally they are called upon to perform afternoons following night games. Invariably, the afternoon games become ragged exhibitions due to physical letdowns by the players, brought about through overstrain, irregular hours and maladjustments of normal habits. But these problems are being gradually ironed out.

Night ball's greatest stronghold is the smaller leagues, which have fewer leisured folks available as cash customers, but only the price of admission and personal inclination are barriers to a spectator's seat in the cool of the evening.

However, the more populous leagues are also coming under the influence. The Texas League, a Class A circuit, offers a good case to illustrate the great evolution.

In 1940 only Beaumont played fewer than 100 night games. San Antonio played on 134 nights, which just about used up the week-day supply of dates.

At this writing, it appears that the Yankees will be the only American League team which won't fall under the new influence. Yankee Stadium, however, has a position unique in all America and can afford to resist the tide. This is a citadel of sports that attracts thousands of transient visitors every day in the season and it isn't likely that night ball will change the patronage appreciably.

By the end of 1940, the Washington Senators, Boston Red Sox and Detroit were the only other American League teams to cling to daylight ball, but each of these is expected to blossom out with floodlight installations for the 1941 season. In the National League only the Chicago Cubs and Boston Bees remain without night equipment.

The past year saw the passing of the tenth anniversary of the night game in organized baseball and this is a good time for a little review of the evolution. Development of arc-light ball came as timely as the footlights hero who dashes to the center of the stage to pay off the mortgage just as the folks are about to lose the old homestead.

Things started to get bleak for professional baseball shortly after Wall Street blew a fuse in 1929. People were too busy for baseball. They were too occupied either rushing to banks before the doors slammed or running down rumors of job vacancies.

The mortality of the minors was terrific. From a high of forty-seven organized pro leagues in 1925, the total plunged to a low of eighteen in 1933.

Then came the floodlights to point the way out of the financial shadows and drowning baseball magnates began clutching to light bulbs to keep their heads above water.

Like many other innovations, it is difficult to single out the actual pioneer in night baseball. There are more towns claiming this distinction than there were cities that claimed the bard Homer as a local boy who made good.

However, there is a painting in baseball's Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, that pictures the first night game of organized baseball as played in Des Moines, in the Western League, on May 2, 1930, so we'll let Vice President Henry Wallace's home town defend its own claim.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, is another candidate for the horsehide derby, with a claim that goes as far back as 1883. There is little light on this claim and, in view of the limited development of the electric light of that era—Edison had invented the incandescent light only four years previously—it could not have been much of a system.

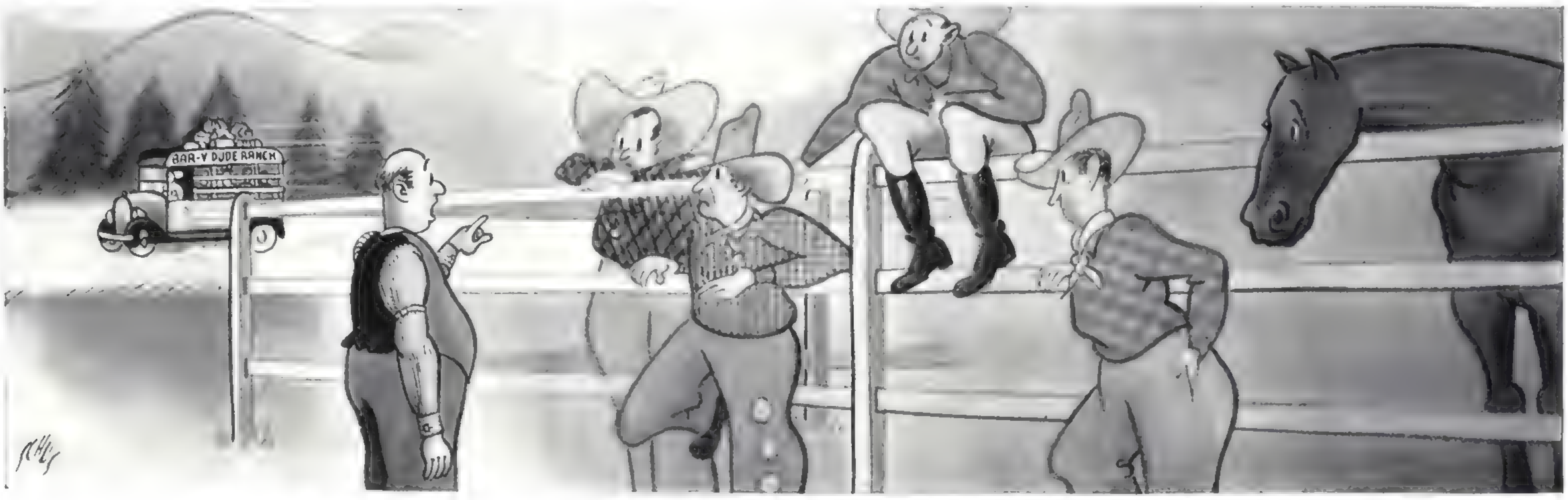
Garry Herrmann, who owned the Cincinnati Reds, tried it out in his park in 1909 and Charley Comiskey, Chicago's Old Roman, tried it in his new White Sox park the following year, both using crack semi-pro teams as guinea pigs, but the experiment flopped so badly that both magnates scuttled the idea.

Engineers now know why the idea failed thirty years ago. The lights should have had proper elevation, installed on high towers, and should have been scientifically spaced to afford proper diffusion, in addition to having sufficient wattage. Illumination engineers since then learned their lesson from seeing installations in railroad yards.

As with many other discoveries, the origin of night baseball can practically be ascribed to accident. Back in 1923, engineers were ordered to illuminate an industrial plant's athletic field for night activities. While the installations were being tested, some neighborhood kids, attracted to the scene much as moths to a flame, began to play baseball under the floodlights. They had no difficulty following the flight of the ball, so the engineers started thinking. A few adjustments here and there, an idea borrowed from the switching yards as to elevation and presto! night baseball.

By the time the major leagues reached for this fiscal hypodermic, in 1935, the idea had been well tested in the proving grounds of scores of minor league clubs. And this is a good time to mention as an aside that the number of organized baseball leagues has climbed back to forty-five.

Cincinnati, troubled with grandstand anemia, ushered in major league arc-light baseball in 1935 with Leland Stanford (Larry) MacPhail as the usher. He had been brought into the front office by banking interests who were looking for a colorful go-getter. Larry,



"Now remember, boys, you don't 'believe,' 'think,' 'guess,' or 'presume'! You 'reckon'!"

then forty-four, was their man. He earned the go-getter title in the A.E.F. days when, as a captain chafing from inactivity following the Armistice, he decided it would be a great idea to go to Doorn in Holland and get the Kaiser as a war souvenir. He and several other hare-brained associates got into the castle but the Dutch guards gave them the bum's rush and they were lucky to escape with their skins.

Installed in the Reds' office and seeing red all over the ledger, Larry wondered why a few floodlights couldn't change the figures to black. He had seen night games in action in his former capacity with the Columbus club of the American Association and could not see why they would not be as good a shot in the arm for the majors. There was a little matter of winning over the other National League bosses to his idea, but Cincinnati was so badly in need of cash customers that they yielded, stipulating seven night games as the limit per season.

What arc-light ball did for Cincinnati is known to every youth who follows baseball. The Reds, revitalized with players bought for cash that came from stimulated attendance, won the pennant in 1939 and the pennant and world championship last year. It is estimated that for the 1935-1936 seasons, the Reds drew 275,000 to their fourteen night games, probably 225,000 more than would have attended the same number of games played afternoons. When it is remembered that less than 28,000 fans saw the seventh and conclusive game of the 1940 world series, then the significance of night games' drawing power becomes the more apparent.

Now the scene shifts to Brooklyn because Larry shifted there. When Larry the Trouble Shooter answered the call to Brooklyn, it was a foregone conclusion that Dodger fans would be seeing night baseball before long, and Flatbush housewives began arranging dinner schedules accordingly. This came about on June 15, 1938, and Larry hippodromed this event on an even bigger scale than in Cincinnati. Competing with double-feature movies, he decided to lure his customers with a triple attraction—a running exhibition by the great Jesse Owens, concert by an American Legion bugle and drum corps and, of course, a ball game, with the Reds, featuring in the box, Johnny Vander Meer, whose previous performance was a no-hitter. The feature that Larry did not advertise, however, was that of Johnny pitching his second no-hitter in a row, a feat that entitles him to a permanent niche in the baseball hall of fame.

One of the most unyielding die-hard opponents of the revolution was Bill Terry, but despite his personal aversion, night baseball's commercial possibilities are something else, so the Polo Grounds had its first night game on May 24, 1940. Whatever qualms Terry may have had concerning the standard of play, the box-score statistics did not bear him out. The game was well played, with nice fielding and hitting, at least up to average quality.

As for attendance, it was what the fiscal doctor ordered. One night game, with the Dodgers as guests, drew 53,879, whereas day-time contests averaged slightly over 10,000 while the Giants were still in the running and less when they blew their chances.

To Cleveland, however, goes the record of the greatest attendance —59,069 on August 4, 1940, and an average of 33,000 for each of the seven night games of the year, better than Sunday averages.

Many observers who have been around consider the Polo Grounds and Forbes Field (Pittsburgh) among the best lighted. The Polo Grounds has a wattage of 1,300,000 from 836 lamps, diffusing two hundred million candlepower of brilliance. Engineers insist that neither wattage nor candlepower can be used as a gauge for best lighting, but both help when properly installed.

Night ball, because of complications that might follow, such as all-night play in extra innings, has its own special rules. For example, there is no danger of a game called because of dawn. Section 8 of Rule 23 of the playing code provides that no inning of any night game shall be started after 11:50 p.m. standard time. There is another major league rule that forbids a game started in daylight being completed under lights.

Beyond baseball, the commercial possibilities of arc lights as applied to sports are limited. Football would benefit immensely, but night games, because of the cold, won't draw well beyond the end of October. However, many of the early-season college games are played under lights, especially in localities dividing allegiance between two or more campuses. In such event, one of the teams usually steps aside by playing Friday night, leaving the Saturday afternoon free for what is usually the better drawing team.

Most championship boxing bouts are held outdoors, but they do not require elaborate lighting facilities. Outdoor track meets are too few in number a year to make special stadium installations pay, while tennis could hardly draw sufficiently, it has been demonstrated. Thus baseball and early-season football remain the principal beneficiaries of floodlights.

For those interested in installations, however, here is some information direct from an authoritative engineer: You can get a little 175,000 installation, on wood poles with overhead wiring, for about $7,500. With steel poles and underground wiring, the tariff would be $9,000. Adequate installation for baseball for Class AA down to Class B will cost $10,000 to $30,000, but if you want a major league job, it will run from $65,000 to $150,000. Maintenance and power consumption is an additional item, of course, running from $25 a day in Class D to a maximum of $1,000 in some major league parks.

Once you have decided upon the type of installation, the next thing is to call an expert engineer. He will inspect the playing area, calculate the number of square feet to be illuminated, decide upon the correct elevations and mountings and, when everything seems ready, make the all-important tests to determine necessary adjustments.

And if you think an oculist is fussy in testing vision, wait until you call in an illumination engineer. #

I'm a "Hopeless Case"

Continued from page 33

so it would be foolish to remind her of it. She isn't getting fat; she's a pretty neat looking little trick; and if she's slowing up, I haven't noticed it. Of course, I may be slowing up a bit myself.

Q. Do you chant: "You would not understand, anyway?"

A. I've never told her anything yet she didn't understand. But then I haven't been around much.

Q. Do you make yourself scarce when it comes time to do the dishes?

A. By "do the dishes," I take it the lady means wash and dry the dishes. I don't do the dishes at all. I don't make myself scarce, either. I sit around and gloat over the fact that I don't have to do them.

Q. Do you let her walk on the outside of the sidewalk?

A. She can walk wherever she pleases. When horses roamed our streets there was a specific reason why a lady with a flaring skirt was wise in walking on the inside. The horse is gone—the reason went with him.

Q. Do you criticize her relatives?

A. Certainly. Somebody has to keep them in line.

Q. Do you neglect to help clean up after the company leaves because "it's her job anyway"?

A. We don't clean up. We leave things the way they are and let the maid do it. Otherwise, I would make the guests stay and clean up.

Q. Do you belittle her social aspirations?

A. She has none.

We come now to the final heading, *About the House.*

Q. Are you so late in sending your bread and butter letters your hosts have forgotten when you visited them?

A. I don't send bread and butter letters. And no host forgets when I've visited him. It's an event in his life.

Q. Do you sprawl over the furniture and go into a slump in your favorite chair as soon as you get home from work?

A. Yes, and it's lots of fun. You ought to try it sometime. When I get home I slump into my favorite chair and start shouting for somebody to take off my shoes, bring my slippers, mix me a highball and put it beside me, and otherwise give me those little attentions which go to make a home a pleasant place in which to live.

Q. Do you make loud, derogatory remarks about the maid in her presence?

A. Our maid speaks only Spanish; I speak only English. The only way I can talk to her is by signs. I know some derogatory signs, but they're of French origin and she doesn't understand them. I don't know any loud signs.

Q. With the telephone do you: Bellow, curse, flirt, wise-crack, jiggle the receiver?

A. "With the telephone" I curse.

Q. When the doorbell rings, do you shout, "I'm not in," so loudly it's plain to your guest that you are?

A. Anybody pulling one like that ought to be graded even worse than a "Hopeless Case." What I do is shout, "He's not in," not "I'm not in."

Q. Do you keep your hat on in the house?

A. Yes, except while bathing and sleeping.

Q. Do you encourage your guests to have one cocktail after another, when your wife's carefully planned dinner is getting cold?

A. You don't know my wife. She'd just say, "come and eat it, or I'll throw it to the dogs." She knows a little about manners, also.

Q. Do you plant your feet on the tables believing no one will see the scratches?

A. Boy, this thing is rapidly getting beyond me. You answer that one. You figure it out. Is the lady asking me if I get up on top of the "tables" and stand on the scratches while my guests eat, so they won't see the scratches? Is she insinuating that I have scratches on my feet, and that if I get my feet up on top of the tables then nobody will see the scratches on my feet?

In fact, I give up. I won't bother with the rest of the questions.

You ought to have a pretty fair idea by now of how you rate. And you can see how I failed. But remember, I answered them first, and you can have the benefit of my answers and make a better grade.

But if you do much better, if you score a real high grade, don't come around bothering me. You're not the kind of person I want to see. I'll shout, "He's not in," then I'll stand up on the tables to hide the scratches, then I'll say "Guess who I am," and will start face-fingering, all at one time.

And when you start to leave I'll grab your wife's coat and tie up the sleeves so she can't get in it, no matter how long she plays blindman's buff. And if that doesn't hold you, I'll follow you home and squirt grapefruit juice in your baby's eyes. I know when I've had enough. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 91

seems to be that it disappears from the plate too quickly.

As I have said, Europeans seldom got shad roe. And other sea food was just as rare. For instance, while you could get the best speckled *bachforellen*, a very fine brook trout, at Mrs. Sacher's restaurant in Vienna, at reasonable prices, seafish was expensive. Mrs. Sacher was the friend and mentor of the Austrian aristocrats through several generations, and not only showered them with her famous dishes, but when need arose, she shared her fat purse with them also. One night a young Prince Lobkowitz came to dinner with a new girl friend whom he wished to impress, and so he ordered scallops, steak and fresh pineapple, all three always considered de luxe food in Central Europe. When Mrs. Sacher saw the order in the kitchen, she burst into the restaurant; living up to her reputation of a Madame Sans Gene, she planted herself in front of the Prince's table and shouted at the top of her voice: "Young man, *bachforellen*, boiled beef and Sacher's cake did for your father for thirty years at this place, and it will have to do for you too! Imagine ordering all that fancy food!" With this she flicked the ashes of her large black Montecristo—she always smoked cigars—and leaving the young couple blushing, sailed back to the kitchen. This anecdote is claimed by a score of Viennese, still there or in this country, but it was definitely a Prince Lobkowitz to whom it happened.

I must give you the recipe of a famous and very good Yugoslavian fish dish while being in the neighborhood of Central Europe. Almost any fish can be employed in making it, provided it is around five or six pounds in weight.

Clean and wash the fish and after having removed the flesh from the backbone, cut it up in fairly wide pieces. Make incisions on the back, and stuff the holes with bacon; then salt and pepper. Butter a baking pan; place half-cooked round slices of potatoes in the bottom of the pan and put the pieces of fish on these slices; then on top of the fish place round slices of onions, tomatoes, and green pepper. Pour a little melted butter on it and put it in the oven. When the fish seems to be half cooked, pour over it a generous quantity of cream that has a bit of flour mixed in it, and after this bake in a moderate oven until ready. Season to taste.

There are several rules you must observe with fish before you actually can eat it. First, you ought to make sure that it's fresh, and this fact may be established by looking at its gills—if they are bright and red, the fish most probably is fresh. Another test is to put the fish in a vessel filled with tap water: if it sinks, the fish is fresh, and if it floats, throw it out. Fresh-water fish ought to be cooked within sixteen hours after the catch. But today, when refrigeration is so perfect, fish will keep nearly a month without the danger of deterioration. It will dehydrate, though—shrink—and consequently you'll have less to eat.

Then, although fish is cleaned and dressed at the market, it needs some finishing touches at home. With a dull knife remove the scales that have been overlooked; a sharp knife may injure the flesh. Cut off the head and the tail, unless it's a small fish, like smelt. Which reminds me that in France there was a small fish called *merlan*, which used to be served doubled up, biting its tail, and appropriately named *Merlan Désespoir*—despairing merlan. To fillet a fish, cut close to the backbone starting from the tail end, working with your sharp knife toward the head; the small bones must be removed with fingers. Some fish are easy to debone while some are practically impossible.

Blue fish, sea bass, haddock, cod, fresh Nova Scotia salmon, fresh halibut, and swordfish arrive at the markets in the spring. Like everything else in this loveliest of seasons, fish, too, become more vigorous and animated. While some species are lazy and sluggish during the winter, as though they were hibernating, they are alert now, and what's much more important to this department, their meat cooks firmer and sweeter. The flesh is clean and pure and just a little resilient under your eager, exploring teeth. The expression "It melts in your mouth" is rather wishy-washy; it is a pleasure to chew whatever is predestined for chewing; fish is not ice cream and I don't want it to melt in my mouth.

I love fish as though I were an Oriental. The Chinese were glad to get fish with their rice—especially carp—while the insular Japanese practically lived on sea food. I say this in the past tense, for there seems to be grave food trouble lately in Japan—rice can be had only with ration tickets, and the government employs scores of chemists who are working to make human food out of grass, trees and insects. While they still were able to eat fish to their heart's content, the Japanese put them in two different culinary categories. *Sashimi* designated the raw fish, eaten with vinegar, and *yakimono* the fish that was cooked; their shad roe was called *kazunoko*, a word which is identical with health and prosperity. A favorite Japanese dish was made in the following way: cooked clams were cut up finely and mixed with boiled peas. Then white bean-paste was stirred in, a little sugar and vinegar was added, and the concoction was put back in the clams' shells for serving.

Carp are supposed to live for a very long time, and this is supposed to be one reason why the Chinese love this fish and make it their festive dish. They believe that if they eat something aged, they themselves will attain a great age. Another and more logical reason is simply that carp makes an excellent and tasty food. Personally, I like it best if it is prepared in the Polish way, cooked in a good white wine, with almonds, and served cold. I remember only too well such carp which I once ate at Lodz, in Poland. At the sumptuous dinner where it was served, they regarded it merely as an insignificant side dish. But I recognized its high qualities at once, and gave it all my devotion. And although you are not supposed to speak while eating fish, I spoke, and with considerable enthusiasm. I wanted to ask questions. I could safely do it in this instance, because carp bones are rather large and there is little danger of their sneaking down your throat, as other fish bones do. I was told—the others were already dissecting a large goose—that the carp in question had been caught in a small river that emptied into a lake (their usual habitat), and it was believed to be fifty years old. How my host figured its age, I don't know, but in the lakes at Fontainebleau before the Nazi invasion there were carp that were centenarians.

Two other delicacies generally figured on the diet of wealthy Chinamen—for I can't very well speak of the coolies' diet on pages dedicated to good eating—terrapin and turtle. And, incidentally, the same idea of seeking longevity by eating animals that live long is offered as the reason for this. Mr. Castelli, director of Moore & Co., dealers in terrapin and turtle, told me that even today he has some Chinese clients; before the Chino-Japanese war he had many. I went to visit the Moore plant in New York, and saw about eighty giant turtles lying comfortably on their backs, awaiting the executioner's axe. The terrapin is a smaller amphibian, and they are locked up in boxes that resemble chicken coops. Only the female of turtle and terrapin are used for food or soup. Green Turtle Soup and Terrapin Stew are said to be unexcelled in food value, and are supposed to be highly aphrodisiac. They certainly are very good. In the course of our conversation, Mr. Castelli told me two more secrets worthy of note; one was that a Mr. Untermeyer, not related to either the poet or the late great lawyer, is his best private customer. Then he told me that he used to have a customer, a physician of a life insurance company, who came for his terrapin stew down to Moore's once each week for forty years; the firm being established seventy-five years. The doctor believed implicitly in the life-lengthening properties of terrapin, and apparently in its other qualities too: he had been married four times.

While turtle soup is accessible to people even with moderate means, terrapin is one of the most expensive foods; it costs eighteen dollars a quart, and very few New York restaurants keep it on their menu regularly. This is the way they make it at the Stork Club:

TERRAPIN À LA MARYLAND

Sauté terrapin meat and three yolks of eggs in butter for a few minutes; season with salt and pepper. Pour in a half-pint of heavy cream, and stir steadily. Thicken with a little arrowroot, and add two tablespoonfuls of sherry when it begins to boil.

Green Turtle Soup is made of the most prized of all edible portions of the turtle, the outer circumference of its heavy shell, the so-called "calipash"; this soup is very gelatinous and contains calcium, iodine and manganese. Once you have tasted it—the genuine stuff—you would immediately detect the imitations offered with a suspiciously tremulous over-sincere tone all over the country.

While on the subject of soups, I would like to bring to your attention that the best Crayfish Bisque and Fish Court Bouillon is put up in cans by Knotts in Louisiana. They are really superb, and I must thank O. H. Cheer, Jr. of the New Orleans firm of Solari's for telling me about them.

No discussion of fish is complete without mention of eels, and there are several reasons why I want to talk about them, although they are not ordinary food and were not included in even the queer category of fish indulged in by the members of the old Ichthyophagous Club. This club, which was in its heyday in New York about sixty years ago, was composed of eminent newspaper men and scientists, and the purpose of their meetings was to eat such fish which were thought by the uninitiated to be inedible. Eels, although scorned by people who don't know much about food and who designate them either as fish or snake, are really quite edible. I admit they are strange, and that there must be something wrong with them for they were worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. They are also strange because they are hatched in the depth of the ocean and then you find them in a pond or brook, thousands of miles away, though no one ever saw an eel making its way overland. There are many ways to prepare them, but the best, I think, is à la Matelot. Monsieur Alfred Lagrange, the famous chef of the Versailles Restaurant of New York, gave me this recipe:

3 two-pound or 6 one-pound live eels
1 pound white mushrooms
12 ounces of sweet butter
The juice of one lemon
2 ounces brandy
20 ounces red wine
10 ounces fish fumet (*Fumet de poisson*)
8 ounces small white onions
One carrot, one leek, one medium onion, cut in dices
A *bouquet garni:* thyme, bay leaves, parsley, two cloves of garlic, small piece of celery, all wrapped in cheesecloth like a tea ball
2½ tablespoonfuls of flour
Half-dozen of boiled crayfish
Half-dozen bread croutons fried in butter

Remove the skin, head and en-trails of the eels, wash well in cold water and cut up into pieces two inches long; sponge the moisture with a dry towel. Season with salt and pepper, melt 4 ounces of butter in a pan and sauté the eels to a pale golden color together with the diced vegetables, the *bouquet garni*, and the peels and stumps of the mushrooms. Add and stir the flour, and add the brandy and light the latter with a match. Then add the red wine. Reduce by boiling to half its volume. Now add the fish fumet. Cover it and let it simmer until done. Remove the eels from the sauce into another pan; add to the eels the mushroom heads and small onions, cooked separately in butter. Boil the remaining sauce in the original pan until it thickens, adding the lemon juice, and gradually incorporate the remaining butter into it in small particles, shaking the pan constantly.

Strain this sauce over the eels, bring to a boil, and serve hot, with the crayfish and croutons around.

This may sound like a fancy dish, but it's worth all the trouble, because it is extraordinarily good. The recipe is meant for six, however the proportions can be cut in half if fewer portions are needed. Eels weighing one pound are the finest.

There is no more space left to talk of other interesting edible fish and reptiles; and so I will have to leave frogs' legs and snails, Mexican iguanas, and tales of small-sized river sturgeon, the king of all fish, for another occasion.

However, I feel I must mention before I close, that at the German American Rathskeller, in New York's Third Avenue, there are three famous fish dishes that make it worthwhile going there. Their Shrimps à la Newburg is without equal in town, and their Filet de Sole Florentine, which, although it is made out of flounders you can't get real sole in America—is as fine as a genuine Dover sole. My favorite, though, is their Halibut Head with Hollandaise Sauce. The place belongs to Joe King, a young restaurateur, a handsome Irishman, who, with great ingenuity conjured up an old Viennese atmosphere for the restaurant. The three floors are packed most of the time and the only place that reveals a German orderliness, is the kitchen. And this is how it should be. Good food never came out of a kitchen based on Bohemian principles. I dislike rules and regulations, and whenever I can, I violate them, but uncompromising discipline and military precision prevail in my kitchenette. #

Pictures and Politics

Continued from page 87

a visual accompaniment to music; I have worked on the principle that music oughtn't to need any visual parallel; but that certain visualizations were at least acceptable. Obviously if I can put television cameras on the Philharmonic as it plays the *Eroica*, I will have a great radio program, plus pictures of an orchestra, which is not the highest type of pictorial interest. Even with trick shots and fancy bits of the audience listening, I won't have much; but if I should attempt to put on the screen a movie of the solemn tramp of feet, just humanity endlessly walking toward a grave, I would have a good or bad visualization of the funeral march of the *Eroica*, depending on how good my picture was. And when it was all over, I'd have to say, maybe we'd better just listen; maybe a play of light, like Wilfred's Clavilux, is best for music's visual side.

Disney, as you have heard by this time, used several methods. For *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, a merry program piece, he did a straight Mickey Mouse, one of his happiest creations (but no better than *The Billposter* and the one about the *Penguins at the Pole*); for the abstract music of Bach he did some abstractions, far from his happiest, and not as good as the best work of Len Lye in England; for the *Nutcracker Suite* he used all his inventiveness, all his gaiety, all his endearing old charms, and simply tossed off one of the great masterpieces. Casually, in the course of it, in a two-minute dance, he brought on a mushroom-baby worth all of the Seven Dwarfs put together; everything that color and imagination and unreality could do to make magic was done here. "A supreme insult to the composers..."? I suspect Miss Thompson was thinking of Beethoven.

But before he arrived, there was Stravinsky: his *Sacre du Printemps*, the *Rites of Spring*.

First let's all get together about this: the *Sacre* is worth six of the other seven pieces put together, plus about half of the seventh—which omits a bit of Bach. (There are greater Bach compositions than the Prelude and Fugue.) The Sacre is one of the monuments of our time. Moreover, as a ballet, the Sacre again was a masterpiece and a monument; I can't say it was Diaghilev's greatest production, because I didn't see all the others; but it had a sonority and splendor and a kind of profound meaning which few other works of our time, in any medium, possess.

To this great work Mr. Disney brought an idea possibly great; he would place on the screen one of the gigantic steps in the evolution of man, one of those eons in which some great prehistoric beast rose from the primeval ooze and flourished and perished as the earth dried, in the desert. (The original ballet celebrated the return of procreative strength, the coming of Spring, and ended with the sacrifice of a virgin, to thank the gods.) Disney's was a tolerable concept, but it worked out dreadfully; the entire scene looks like the old silent movie, *The Lost World*, by A. Conan Doyle, with papier-maché mastodons chewing one another's throats. As it is Disney's, it can't help having some beautiful moments; and the death in the desert is quite moving. (I might as well say that several Sacremaniacs disagree with me and find this visualization supremely fine.)

Now skipping to the end and working backward, there is a magniloquent and rather meaningless *Ave Maria* preceded by Moussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain*, one of Disney's efforts at the grotesque and terrifying; before that comes a delightful burlesque of the *Dance of the Hours*, a slapstick bit of fun at the expense of the ancient five-position ballet, with ostriches and rhinoceros and crocodiles doing the steps. And also the big gun: Beethoven. His *Pastoral Symphony*, or a reasonable facsimile.

Can we possibly get together about that, too? It's not a supernaturally great work; it's good and it's pleasant; but it comes after the four *great* symphonies of the same master, so at best it's fifth in order of merit. In any reasonable classification you'd have to put one Brahms (I'd put several) and the César Franck and a Mozart and the Schubert *Unfinished*, at least, and the Fourth Tschaikowsky (if not the *Pathétique*) and half a dozen modern works even if they're not officially called symphonies, higher on the list. Maybe it's the three-hundred-and-fiftieth most important piece of music ever written, which brings it to the level of Maxwell Anderson's *High Tor* in poetic drama, or *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* among problem plays, or last year's Philadelphia Athletics among baseball teams.

To this music Mr. Disney first put some ten minutes of the most ravishing pictures in the world: a white pegasus, a black pegasus, mother and father of a black pegasus-foal with a white tail; I can say nothing about the incredible beauty of line, of color, and of movement as these and their accompanying troupe swept across the ancient Olympian sky; only perhaps that for a moment mythology was more real than modernity, for a moment the modern world understood the myths.

It gives me something like a physical pain to note that directly after this comes one of Disney's few direct lapses: a group of centaurs and (I quote) centaurettes. Miss Thompson slashed at them, quite rightly because they're silly; they were the sex-appeal of the picture, the centaurettes with their lipstick, the centaurs epicene, the whole sequence a curiously unappetizing, sexless kind of seduction. It was foolish; it was the picture which apparently came to Disney's mind when he listened to the world's three-hundred-and-fiftieth best piece of music. His imagination had flagged; maybe he left it in the picture because when you do two hours of music-plus-Disney you are more or less obliged to please many tastes. There are people who didn't dislike these baby-starlets, these thin and coy evasions of Mr. Hays's principles.

The presentation of all of *Fantasia* was at times brilliant, as when they had fun with the band and with the animated sound track; at times too-too-divine, as when poor Mr. Stokowski let them light up his back hair with a lavender halo and poor Mr. Deems Taylor let them cast a black shadow over half his face, so that he looked like Death while he chatted pleasantly about life and art. But these didn't matter. Nothing mattered actually except the general idea. The general idea was that you could—if you were a genius like Disney—actually translate into pictures what your mind's eye saw when you heard music. Most people lean back, eyes closed, and dream or doze or agonize while listening to music; the critics listen to the balance between the brasses and the woodwinds; most of us relax, get an emotional jag, think of things that would astonish you; emerge refreshed. Disney is one of the rare men who smell-and-taste-and-feel-and-hear *pictures*. He did the natural thing. It astonishes me that Stokowski and Taylor (and Stravinsky who was there also) hadn't been able to rekindle his imagination about some of the pieces; but I am more astonished by the critics who dismissed his magnificent first try in a new art with the curt opinion that "you can't put pictures to music" or you shouldn't if you could; or, if you do, they're the pictures you see, and they won't be the pictures other people see.

All of these things may be true; but the animated cartoon, the drawn moving picture is a great form of comic art now; and potentially a great art-form in every mood known to man. Seventeen years ago I begged Pablo Picasso to make a few drawings for animation; ten years ago I was hoping that the Goya war cartoons would be used for animations. The tragic cartoon may yet come to the screen; if it does it will want music, as Disney has wanted it right along. Music will be written for it and presently the combination will seem correct, just as today the combination of sound and movement seems correct on the screen. Then no one will talk about insults to composers. Then we will go back and do what every generation has done: look at the great classics and use them for what we see in them; as the Middle Ages used Virgil for telling fortunes and we use him for schoolboys' texts; as Homer was made delicate by Pope and rugged by Lawrence of Arabia.

Because if we can't use the past, it becomes a tyranny. And it is the perversion of genius to impose it, without flexibility, on posterity. That is what democrats are fighting against, everywhere. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

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Princeton. To hear a sovereign interpreter, under whose baton instruments sound and voices respond as if they were one, is rare. It is rarer still to come to a blessing for the dead and find sustenance for the living. The *Requiem* pieced together in memory of Alessandro Manzoni is a melodrama filled with the primitiveness and the vivid, realistic imaginings of the Latin. It may easily become banal, cheap, operatic. But not in Toscanini's hands. His was a tortured piercing performance, the like of which we shall not hear again.

Beethoven's *Mass* is a loftier, grander structure. If it did not build as well as the *Requiem*, if this was not the ideal, the ultimate performance, it approached it. For me, Toscanini's rehearsals were better realized than the final performance: the intensity was less grim, the virtuosity less noticeable.

It is not easy to understand why Toscanini permits slovenliness from soloists, slurring, scooping, uneven attacks that he will not allow chorus or orchestra. Nor why he wastes his talent on tid-bits. The statistical department of the NBC should ascertain how many of the crowd that jams studio "8-H" whenever Toscanini conducts know his program in advance. From no other conductor will the public accept such tedious trifles. A steady diet of the three B's is not desirable. We should hear more novelties than we do, but Toscanini's experiments show little sign of adventure.

The amateur enthusiast who knows good art from bad may pick up treasures in a Grand Exhibit just as he may pick them up in pawn shops and boxes of second-hand books. But it is seldom that he'll find anything at Mr. Toscanini's exhibit worth a second hearing. Certainly not Liszt's *From the Cradle to the Dead*, Martucci's *Tarentella*, Franchetti's *Nocturne* from Act II of *Cristoforo Colombo*, Rubinstein's *Valse Caprice*, or the unison cascades of the sixteen solo violins in a Vieuxtemps *Polonaise*.

Another Toscanini puzzle concerns Kirsten Flagstad. Why did he choose to program an all-Wagner concert and find a substitute for the greatest living Wagnerian soprano? He has pointedly neglected to engage her. Managers give the excuse that she had previous engagements. Friends say he doesn't like her singing. But the public has an interest and a right to hear Flagstad with Toscanini.

The excitement about Toscanini's indisposition and failure to conduct a Saturday night broadcast has been explained. NBC, apparently anxious to economize, told him Carnegie Hall was otherwise engaged the night before he conducted the *Requiem*. It wasn't, and when he found out, he canceled a concert. It seldom pays to misinform Toscanini.

II

Dmitri Mitropoulos, an ascetic, monastic Greek, came out of the West, set Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers on their ears with jumping-jack antics, turned out orderly, vital, four-square performances with plenty *fff* and *pppp*. While box-office tills filled, committees debated whether he'd wear well, whether he had poetry, whether they'd really like to gaze upon him all winter. He went happily back to Minneapolis, confiding to intimates he was glad to be with an orchestra that would give what you wanted without a bludgeoning by brick-bats.

Aging Bruno Walter showed he could still "let go." His sentimental emotionalizing kicked up a miraculous performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* that brought the audience to its feet. Subscribers found his interpretations formless, exaggerated, oversweet . . . and settled back to the familiar Barbirolli hair-shake. Next year the Philharmonic has invited guests to help cut its hundredth birthday cake.

New York is a conductor's graveyard. When Toscanini directed the Philharmonic week after week, Carnegie Hall was dotted with wide open spaces. He had to retire to produce continuous sellouts. Today, only Koussevitzky does it concert after concert, and he limits his appearances to ten.

New York has too many concerts, too few great performances. A surfeited public is not content with a stroke of fancy here, a dash of poetry there, a bit of excitement now and then. It will not watch a conductor who is learning his work while doing it. Nor will it respond for a conductor who knows his business but lacks personality. It demands a genius who can give soul-stirring performances at every concert.

III

After several seasons sabbatical, I have revisited the ballet and found it as before. The danseuses are still trying to give some freshness to the half-dozen *pas* of which every possible combination and permutation has been worn out during these past two hundred years. They are still calling each hopeless attempt a "variation," still finishing up with the teetotum spin which is to them what the high note at the end of a dull song is to the second-rate singer. I wonder, is there anything on earth so stupid as what is called "absolute dancing"?

Surely it is clear by now that if the ballet is to thrive on Broadway, it must adapt dramatic dancing and pantomime. In vain did Danilova smile at me and walk about on the points of her toes: she did it better than I could; but I have seen it as well done as it can be done over and over again until I am heartily tired of it. Danilova is a beautiful, well-poised and self-possessed person, more suggestive of a swan than any ballerina since Pavlowa. Baronova is lovely if a bit too hefty for me in 1941. Toumanova has dark, Slavic mystic charm. Mia Slavenska has "oomph" suitable for musical comedy. When I see Riaboushinskaya as *Le Coq d'Or*, I inevitably believe she is the lightest and most sparkling of them all.

Massine apparently divides with Fokine the only grain of creative talent left in the ballet. His *New Yorker* was slim, but his symphonic creations interest me and I'll be glad when he adds to them. They may not be necessary, but at least they are provocative. Lichine showed promise and that he knew his limitations . . . *Graduation Ball* is a charming beginning.

The original and unoriginal Ballets Russe danced all winter and between them prompted me to puzzle out how, were I a choreographer, I'd manage to make the classic ballet voluptuous (which I know is all wrong), the romantic amusing and the modern convincing. Then came *Fantasia* with Mlle. Upanova, an ostrich, as solo ballerina, Hyacinth Hippo and Elephanchine doing superb pirouettes, and Ben Ali Gator as *maître de ballet* . . . I decided to make all ballets ridiculous and forget them.

IV

Recitals were numerous and mostly self-assertive. Basses received the most *summa cum laudes*, with Pinza, Baccaloni and Kipnis doing the best singing of the winter. Soprano Frieda Hempel and tenor Tito Schipa returned to give lessons in how to use slim "ways and means," and baritone Lawrence Tibbett, after a forced vacation, sang with greater restraint and feeling and depth and demonstrated that he is now entering into a more mature period of his art.

Rachmaninoff was himself. . . Hofmann the unapproachable master . . . Rubinstein in the groove . . . Brailowsky a vibrant personality . . . and Rosenthal continued to amble over the keys.

Benny Goodman got to the Philharmonic, failed to disgrace himself . . . Kreisler gave an inspired performance of the Beethoven concerto . . . Heifetz was Heifetz . . . Menuhin, sensitive and soulful . . . Szigeti showed himself more compelling as a person and as a musician than as a violinist.

Many singers sang inappropriate airs. Few knew when not to take an encore . . . and too many gave charity concerts. This is not the precise moment for me to deliver my full mind about charity concerts. Like all sane persons, I hate charity, whether as giver or receiver, asker or asked. Those who occasionally try to warp my critical integrity by pleading their concerts are for a "deserving cause" little know they are stirring up my fiercest instinctive antipathy.

I have no patience with people who think that England or the Greeks or Finns or any one else can be helped by a sudden gush of sympathy and a dip of their hands into all their pockets.

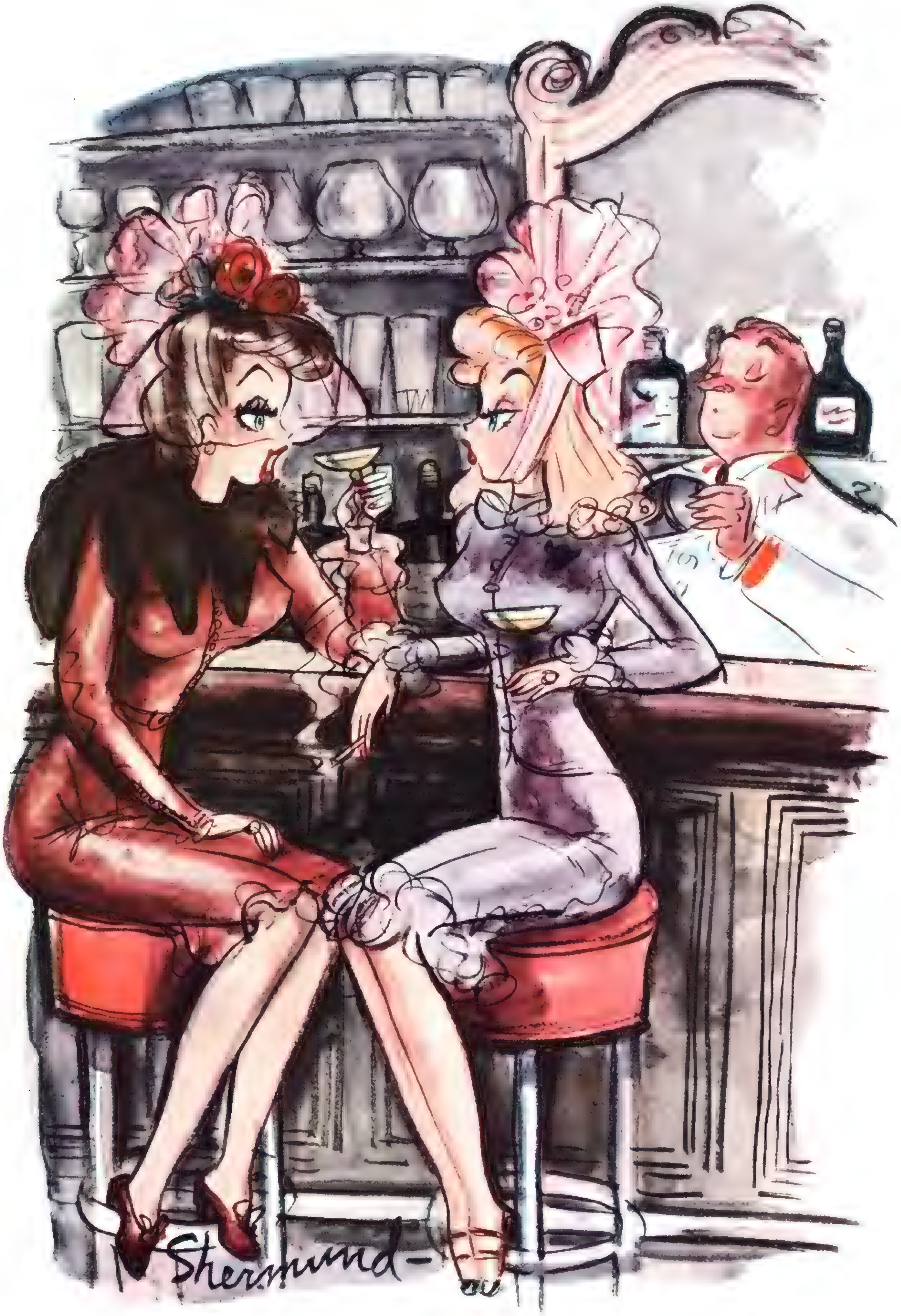
Let me give invaluable advice to the professionals who throw away their services every year under the impression that they are giving them to charitable causes. In nine cases out of ten, the unfortunate charity only gets what little there is left after a committee has wasted all that it can on its own unpunctualities, blunderings, forgettings, and other characteristics of amateurs and busybodies.

But even a good committee—and I speak as an experienced committee man—cannot help having half of the push taken out of it by the consciousness that if it clears a hundred dollar bill for a charity nobody can find fault with it, and that if it gets a dozen popular names to perform for nothing, a moderate excitement about ticket selling and booming the concert will secure that modest minimum. Now suppose it were met by a flat refusal on the part of artists to abate one cent of their full fee for the occasion. What would happen? Committees would have to bestir themselves in earnest to make the concert successful enough to bring in the artists' fees as well as the hundred-dollar bill.

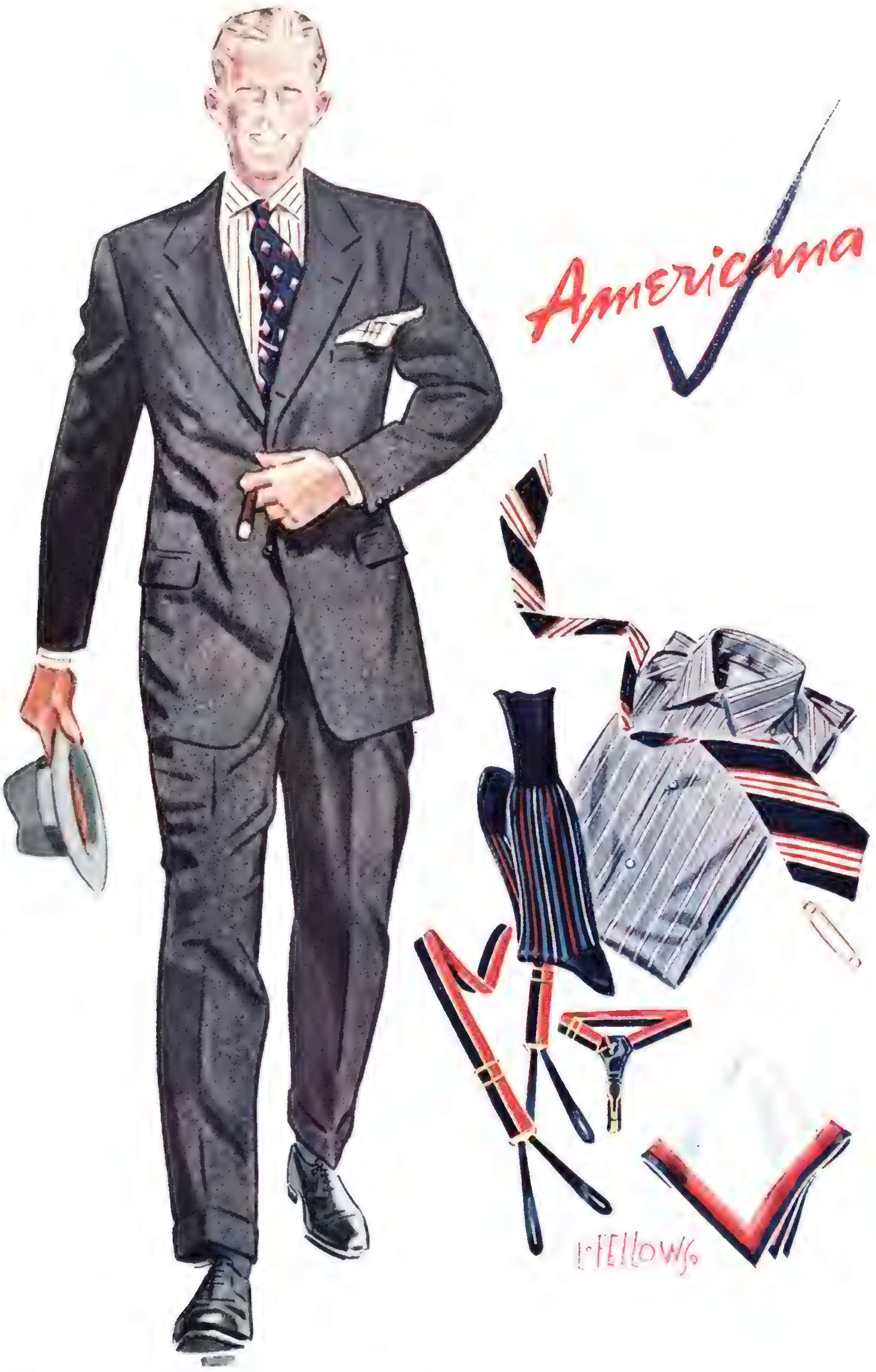
The concert would, therefore, be handled in a businesslike way: the audience would be a paying audience, and not a horde of deadheads entertaining themselves at the expense of the singers and of the purchasers of a few rows of empty boxes; and as the artists would be present under contract there would be no disappointments, changes of program, apologies, complimentary applause, and squabbles in the green room as to who should sing first and get away. Then—and this is the kernel of my advice from the charity's point-of-view—the artists should go home and send their checks special delivery to the treasurer of the British War Relief or whatever it is without the deduction or waste of a cent.

I suggest that this be made law tomorrow. The present system is a nuisance to everybody, from the artists who feel that they are wasting their time and yet do not like to refuse, to the persons who are pestered to buy tickets for an entertainment which they know will be haphazard, with a disappointment and apology at every second item, and the critics who must put up with a hodge-podge, the preposterousness of which has to be experienced to be believed.

Let us end benefits. If artists' services have any real dollar value (and they seem to), then for God's sake let them collect, hand over their checks and feel that they have really given something instead of merely indulged in a public appearance, a round of applause, and an advertisement, which, to be honest, is the real reason for many of the effusive and thoroughly disagreeable charity concerts which afflict us. #



"The police put my husband in a padded cell—he refused to come home with me so they concluded he was crazy"



walking on air blue

That brisk stride and jaunty look are giveaways that this smiling chap is pretty happy that he's a citizen of these United States. He's on the verge of singing *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean*, and he'll really go to town when he gets to ". . . three cheers for the red, white, and blue." All of which sets the proper patriotic background for us to discuss the Americana theme which he has so ably carried out in his clothes and accessories. His suit is the new Air Blue, a subtle blend that stems from the shade of a military uniform, and should meet with wide acceptance. The Americana theme of red, white, and blue dominates his accessories. The red and white figures appear on the blue ground of the foulard tie, while the red and blue stripes mark the white of the broadcloth shirt. The accessories alongside are also Americana. There is the broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, striped repp silk tie, elastic suspenders and garters, border striped handkerchief, lisle half-hose. The gold collar pin is the lone non-Americana to enter the group.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Time and Detroit Can Do It

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ment, the automobile is basically unchanged. It remains a four-wheeled vehicle propelled by a gasoline burning engine with the obvious refinements that are the normal result of forty years of competitive and profitable development. How then does this experience qualify the automobile manufacturer as a producer of airplanes, tanks and other weapons of power war? Frankly, it does not. The principal qualification lies in the automobile industry's ability to mass produce, by mass machines, tools of war that must otherwise be built by hand in small quantity. No one is better aware of this fact than the automobile manufacturer; nor can we think of a better authority for this knowledge than Chairman Alfred Sloan, Jr. of General Motors who said:

"In the last analysis it is not by reason of existing plant equipment that General Motors . . . or the automobile industry . . . is able to make its greatest contribution to the defense program. Rather is it by reason of its knowledge of production techniques and processes of manufacture together with the skill and craftsmanship of its organization in dealing with the intricate technical problems."

The problems of defense manufacture are not new to the automobile industry. The memory of World War One is still fresh and the bitter lessons of that time are not forgot. How else may one account for the caution with which the industry approached the proffered defense contracts growing out of the current emergency.

Since the time of World War One, it has been known that American plane and motor builders were capable of equal or superior products to anything built abroad. Lacking need, finances, and a continuing experimental development program, there has not been opportunity to put this theory to test.

The tremendous gains that might have been ours out of experience in World War One came to a final conclusion when Lindbergh's sensational flight to Paris was still in headlines. Experimental aircraft development, carried forward by motor car manufacturers participating in the plane production of World War One, had continued along the accepted course of liquid-cooled, V type motors. This development came to an unsung conclusion when Lindbergh sent his air-cooled, radial-motor equipped plane thundering non-stop to Paris. Public opinion, backed by the record of Lindbergh's performance, put the air-cooled radial in the ascendency and saw its ultimate adoption as power for commercial aviation throughout the United States. All interest in liquid-cooled aircraft motors ceased.

In the meantime interest in military aviation was at a standstill as the victors of the first World War sat back in peace to forget the wings that won it.

In viewing the present status of our awkward aviation defense program, it is interesting to speculate as to what it might have been had this government subsidized a continuing program of experimental aviation development among the Detroit automobile manufacturers who contributed to aviation strength in World War One.

It seems incredible that the effectiveness of air supremacy by the Allies above the battle fields of World War France should have been so quickly forgotten after the war when Germany was rearming with the essential wings whose lack had hastened her original defeat.

The briefest comparison of current war progress with the cold historical facts of the first World War offers startling proof of the degree to which the Hitler legions took their lessons from the World War. Not only did they steal and reverse the Allied thunder of that time but worse, they have taken as the model for their bolt the manufacturing structure and the machines of the American automotive industry. Repeating in reverse, history must now record the fact that the very engineering genius that contributed materially to the prior German defeat is now largely responsible for its success.

In the sublime confidence born of past performance and current ignorance, the American public bases defense optimism on the belief that what American industry did before can be done again. Nor will any informed person question industry's ability to repeat . . . provided time, test and tenacity are ingredients of the terms under which the miracle is performed.

To understand the leading defense role of the American automobile industry, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the performance expected. The defense effort to date is tinged with rose on the promise side and has a faint touch of blue on delivery. The initial performance called for was the President's wish for a two-ocean Navy, 50,000 fighting aircraft, a standing army of 1,400,000 men equipped with more motorized rolling equipment than any army before it, and dozens of naval and air outposts to stand as sentry. On the construction yards and drafting tables of industry are seventeen billion dollars in U. S. orders placed and awaiting placement. On the ledger side are, in addition, British orders of two billion five hundred million dollars also placed. Coming up are three billions in additional British orders and another seven billions for the United States. Incubating or hatching, plans total a round twenty-nine billion five hundred million dollars.

On the performance side, but still to be viewed through a rose-tinted telescope is a production schedule of war planes now hitting the rate of approximately 10,000 a year. The expected speedup is not near enough to be seen with a pessimistic eye. On the naval side the progress is as slow as inevitable. Naval vessels will come but they are a long way off. Any appreciable increase in merchant marine building is almost two years away and the only immediate hope for naval craft lies in the swift production of a fleet of small, inexpensive surface torpedo boats. One such squadron is now operating out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Motorized or not, the Army still marches on its stomach and expansion here is slow for lack of barracks and equipment. Viewed without the aid of the "It-can't-happen-here-o-scope," the delivery record is considerably below American and British expectations with the possibility of dipping further before real production can start.

Before drowning ourselves in grief, let's take courage from an honest understanding of the problems that go into the making of a national defense miracle.

For its value of repetition, we want to get across the fact that the automobile assembly line is not a May-pole serpentine nor a flexible conveyor belt that can be made to create and carry anything from thumb tacks to gun turrets. Actually it is a highly technical assembly of men and machines geared to a continuity of preconceived functions, each one of which differs radically from the one before. It is specialized to the point where the change of one bolt hole from its established position to another would cause the shut-down of the entire line until the balance of the machinery was adjusted to the change or the bolt hole returned to normal position.

Behind every engine that rolls from an automobile assembly line are several thousand supporting machines each one of which may be larger and nearly as complicated as the finished engine itself. Each one of these assisting assembly line machines was built especially for the duty it performs in its position along the line. It will perform no other job. The miracle of a finished automobile rolling off the assembly line each few minutes confuses the layman to believe that the operation is continuous and mechanical. He fails completely to recognize that thousands of man hours have gone by way of preparation for each machine and forgets entirely the forty years of experience from which the flow of the assembly line stems. Because an assembly line may be producing a 1940 model one week and a '41 the next, the layman comes to the mistaken conclusion that he has witnessed a miracle. He does not know that more than a year of "behind the scenes" work and more than two and one-half million dollars has gone into the design, tooling and changeover for that new model. He cannot know that experimental models are in construction for 1943 before the first 1942 model rolls mysteriously from the line.

Out of the failure of the layman to know or understand the industrial law of tooling and make-ready, grows his equally false impression of the possible miracles of defense manufacture. It is distressing to find that the average layman, a hundred miles removed from Detroit, already considers automotive defense manufacture an accomplished, producing miracle.

He should be made familiar with the real problems of industrial conversion for defense production. Otherwise, when the facts are known, as they inevitably must be, the shock may weaken his confidence and make him ready prey to a type of subversive propaganda that feeds upon such ignorance.

Somehow, the wishful thinker must be made to understand that the defense problems and the armament demands of this new war are vastly different from those of the first World War. He must be made to realize that the success of German military tactics is the result of their abandonment of the Allied way of war which in turn has been our historical way of war. He must be made to appreciate that the demands made upon industry for the new type of highly perfected, technical machines of mechanized war are fifty times more exacting than were the limited demands of World War One.

Preparation for the first World War was largely a problem of providing manual arms, equipment and provisionary and service machines to a slow moving army operating upon a more or less fixed line. The current problems of defense industry can be better understood when one contemplates the goal of motorized warfare which anticipates mobility and a complete freedom of movement. Such movement in turn anticipates the need for an intricate, self-sustained, attacking machine unit for an average group of eight men. Add to this the other types of highly mechanized defense and offense weapons of current warfare and the problem of industrial make-ready and production becomes more apparent.

Against the knowledge of public anticipation let's take a look at the actual problems to be mastered by a typical Detroit automobile manufacturer faced with major defense assignments.

The World War One defense projects of the Packard Company together with their current contracts for the production of marine engines and Rolls-Royce airplane motors, offers a perfect comparison between the problems of defense manufacture in the first World War and those today.

In the first week of June, 1917, the United States government approved the design for an airplane

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engine based on laboratory experiments conducted by Packard over a period of two years. The government ordered 22,000 of the Liberty engines from five manufacturers and looked to Packard for the production of 6,000.

Compared to the war plane engine of today, the Liberty of 1917 was a child's toy. While the best of its day, it developed but 319 horsepower in its initial stages though brought to 400 before the end of production. Its weight was 850 pounds as compared to the Rolls-Royce which develops 1,350 horsepower with a weight of 1,450 pounds.

The magnitude of the defense task ahead is suggested in the fact that between September 23, 1917 and February 25, 1918 there were 1,021 changes, great and small, made in the Liberty engine. The alterations in the crankshaft alone, for the correction of the oiling system, involved $31,401.40 in tools and gauges scrapped or altered, and 45,149 hours of labor . . . the time a steady workman would employ in twenty years, in the changes of crankshaft tools.

During those times, as today, the toolmaker and the machine tool industry were the monarchs and dictators of American war work. Many new machines ordered for the Liberty's production were from one to five months behind estimated delivery date. Before the main contract was taken on, Packard had contracted for $350,000 worth of tools. By May 30, 1918, a total of 35,825 tools had been installed in its Liberty production line at an estimated cost of $1,500,000.

Remember please, that we are still back with the facts and figures . . . the problems and costs of the simple Liberty in the first World War. By way of quick and simple comparison, the machines and tools for the construction of 9,000 Rolls-Royce motors will total an initial cost of $23,500,000. Behind those 9,000 Rolls engines for the United States and Great Britain will be a total of approximately 3,000 specially built machines necessary to the production of the required 800 motors a month by late Fall.

Again the layman may be shocked when he understands that not one of the 3,000 odd machines necessary to the construction of the Rolls engine are machines now operating in the construction of automobile engines. This may be better understood when the differences in an automobile engine and a war plane motor of the type of the Rolls are studied. In the first place the machine tools that work the metal that goes into an automobile engine would crumble and break under the much harder metals used in the construction of the aircraft motor.

A more basic reason lies in the comparative duties and stresses of a Rolls-Royce plane motor and an automobile engine: Here is a rule that should make you more tolerant of the man whom you've elected to win in America's race for wings:

The average automobile engine develops less than 100 h.p.

The average plane engine should develop more than 1,000 h.p.

An automobile engine can weigh five pounds per h.p.

A plane engine should not weigh more than one pound per h.p.

An automobile engine uses 20 per cent of its maximum power most of the time.

A plane engine must be built to run wide open most of the time.

With these simple object lessons in mind, it may be better understood why 3,000 machines costing $18,000,000 are necessary to build the Rolls motor used today in the defense of England. An additional $5,500,000 will go for tools and tooling expense.

Just to tickle you with the tantalizing topics of a machine tool executive, we add the fact that the smallest machine necessary to the construction of the Rolls weighs 1,000 pounds. The largest weighs an ounce or two more than 60,000 pounds. They cost from seven hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars.

The foregoing detailed analysis of Packard's Rolls-Royce engine assignment has been given to indicate the complex nature of a typical Detroit defense problem. It is neither the most nor the least complicated of the undertakings confronting the big Detroit automobile makers. For instance, let's take a quick look at the dossier over at Chrysler. Chrysler Corporation during the last year has shipped 40,000 specially designed Dodge trucks of various descriptions to the U. S. Army and has backlog orders for 20,000 additional army units. This corporation also has concluded the construction of a 700,000 square-foot medium tank arsenal to produce 25-ton tanks at the rate of five a day, beginning in August or September. Moreover, it has been designated as a subcontractor to the Glenn L. Martin Company to produce two fuselage sections of the Martin B-26 Bomber at the rate of five of each section per day. A factory for this work is now being equipped. The Chrysler company has taken an order to convert the design of a foreign machine gun to American standards and will estimate the costs of this item in substantial quantities. Besides, Chrysler has completed additional orders for shells and cartridge cases and the Airtemp division has completed orders for portable field kitchens, tent heaters and large cantonment furnaces.

Despite the enormity of the Rolls-Royce undertaking, its very size and initial scope give it certain advantages not enjoyed by an experimental type production program such as General Motor's Allison job or Packard's marine engine project.

Both the Allison aircraft motor and the Packard marine engine are the products of somewhat erratic experimental growth. In neither case were the producers of these engines given sufficient encouragement or financial justification for the necessary investment in tools and machines to support an economical, mass production job.

It is the fate of all experimental development programs that they live for the moment. Two years and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in the slow development of the Packard marine engine. An initial order for seven of these new motors offered encouragement but not justification for the multi-million dollar investment necessary in tools and machines to accommodate an objective mass production of these engines. In Topsy fashion, Packard's marine project has grown from seven to seven hundred engines over a period of less than two years. At no point in this period of growth was it possible for their engineers or planners to anticipate the total orders and thereby show justification for the expensive machines and tools necessary to mass production methods. As a result the marine project has continued as a compromise between hand and machine tool methods with production limited to a peak of three engines a day.

Both the Allison air and Packard marine engine projects are typical of the hop-and-sit method of experimental production as against another type of defense manufacture which stems from the planned production of a given number of proved defense items at a known cost in a specified period of time.

The Rolls-Royce contract is typical of the latter type. It marks the effort to duplicate by American machines, American methods and metals a quantity of proved aircraft motors tested in the theatre of war. More than 10,000 of the Rolls engines are carrying the brunt of England's air war as the power for her famed Hurricanes and Spitfires. As a result of careful planning against a known objective the Rolls project will represent one of the first examples of automotive mass production methods applied to the construction of a plane motor. Rather than the usual compromise between machine and hand methods, the Rolls financing will enable the productive use of specially built machines instead of highly skilled technical hand labor otherwise necessary.

One of the major reasons for delay in the current defense program may be traced to industry's need of highly technical machines that can do the work of twenty men. The machine tool industry being the only source of such equipment, the probability of bottlenecks has been plain from the beginning. While delays occasioned by adoption of mass production methods may be greater in the initial stages, the production results will more than offset them once the machine tool industry has cleared the jam.

In the meantime, Detroit defense industry must undergo a period of productive waiting while the machinery of mass production is built, installed and made ready for legions of machine operators.

There will be another period of apparent delay while such major defense projects move from the period of initial test production to the phase of mass production. This is another industrial problem not readily understood by the man in the street. It might be likened to the exploratory, walking inspection of a cross-country, steeplechase course by a man who is to run that same course the next day. The problem of walking the course is vastly different from that of doing it at high speed under a tremendously accelerated schedule.

When the frantic defense picture is all boiled down, there can be no question of industry's ability to produce. Give them time, machines and some room to test and they can build you anything from a roller bearing mousetrap to a stainless steel conscience.

Before you write a letter to the editor stop and reflect on one point. Industry must have its tools. The making of tools takes time and time breeds impatience. The automobile industry performs its miracle behind thousands of intricate machines that make up an assembly line. These machines will work only in the production of automobile engines and parts. They cannot be converted to the manufacture of war motors and tanks. New machines must be built; new assembly lines must be made to function; new men must be found and trained and the whole made to operate parallel with, not upon, the assembly lines of peacetime industry.

As for bottlenecks in the machine tool industry, we can only quote the experience of a Cleveland defense manufacturer who had a special machine on order from a Chicago machine tool house. He telephoned the machine tool general manager: "Hello," said he, "this is Sam Jones of Cleveland Products. I've called to cancel my order on the Super-Dingbat lathe we requested last month. I'd like to . . ." Before he could finish his request, the machine tool executive broke in: "Say, that's swell!" he said. "Thanks for calling me," and hung up. Five minutes later Sam Jones had him back on the line. "Look here," he explained, "I only wanted to cancel that Super-Dingbat in order to have you redesign it to meet some new specifications on my defense job."

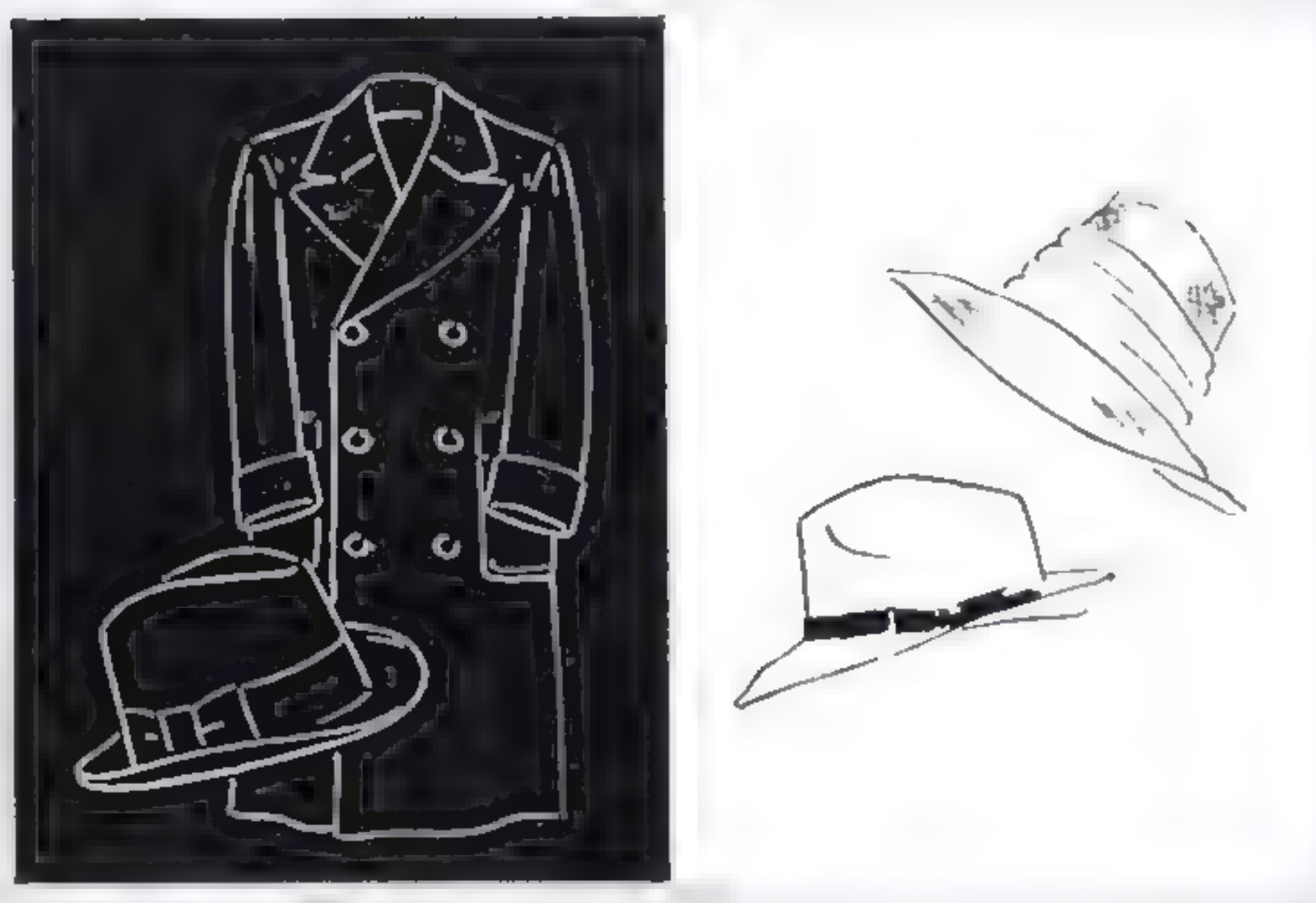
The machine tool man was polite but not apologetic. "Too bad, Mr. Jones. But you know how it is. Two minutes after you called I sold the Dingbat to another firm that's been on the waiting list. We won't have another for six months."

Making the Seasonal Shift

Pack away your heavy clothes and accessories as you plan a complete wardrobe for a summer's comfort

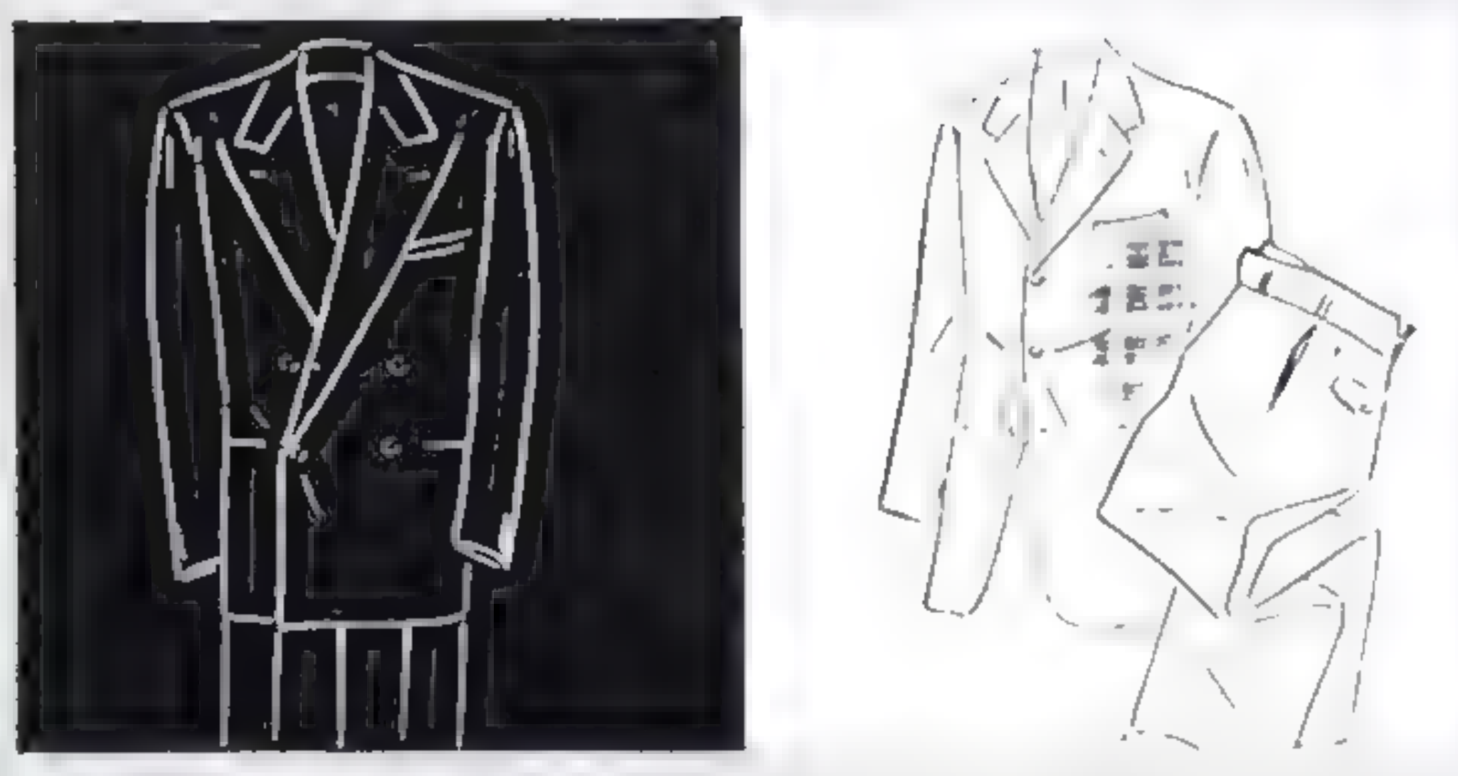
by **FASHION STAFF**
• WEARABLES •

Overcoats and topcoats should be sent now to a good drycleaner as a first step toward proper summer storage. The coats should be placed on wooden hangers that are shaped like the shoulders, not on the wire hangers that mar the lines. Some dry cleaning establishments put the hangers and coats in air-tight and moth-proof bags. If yours doesn't render this service, such bags may be purchased. They keep the moths and dust out. Winter hats should be thoroughly brushed and placed into hat boxes.



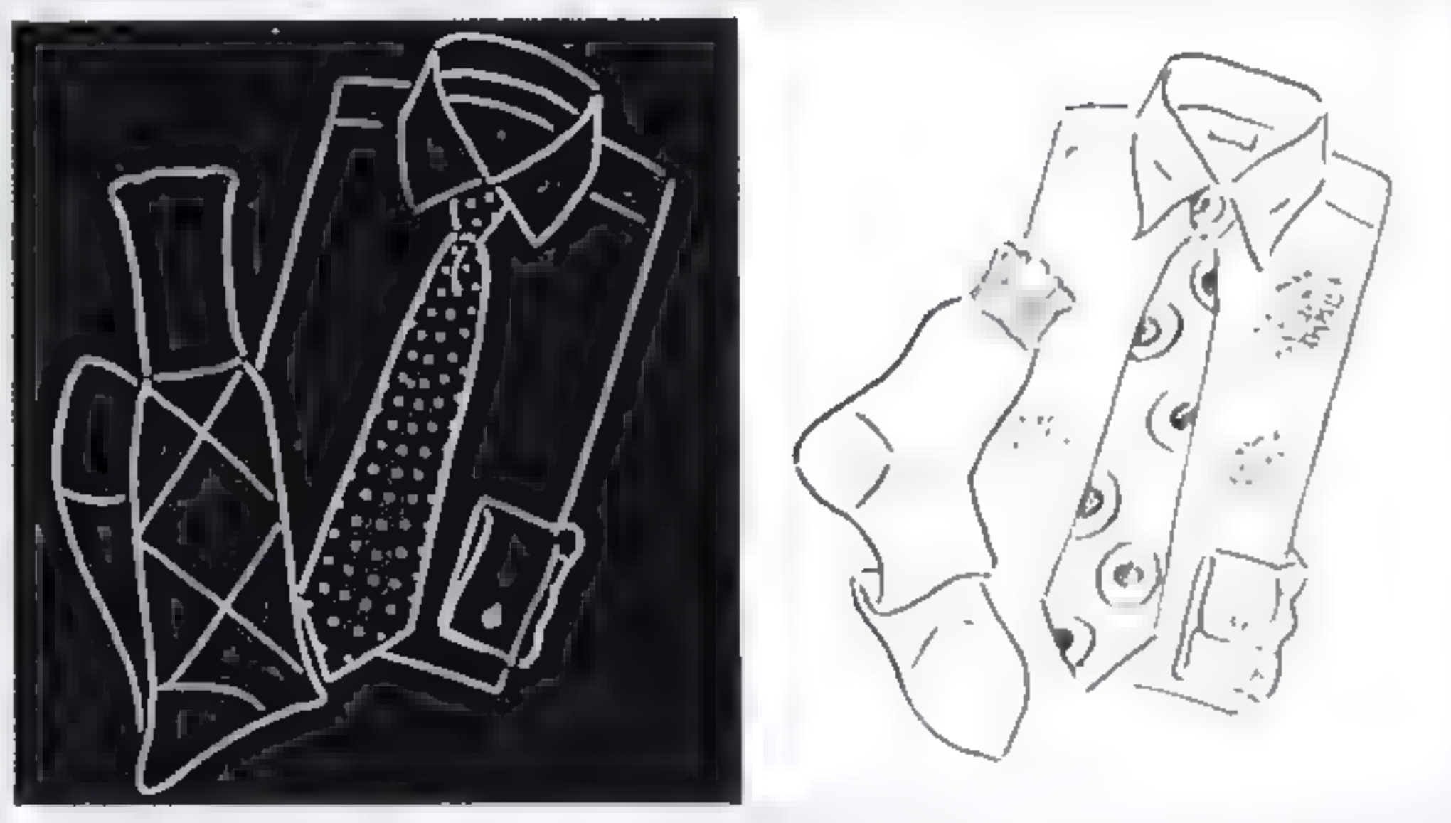
You should plan a hat wardrobe for hot weather wear to take the place of winter and spring hats. Lightweight hanokis, mesh weave panamas, bakus, coconut palm, native straws, all are good for town. A very lightweight felt hat serves as an alternate, especially for travel. Rough weave straws have acceptance for resort and beach. Don't overlook the cotton pork pie hat for golf. The coconut palm hat with white puggree combines with the summer dinner jacket.

Heavy business suits will be of such little service to you that you might just as well keep them out of the dust and away from the moths by giving them the same attention. You'll probably want to keep out a grey flannel suit for an occasional chilly day. Remember to ask your drycleaner to press the sleeves rounded, not with a sharp edge.



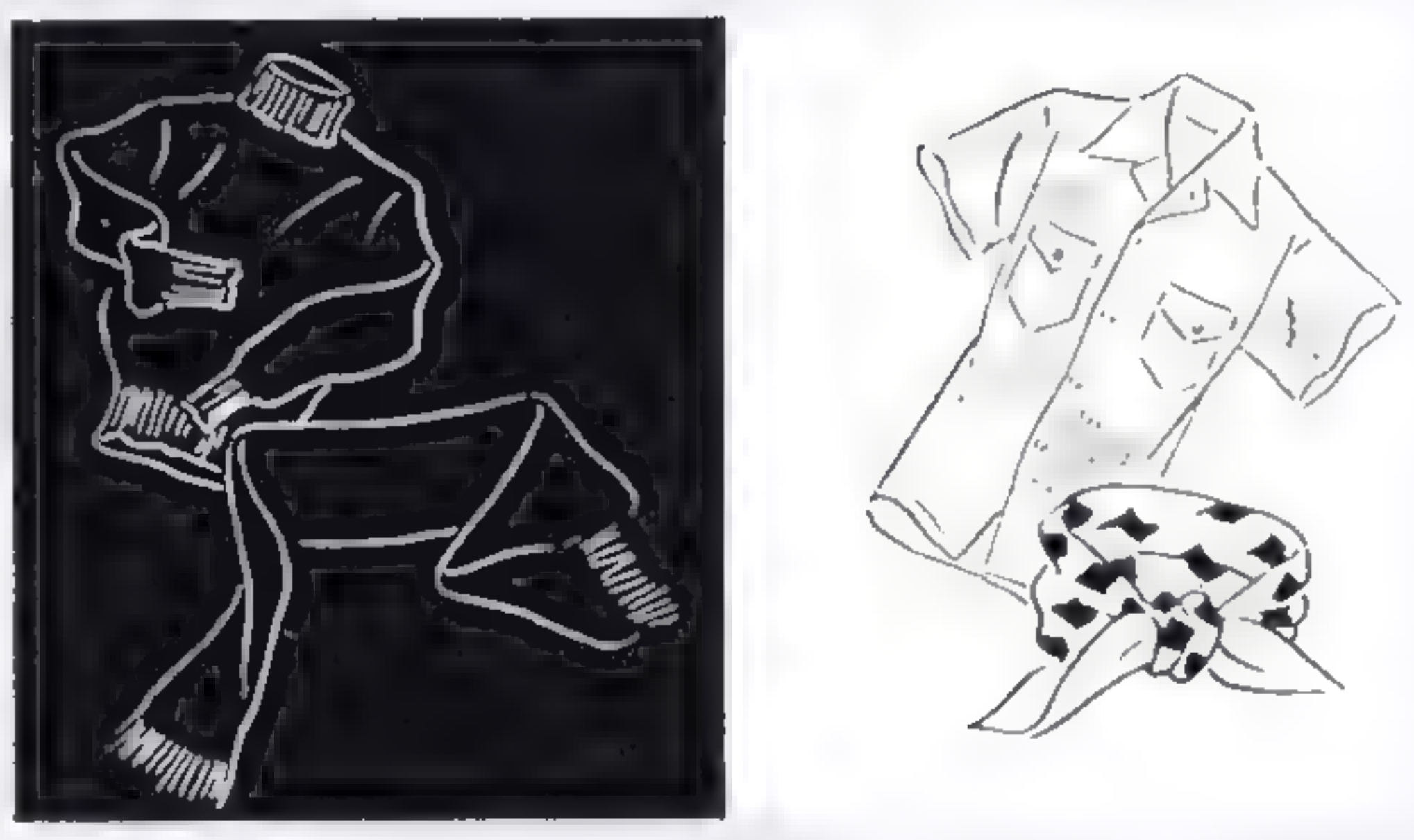
Lightweight suits for town, country or resort are, of course, the foundation of your summer wardrobe. Check over what you have, then add suits of new shades and patterns, so that you get the right sartorial vitamins Lightweight worsted, worsted-mohair, Palm Beach, rayon, cotton mixtures and linen offer a variety of types. You can get them light or dark as to shade in stripes, plaids and solid colors. Sport jackets and slacks are lightened in weight.

Heavy broadcloth and other shirts you wear during the winter months may seem like lightweight blankets on sweltering days, so keep them out of circulation. The same goes for heavy silk or woolen ties. Woolen half hose for business wear should be packed away with moth repellent crystals.



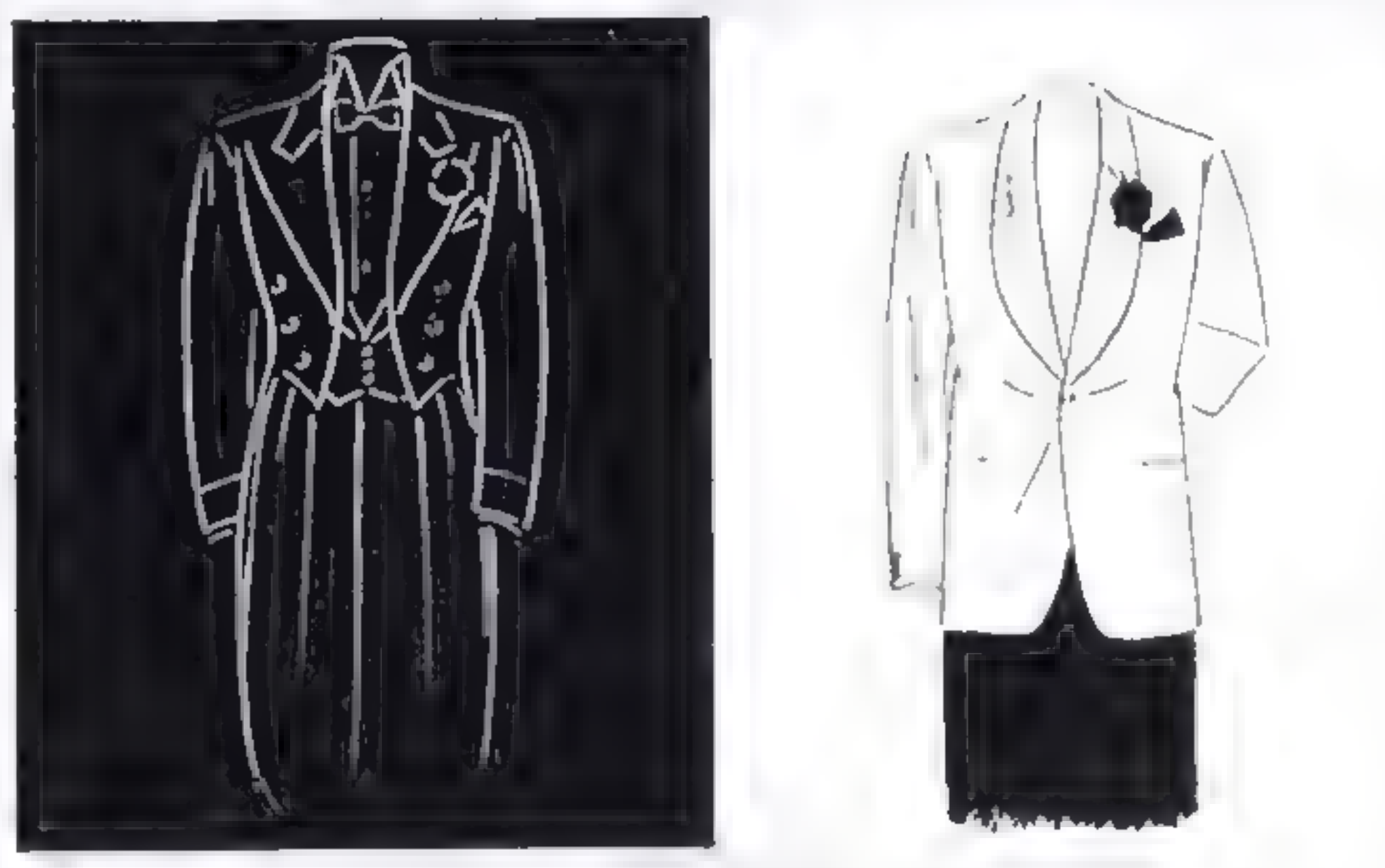
The new lighter living affects the choice of accessories. Shirts of sheer fabrics —some with open weaves—run to light tones. You can get your favorite collar styles in summer shirts. Ties of thin fabrics; such as foulard, lightweight wool and washable materials appear in a galaxy of designs and colorful effects. Underwear, half hose, suspenders, belts and garters also have less weight, more ease.

Sweaters, flannel shirts, woolen scarves, underwear and other moth-inviting wearables should get the same care. After being drycleaned or laundered, it makes sense to keep them in mothproof chests or drawers. They will then be ready for wearing in the Fall.



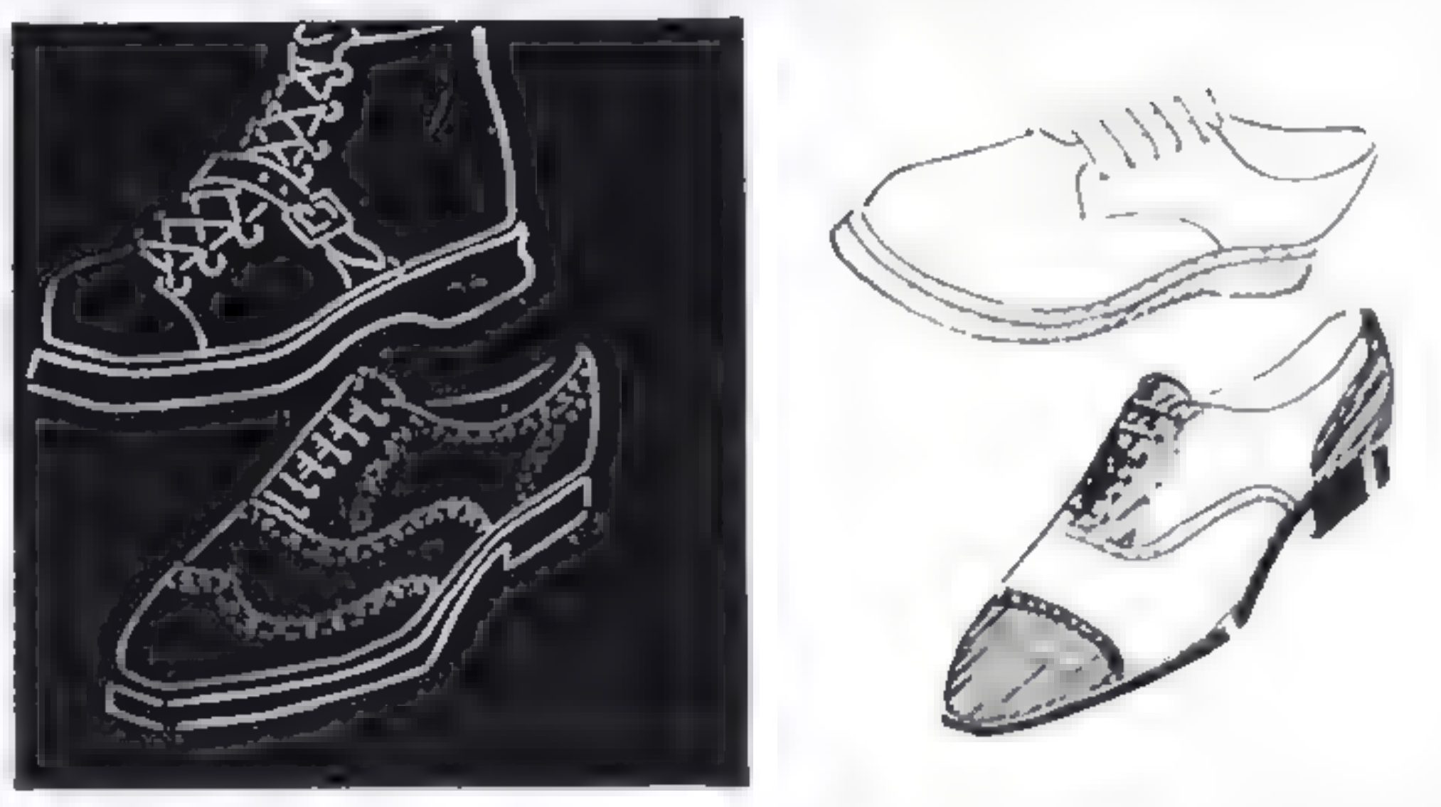
Summer versions of sport shirts and scarves focus attention on thin smooth fabrics. Designs are present in the form of large native prints, plaids or stripes. Colors should be selected on the basis of contrast with the slacks. These may be of rayon blends, lightweight gabardine, cotton-mohair mixtures or linen, all of of which are on the light side. Scarves of foulard, cotton or linen add a colorful note around the neck.

Apply the same formula to evening clothes—the tailcoat and dinner jacket. If you don't have them drycleaned and stored away, the suits may become delicious morsels for the moths and you'll probably find holes in them when you take them out next Fall. Properly shaped hangers are again in order, as are the mothproof bags. Silk hats should be kept in boxes, the opera hat being left open.



Lightweight evening clothes minimize the effect of rising summer temperatures. A white or buff colored dinner jacket of washable or other thin fabric may be either single or double breasted model with shawl collar. Midnight blue is widely favored in lightweight fabrics. Trousers to match may be worn with such a jacket or with the white or buff jackets. Evening shirts with bodies of thin voile or other porous fabrics produce comfort.

Heavy boots and shoes will retain their shapes and give better service next winter if you tree them. These wooden or metal forms cause the shoes to retain the proper fashion lines. An application of a preservative lengthens the life of your footwear, prevents the leather from cracking. Keep them in boxes or drawers, out of the way and out of the dust.



The lightweight shoes form an appropriate fashion base for your summer wardrobe. Shoes for town have thinner uppers with soles that are proportionately lighter. Some men prefer perforated uppers as further steps to comfort. Shoes for resorts include brown reverse calf, white buckskin, plain or trimmed, moccasin slippers or rubber beach sandals. Rubber soles are best for these types.

The Baseball Season Is Over

Continued from page 60

to know that it was to happen during the Season of 1940?

And how is anybody—including myself—to know what will happen to them this season? Some of them, for instance Home-run King Hank Greenberg, may be drafted, which will be a good break for the United States Army and a bad break for the Detroit Tigers. Others, like Jimmy Foxx, star of the Red Sox; Charley Gehringer, the best second baseman of all time; Bill Dickey, the Great Yankee catcher; or Mel Ott, the Giant's boy wonder, are at the dangerous age—dangerous not so much to their opponents as to their own teams.

And who will make the grade? Again, it is difficult to make exact predictions. Jack Doyle once said that the chances of a rookie, even after he's landed a job in the majors, are twenty-five to one against his making good in the first season. Then how about Phil Rizzuto and Jerry Priddy, the famed keystone combination of Kansas City, from whom the Yankees expect so much? Still, they may be the sensation of the coming season. So may Lou Stringer, who will play second for the Cubs (or will he?) and Alex Kampouris, who will get Pete Coscarart's job with the Dodgers.

So much for the newcomers. How about the trades? How about the transactions in the slave market of big-league baseball? Will the Dodgers get their money's worth out of Kirby Higbe, who didn't exactly shine last season with the Phillies (but who would?) and whom they bought for a hundred thousand cold cash and three gentlemen thrown in for good measure? And how about Catcher Mickey Owen, whom they picked up from the Cardinals for a mere sixty thousand, plus Mancuso and Pintar? Will Joe Bowman and Joe Orengo, both acquired from the Cardinals, and Bump Hadley from the Yankees, save the Giants from further disgrace? Or will Bill Terry repent having sold Vandenberg to the Cardinals?

Or take the Reds. They traded Billy Myers to the Cubs for Jimmy Gleeson. They sold Arnovich to the Giants for some twenty-five thousand dollars. They traded Shoffner to Jersey City, and bought Pearson from the Yankees for twenty thousand, plus Don Lang, a rookie.

Or the Yankees. They traded Knickerbocker to the White Sox for Ken Sylvestri. They sold Jake Powell down the river to California. Or Cleveland . . . Or the Red Sox . . . Or . . .

What will all this reshuffing of supposed aces mean in the end? Will the new teams be better balanced than the old ones? Will loopholes be filled and ballast be thrown overboard?

The Yankees are going to depend on youth, for hitting as well as pitching. Cincinnati hopes to get increased hitting power through Gleeson. The pitching staff of the Dodgers may be enormously strengthened by the acquisition of Higbe. Whether the Giants will be better off seems doubtful, to say the least: Joe Bowman is not so hot as a starting pitcher. And they probably won't get much help from Joe Orengo, because what their infield needs are a few experienced players who aren't too old, not a rookie who still doesn't know his way about. And most of the other trades don't seem to make a lot of difference to the teams that made them—at least on the face of it.

But to hell with names. Either you know the names, and then maybe you know more about them than I do. Or you don't know them all, and then you're bored stiff. Instead of gassing about what certain men did or didn't do last year, or may or may not do this year, let's get down to a point of principle that the experience of last season brings up.

As you know, last season ended with the National League winning the World Series for the first time in six years. The senior circuit also took the two All-Star games in an even more definite manner than the World Series. The National League has always been known, and justly so, for its superior defensive strength, in contrast to the more offensive-minded American League. The results of last year, then, indicate that under certain circumstances, defensive play is superior to offensive play. Under which circumstances?

The Yankees, between 1936 and 1939, can be compared with Dempsey in his prime. There is no way of stopping an offensive baseball team if its offensive strength is absolutely tops. But once it has lost some of this strength—and though it continues to be a *good* offensive team—it can be beaten by a good (not even extraordinary) defensive outfit. The Detroit Tigers were a very good batting team, but they didn't have the tremendous driving power of the former Yankees. They lost to the sound and scientific defensive play of the Reds. The fact that they lost only in the seventh game does not make this theory less valid. Sport results always depend on fractions of seconds or on inches. Results, nevertheless, count.

If this theory holds true—and you can take it or leave it—it means that the National League teams will go on winning World Series as long as they can go on producing sound pitchers, and as long as the American League fails to produce another team as strong and aggressive as the Yankees of yesteryear.

But here I am again—predicting. Well, after all, why not? What can happen to me? Or to any of us prophets? Since I've made all the reservations in advance, here I go—out on the well-known limb.

In the American League race, I think the Indians will come through this year—if the batting of Trosky, Boudreau and Mack is up to last year's standard; if Bob Feller continues in his top form, and if Manager Roger Peckinpaugh manages to manage the nerves of his players.

The Yankees will be second. I know that by saying this my life from now on will be in constant danger. But I simply do not share the optimism of Bronx County. In my opinion, the Yankees need too many breaks to come through. The newly-acquired men must make good. The new and untried pitching staff must make good. Too many unknown quantities.

The Tigers depend largely on Hank Greenberg, who, as mentioned, may be a soldier soon and training for a World Series of another kind. And will Gehringer, after so many good seasons, have another good season? And as to the pitching staff: Will Bucky Newsom and Bridges hold their own? Can Rowe be depended on? Too many question marks.

Fourth place should be taken by the Red Sox, where Williams, Finney, and Dominick DiMaggio will continue to do heavy batting, but where the new pitchers will have to come through very well even to hold fourth place.

In the older league, the picture seems clearer. Cincinnati should have no difficulty holding on to the flag, if Derringer doesn't slip. There will be continued good pitching and increased batting power (Gleeson!).

The Dodgers won't be quite ready to win the pennant, though they probably won't be trailing by twelve games when the final gong sounds. Both power and pitching will be improving. Peewee Reese will be in there again, and Medwick ought to hit his stride for Durocher. And Higbe will make things tough for the other party.

The Cardinals should take third place again, with their continued batting supremacy (Johnny Mize, Enos Slaughter, etc.), but the pitching, in spite of the acquisition of Vandenberg, will not be strong enough for the pennant.

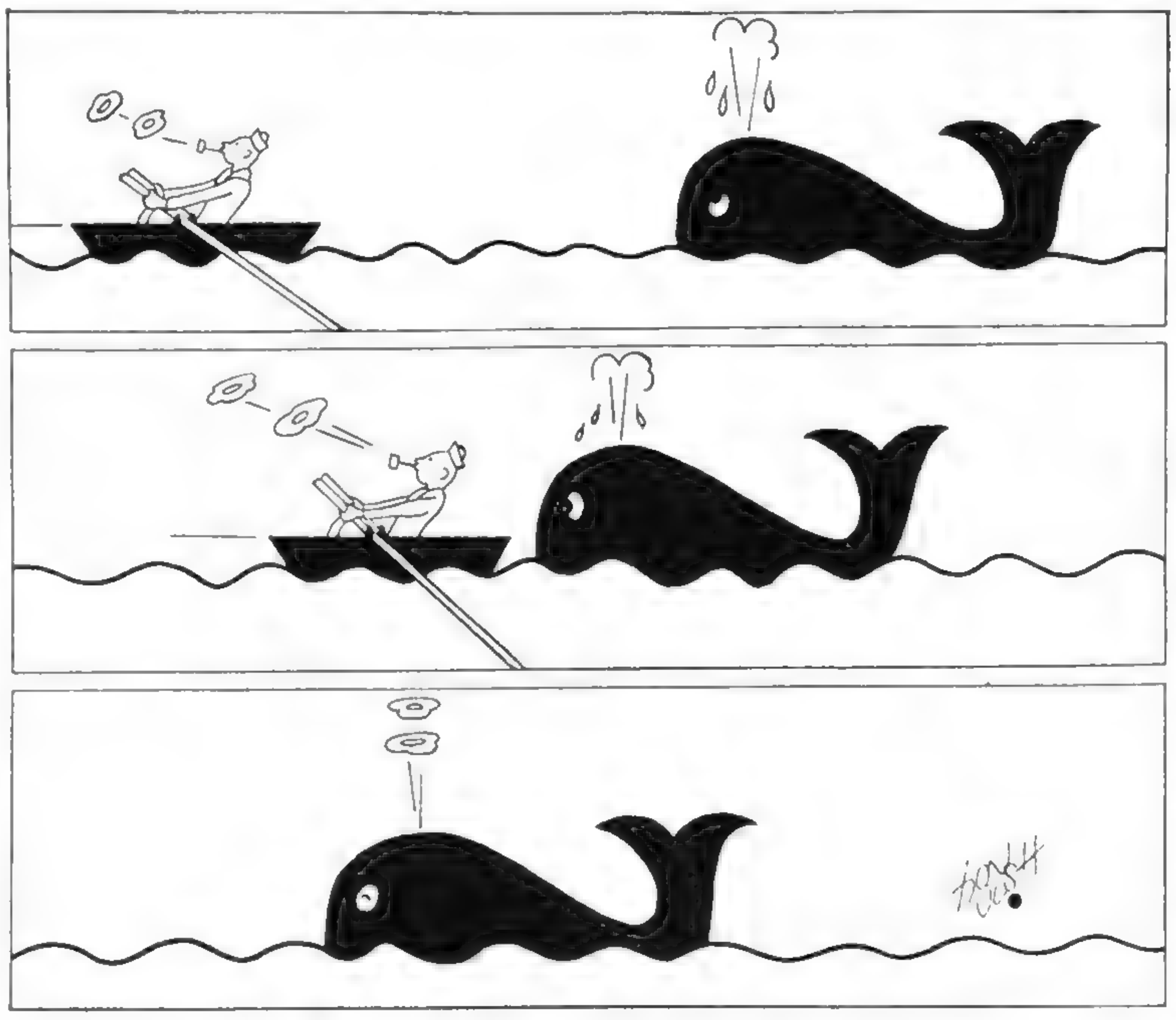
And, in accordance with my theory, I think the Reds will beat the Indians in the World Series.

Early in 1941, Doyle was asked about the odds for the coming season. He declined to give them. He said he'd rather watch the spring training before making a decision.

I didn't watch the spring training. I don't think there's any sense in watching the spring training. In the first place, nine out of ten rookies you see there will never be seen again. Somehow, if you watch a team in Florida, it looks like an entirely new team; and somehow, when the team comes back and starts the regular season, it's the old team all over again.

I'm the last one not to mistrust hunches. They're wrong most of the time. But they are at least something. Spring training does nothing for the sports writer (and I hate to think of what it does to the baseball players) but blur his hunches. I distrust all this eyewitness stuff. Every reporter who has gone down to Florida comes back with a crush on some rookie. We, who didn't go down there, know perfectly well that the odds against the rookie's finishing the season, or making good on one of the major league teams, are at least twenty to one. The reporter who saw him play in training will know that, too—six or seven months later.

We'll all know much more then. If we knew it now, there wouldn't be any sense in playing baseball at all. That would be too bad, because if they didn't play baseball any more, they couldn't very well talk baseball, either. There would not be any conferences or conventions or trades or waivers; there wouldn't be any double-crossing or boasting. There wouldn't be anything pleasant in the newspapers from October to April—not a thing you could look forward to reading, except my articles. ⌗



The Mountain of God

Continued from page 75

In the foreground the three squatting figures worked busily. Behind them the ground fell away, sweep on voluptuous sweep, like the curves of a prone giantess. Far below was the distant green of the plains. Beyond them, to the north, the breezes stirred the alkaline dust on *Tanya 'n-Gutuk*, "Open-the-Mouth"—the place of thirst.

Twenty miles away, dominating the landscape, the uncouth, cruel bulk of the Mountain of God was clear in the evening light. It stood aloof and shabby, its grey flanks bare of vegetation. Its jagged peak soared menacingly above the Rift Wall. The volcanic dust clothed its steep sides and spread over the country at its base like a dingy pall. Brooding, it squatted in a wilderness of its own creation.

Wright, remembering the map and the thin red line thereon which crossed the mountain's summit, denoting the achievement of his German predecessor, thought grimly, "No one will ever climb *you* again, unless another eruption undoes the work of nineteen-seventeen."

A year before, he had himself tried the ascent. Tanapu had been against it from the first and had accompanied him under protest, alleging that the effort involved what he described as "useless work." Thinking that his reluctance might be due to the superstition which was rife concerning the mountain, Wright had twitted Tanapu with being afraid.

He was soon enlightened as to the mountain's character. Two hours through powdered ash, gradually deepening, had brought them to the base. Thereafter, they climbed through a suffocating cloud of dust, kicked up by their scrambling feet. The friable soil enveloped them to the knees. The ground was full of unseen faults into which they continually slipped and sank. The gradient was one which they could not have hoped to tackle without climbing apparatus if the ground had been hard, but the dust in which they struggled glued them to the face of the mountain.

After several hours the peak seemed no nearer. Dimly visible through the dust haze, it overhung them and mocked their efforts. The gradient became steeper. The cone of ash at the summit bulged outwards like the stopper of a great bottle. Tired, pouring with sweat and indescribably filthy, Wright had been forced to give up.

They descended perforce, slithering through the treacherous dust. Looking up from the arid waste below, Wright was astonished and chagrined to see how small was the progress they had made. "One step forward is two steps back on that one!" said Tanapu, shaking the dust from his pigtail. "Since he spat fire in the year of the White Men's War no man has been able to ascend."

Ever since, Wright's interest in the mountain had been an irritation. Unscaled, it represented defeat. As he sat, savoring his pipe in the quiet evening air, his eyes fixed steadily on the mountain's grotesque shape, his thoughts were of it and its history and his mind was busy with plans for another ascent.

He was startled by Tanapu's voice at his side.

"Master, *Ol-doinyo le-'ng-Ai* is a bad one. Do not let us go near him again," he said, anxiously.

Wright laughed shortly.

"I do not wish to go that way on this *safari*," he said. "But some day, maybe next year, we shall try once more to climb the mountain."

Tanapu sighed.

"According to the Master's wish," he said, glancing around the darkening hills. Then he added, in a different tone, "The newly-circumcised, the shaven ones, approach."

Far away on the hillside, Wright could see a party of warriors in single file. The last rays of the sun struck a blinding flash of light from the spears, as he watched.

"They are many," said Tanapu. "They bring milk, doubtless. But I think that some of them come to see the lion skin and that the son of Meshupo is among them."

"Where have you put the skin?" asked Wright, remembering. "There are many hyaenas here."

"It's hung on a pole beside the fire yonder," said Tanapu, pointing. "One of us shall watch all night."

"It is well," said Wright. "Watch without sleeping, for I shall never shoot a bigger lion than that one."

"Who knows? There are many others like him in the bush," murmured Tanapu, with the incurable optimism of the hunter.

They strolled back to the fire together.

After nightfall, the young warriors came swinging into camp, chanting a guttural song. They placed several gourds of sour milk near the porters' fires and came over to the tent, where Wright sat. The firelight glinted on their lean features and daubed limbs as they stood awaiting Wright's word, according to custom.

Wright stood up and touched the hand of each man in silence. Then, "O Warriors, greeting!" he said.

"Greeting!" they grunted in chorus.

Their leader, a heavily-built youth over six feet in height, wore his budding pigtail gathered on the top of his head into a compact bun, not unlike an onion. He swaggered over to the fire, carelessly swinging his great spear.

"Greeting, *Ol-Toroboni!*" he said with a sneer, looking down at Tanapu who squatted, gazing dreamily into the flames.

There was a gasp of horror from the two young trackers and Wright pricked up his ears. Such a form of address was an insult, coming from one who had but lately attained the rank of warrior. In addition, the speaker had laid stress on the fact that Tanapu was not a Masai and although the Dorobo and the Masai have lived in amity from a time no man remembers, the Masai regard this tribe of hunters with veiled, affectionate contempt.

Wright expected a sharp reply from Tanapu, and, in fact, hoped for it. The young *Muran's* remark had been a gross breach of good manners. Tanapu was a proved warrior of many years' standing, had killed more than a score of lions to his own bow and was the son of a noted hunter who had been adopted into the Masai tribe.

Tanapu merely looked up, his face a placid mask.

"Greeting, *ole* Meshupo!" he said, mildly. "Ye have all come to see the lion, I think."

Ole Meshupo grunted. The other warriors gathered close, silently. Tanapu did not salute them, but with a wave of his hand, he said, "There is the skin of the lion ye all know. The White Man's bullet is swift and powerful. His gun does not talk idly. It slays."

The warriors crowded up to the skin. Guttural sounds of admiration, carefully repressed, came to Wright's ears. He heard Tanapu's voice—"Let no man touch so much as a whisker, for this skin my Master values highly and it is to be sent to Europe when I have made it ready. You! Ole'ndaa! Keep your hands away! You can see without touching. Do your eyes grow in your fingers?"

Their enthusiasm overcoming their habitual reticence in the presence of a white man, the young *Muran* were now chattering excitedly, each man drawing his neighbor's attention to some fresh beauty in the skin. Tanapu, who had risen from his seat at the fire, presided austerely. Hanging from its pole, tail down and forelegs strapped wide to a crosspiece, the skin looked immense in the uncertain light. A little thrill of pleasure shot through Wright, as he watched from his chair.

After a little the warriors, their curiosity satisfied, turned to the fire. Each man dug his spear, iron butt downwards, into the ground behind him and sat down. They continued to talk volubly, squatting around the flames. Amid bursts of laughter and excited cries, they swapped stories of the lion hunts they had been told of by their elders.

During a pause, the bragging voice of the son of Meshupo broke the silence.

"My father's ox it was, but one beast does not matter, for my father has many times sixty in his herds," he said, arrogantly. "But because it was my father's ox it would have been just if *I* had killed The Heavy Paw. I sought him, following him alone into the bush, but I could not find him. If we had met, I would have—" he paused. "I would have killed him with the spear, as the Masai kill."

"*Oiyee!* As the *Masai* kill," said Tanapu quietly, but with emphasis. "Truly, they kill with the spear and kill swiftly. The Dorobo use arrows."

He glanced across the fire at Meshupo's son and picked up a long, thin stick which lay on the ground beside him.

"Masai are Masai," he said, lightly beating the stick on the ground to mark his words. "To them, all other men are *Il-meek*, common people. Listen, Ole Meshupo and ye other shaven ones! Listen to the words of a Dorobo while ye await the rising of the moon to light ye home!"

In the background, Wright quietly hitched his chair closer. "Good!" he thought. "It seems that Tanapu isn't going to let that young blood get away with his insolence!"

There was a hoarse babble of distant voices from the porters' camp, where the milk was being divided among the men. The noise died away and Tanapu, pushing a log toward the heart of the fire with his heel, began to speak in a clear voice.

"Men know many things, but there are many things unknown to men. The young know more than the old, according to their talk, for who has heard a warrior say, 'I do not know?' Go to the kraals and ask your question of the elder who lies with his feet against a post and he, haply, will answer, saying, 'I know not.' But a young man? Never! Yet many young men are ignorant of things which concern them closely.

"Enough! Now I speak of God's Mountain, which stands there below us. For a warrior, it is but half a day's march from here. Yet what do the warriors know of its history? Twice since I remember has the mountain spat fire and dust and each time, as my father told the tale, were the elders afraid. Moreover, each time did the warriors, in Council, put forward reasons for the roaring, the fire and the grey dust. But I think that they were no less afraid than the elders.

"Know ye, that it is said among the Masai that when a mountain such as that one below belches flames and dust, then is it giving up the chalk that lies beneath it in the earth's heart. Such is the old wisdom of the Masai and so my father believed. But do the warriors believe? I know not. When the mountain spake during the White Men's War, there were many warriors who said that the voice of God, coming from the belly of his mountain, told the Masai to go forth and destroy the Lumbwa, the People with Hard Teeth. To what end? The Lumbwa have few cattle and many of their women are *Il-meek*. But untried warriors have big mouths and little sense.

"Even the youngest among ye remembers the time when the mountain last roared. But who remembers the time before—the

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The Mountain of God

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time of The Pilgrimage? I was then a child, playing naked in my father's kraal and too young to herd the sheep without aid. After, when I and my age-mates were circumcised, my dead father, he-whose-name-I-must-not-speak told me the tale I tell you now."

Tanapu paused and looked about him to see whether he held the attention of his audience. The young warriors waited in silence. Tanapu took snuff slowly, sneezed twice, blew his nose and taking up his stick again, went on.

"In those days, the elders said that God was angry with the Masai, for none of them had forgotten the time of The Great Sickness, when the cattle died in such numbers that the beasts-of-prey were glutted with meat and hunted no more. Moreover, the Europeans had come and the country was not as it had been before. The Government made laws which the Masai did not understand. Truly, it was not like the present Government, which is beneficent and wise and sees all things."

The warriors grunted assent. Wright did not move in his chair. The conventions satisfied, Tanapu continued.

"Although the Government was harsh and the herds of the Masai were small since the time of The Sickness, yet the Masai, great as was their fear for these reasons, feared another thing still more. There were no little children. Uncircumcised youths there were; warriors there were, with bright spears that had tasted no blood, save of their fathers' killing; but there were no little children. God's curse was upon the Masai and the women could not conceive. No man could understand this and all were afraid, for it seemed that the Tribe must die. At length, the Council of Elders came together to discuss the matter.

"The Council talked for half a month and there were many oxen slaughtered during the talking. At the last, one-whose-name-must-not-be-said, for he has since died, spoke thus: 'Ye have seen the coming of The Great Sickness, and its passing. Ye have seen the coming of The White Men, but as yet they have not departed. Ye have heard the voice of God's Mountain, months agone. The mountain has ceased to speak, but our women bear no children. Now I tell ye that God is angry with the Masai.' The Council, whose spears, upright behind them, were so many that they resembled the trees of the forest, spake together in assent. Thus again the-nameless-one: 'With my words ye all agree, but who knows the reason for God's anger? Now I say that God's anger is on the Masai because no homage has been paid, neither for rain nor for increase, at the foot of His mountain. The old custom has been forgotten. Therefore, He speaks from the mountain's belly and the Masai are afraid. Our women can bear no children. Send them, with gifts, to the foot of The Mountain of God, there to pray and to avert God's anger, and the curse will be lifted. Our women will return, fitted again for pregnancy, and after the lapse of months, each woman will be seen carrying the newly-born on her back. Thus shall the kraals be filled. Ye have heard.' These were the words spoken by the-nameless-one, who then returned to his place in the Council.

"So was the matter arranged. The elders departed, each to his kraal. After the moon had waned twice and twice come again, many of the Masai met together at the hill which is called The Chair of Stone. At that meeting, there were elders and warriors beyond count. With them were the women. They came from every kraal in The Mist Country and from the country to the west, above The Lesser Wall. Each woman carried two gourds of milk and the sheep they drove before them were many times sixty in number.

"They went to God's Mountain, elders and warriors and women together. On the morning of the second day, the warriors turned back and the elders and the women went on alone, as is customary. At evening, the elders left the women near the foot of the mountain. They left with them the sheep and the milk. The elders returned and the women went forward. No man was with them. They went forward alone, herding the sheep, to the base of The Mountain of God. They carried the gourds of milk and prayers were in their mouths. In their hands was grass and grass was fastened to their clothes, in token of peace. So they went.

"After five days, during which time no Masai entered that country in which the women prayed and made offering to God, the rain came. On the night of the second day of rain, the women returned, climbing The Wall in darkness and coming again to The Country of the Mist. Their gourds were empty and the skins of the sheep were tied around their waists. No woman spoke, save to greet her husband. Nor were they questioned, but each returned to her own place.

"Now it is told that when the months had passed, each woman gave birth to a child. Even the wife of Parpoi, who was old and whose breasts hung to her waist, bore a son. The Masai, seeing these children, who were strong and comely, spat upon them gently and said 'Grow big, child of God's Mountain, and take your place before the eyes of men,' for they were afraid, lest by praise of the children they might anger God once more. Moreover, among the women who gave birth was Esidai, The Beautiful, the wife of Meshupo. And her son was named Kumari the-son-of Meshupo."

Tanapu paused and gazed pensively into the blazing fire.

"Kumari the-son-of Meshupo," he repeated. "O warriors, do ye know him?"

"We know him," chorused the *Muran*. "Is he not here, seated amongst us?"

"It is I," said Ole Meshupo importantly. "My mother is named Esidai, as ye all know. But I have heard this story before and so have we all. Is there no better tale a Dorobo can tell? My father—"

"As your father told the tale to you, doubtless it is finished," broke in Tanapu. "But there is yet an end to be spoken. Hearken, now!"

"It is told that at the time when the women returned to the kraals, each one bearing the empty gourds and garbed in sheepskins, the Masai were joyful. Yet, by order of the Council, all men forbore to question them concerning the days during which they had prayed, for such was not the custom. Now, ye know that there are strangers, *Il-meek*, who live at the bottom of The Wall in The Place of Many Mosquitoes. But does any warrior know how long these strangers have lived there?

"My father, who killed elephants for the Masai in the years that have passed, remembered when the strangers came. And he told me that they came in the year of The Pilgrimage. Yea, they came during that very month when the Masai women went to pray. These strangers, when first they came in search of new lands to hoe, had no women. For their women, who feared the spears of the Masai, remained over yonder in the east, in the town at the foot of The Black Mountain.

"These strangers were big men, tall like the Masai, but black of skin and with thick, hairy limbs and bodies. Their Tribe is called the Nyanwezi, but when first the Masai saw them, many years ago, they called them The Hairy Ones, or The Ones Who Smell. This ye know. I have said that they came at the time of the Masai women's pilgrimage. I tell ye now that they passed near The Mountain of God when there was no Masai in all that land, save only the women who prayed there.

"Who can speak with certainty of what his eyes have not seen? I say only this—women are foolish and are desirous of men. I say, also, that for seven days no Masai entered the country surrounding The Mountain of God. But after the women had returned to the kraals, the Masai, once more descending The Wall to look for grazing in the north, saw that the hairy strangers had come and were even then building huts near The River of Mosquitoes.

"If a Masai wishes his cows to throw big, strong calves, does he not send them far away where they may mate with the bulls of a stranger herd? The Masai, who know cattle from the beginning, for all cattle in the world are rightly theirs, know also that all blood is not alike and that the fresh blood of a stranger bull gives strength and size to the unborn calf at the time of mating. Thus will ye see, if ye travel the south road to Kiteto, cattle in the kraals of the Masai of that country with the same great horns and heavy quarters as those of the bulls north of The Soda Lake. And do not men breed as cattle, male to female? Will not the son of a tall father himself be tall? Likewise, will not his body be in the likeness of his father's body?"

Tanapu ceased speaking. He sprang to his feet and spat into the heart of the dying fire.

"I have told ye a tale," he cried, an exultant ring in his voice, "and this is its finish! I have told ye that the children born of the Masai women after the time of their praying were strong and tall and comely. Ye know that a child is in the likeness of his father. So was it with these children. *They were hairy.* Hairy they were at birth and hairy they have remained—*even the one who is here amongst us now!*"

"Ole Meshupo!" he shouted, savagely. "Is it truth they speak when they say that the hair-tweezers used only by the old men is ever with thee? Is it the truth they speak or is it false? Dost thou know who sired thee, as thou knowest all other things? Or has thy mother, Esidai, kept a closed mouth ever since the time when she prayed at The Mountain of God? Of what dost thou think, when plucking the hairs in secret from thy young chin—thy chin which should be beardless?"

He stooped and threw fresh wood on the fire. The flames blazed up, shining on the eyeballs of the squatting *Muran* who gazed, mouths agape, at Tanapu. Behind them, their tall spears glimmered redly.

Tanapu stood in silence for a moment. Then he threw his head back and laughed long and loud at the sky.

"See!" he cried. "He has gone! The place of Meshupo's son is vacant! He has fled away, perhaps to hunt lions and to kill them with the spear, as the *Masai* do! *Eyah!* Or, maybe, he has run to his father to ask why the hairs on his chin and body sprout, thick as mushrooms in a deserted kraal!"

He laughed long and mockingly.

The warriors shifted and turned uneasily, each man looking into the face of his neighbor. There was an empty place in their midst.

Ole Meshupo had vanished.

Tanapu squatted and felt inside his blanket for his snuff-gourd. With an indescribable expression of contempt on his face, he spat through his teeth and muttered, "*Oie!* The Hairy One! May he trip on the road and fall down!"

Wright leaned back in his chair. The pipe bowl between his finger and thumb was cold.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said, slowly and distinctly, and then began to shake with silent laughter.

Megalopolis, the Great Failure

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local automobilist who hasn't had his car downtown for a week finds it hard to play the game, and is often a traffic snarler.

The solution most often advocated is a duplicate traffic-city underground. Everyone has seen diagrams of these worm-cities in the newspapers, of one sub-basement, or two or three, looking like some fantasy out of Buck Rogers or *Weird Stories Magazine*. Well, why not run the city into the ground? We built it up into the sky, even up to a thousand feet. We failed to reach heaven. There is still the other direction.

The pedestrian problem, aside from the auto casualties, which are bad enough, is more aesthetic than practical. Getting about on foot is a disagreeable job in this downtown city, where there are always too many in front, hindering one; too many behind, pushing one on. You join the herd on the curbstone, waiting for the green light; then you all waddle across, everyone turning his face a little to the side to guard against the right-turn autos edging into the herd, and halfway across looking out for left-turn cars, and at the same time keeping an eye on the traffic light as one passes in front of the throbbing, halted radiators behind which every driver has his hand on the gear-shift, ready to leap forward at the flicker. Safe on the other side, there is a block more of plodding to the next curb, and the business all over again.

Too many people in a confined space; somebody always in your way, yourself always in someone's way; too many people trying to do the same thing at the same time in the same place. Too many surging out of the tall buildings when the hands of the clock stand *so;* walking like animated scissors to get to the eating place while there is yet a seat; eating in a hurry if you're lucky, because of the standing row of the hungry; or unlucky, waiting in that row, watching every movement of the eaters so as to plant yourself behind the one who has reached his pie and coffee. Too many people you don't know who don't care a hoot about you. A crowded unlovely, hurried, undignified existence, life in a great city.

It is too crowded for leisure or quiet. The quarrel next door, the radio upstairs, the alcoholic party across the court, are inescapable parts of it. Playgrounds for children are too few—in many cities children have staged little riots to get streets blocked off for play. Playgrounds for adults hardly exist. The moneyed citizens belong to those communist *de luxe* playground groups, the country clubs, and make week-end escapes to country houses. For the rank and file there are no stars, sunsets, or sunrises. Nature is the public park and the zoo on Sunday—where the crowd is too. What fun cartoonists have had at the flesh-market spectacle of Coney Island beaches!

No wonder the recreation of the jam-packed city is second hand. It is crowd, mass, vicarious fun at movie houses and ball parks. On Sunday the non-country club element which can afford a second hand car goes for a drive through those subdivisions the depression abandoned. The omnipresent crowd is there too, before and behind, and the ride home is inch by inch along the gas-fumed highway that is never wide enough.

Other city problems defy solution. The rat problem is better known to public health officials than to citizens because newspapers report only what is already finished—an embalmed event. So occasionally readers learn of the rat problem when a slum child dies of rat bite. In your city there is probably one rat per census citizen, and medical men are always in fear of plague.

Think everything's been thought of for defense? Read Robert Marks' satiric (not to say satyric) suggestion, *Bombs, Bosoms and Billets*, in the June issue.

There is of course the human rat problem—crime and gangsterism and the crooked crime-business-politics triangle. The unplaygrounded, over-stimulating city, with its slums, Gold Coasts, and obvious economic inequalities, is a crime breeder. Its permanent disorganization lends itself to violence, quackery, and what is called "living by one's wits."

It was Jefferson's hope that the United States would never grow the European type of rabble-filled city. It was a hope as vain as that civil liberties could be guaranteed by writing them into the highest law of the land. Both in the rabble and in the failure of its civic police, American cities have outdone Europe. The American city is internationally famous as man's most conspicuous political failure. It is too large and clumsy for democracy to function in it. Most citizens know little enough about foreign affairs, but the little they know about Indo-China exceeds what they ever find out about the goings-on in the local ward.

The control falls into the hands of professional politicians, many of them indistinguishable from gangsters. Newspapers, sometimes a part of the vicious setup, more often crusade against it, to come up against a dead wall of civic indifference. Joseph Doaks has no spare mental energy left for action or indignation. He has barely enough left in him to master the day's box scores, and totter down to the neighborhood picture house to watch himself as a foreign correspondent saving a beautiful virgin from a fate worse even than living in a big city.

A million or more people together in one huddle make up an enormous problem of supply. They must have milk, bread, fruit, vegetables, and the morning paper. All the staple foods and the highly perishable luxury commodities lend themselves to graft, and racketeering. Some of our best public enemies have made fortunes in the strawberry, asparagus, and artichoke rackets, as well as in milk, coal, and ice.

All these and other malfunctionings cost the city money, either in taxes or in high prices, making the metropolis an uneconomical unit which even in cold cash terms and aside from the sissy argument of a better life is not worth its keep. New York loses some two million dollars annually from the more than billion gallons of untreated sewage dumped daily into the waters of the metropolitan district. One closed beach-resort used to turn into the city treasury more than a million dollars a year. Pollution has killed the shell-fishing industry which annually grossed a million.

The dust and smoke of a too crowded town make a terrific laundry bill. Anyone who has watched a skyscraper get its face washed knows how dirty a city is. The building being worked on is like a brick of two-flavor ice cream, chocolate and vanilla, standing on end, and as the cleaners work down, the part that was washed two weeks ago is already greying.

No problem mentioned here, not even the traffic problem, would be solved by sinking new tunnels down under the too many pipes, cables, tubes, wires, and subways the city now has. The advocates of the auxiliary underground shop-and-traffic complex, argue that it can be turned to use in case of an air war. No subway in the United States is bomb-proof; and the underground traffic system, if it is to serve as anti-explosive hideout, would need steel and concrete ceilings, auxiliary lighting, power, first-aid, sanitation, decontamination, and dormitory arrangements no city budget can face.

Even if a budget could be found to meet it and the job got done, it would not defend the surface city which, with its awesome skyline, would make a deadly target. Skyscrapers take an hour or more to empty, and they cast nice uncamouflageable shadows. A skyscraper fire is not easy to fight under perfect conditions, and the same bombing raid that started a couple of fortieth story blazes might well damage the water mains in that too-crowded pipe-line system just beneath the pavement. Years ago the town-planning experts of the world, in an international convention, pronounced New York the world's least defendable city, a perfect setup for an air raid.

If we must spend millions, there is a solution as good for peace as it is for war: breaking up the swollen city and distributing it in a planned and scientific way far and wide over the landscape.

According to Engineer-Designer Walter Dorwin Teague, during the last twenty years there has been more scientific study of the "problems of living" than during all the rest of history. The technologists are able to build better houses, industrial plants, and cities than any that now exist. In their spare time they have drawn up the blueprints. They await only the word of whoever will hire them to do the job, to give us that City of Tomorrow on which so many words and so little action have been expended.

That city would be widely dispersed over a green area, geared with other satellite towns into the parent or nuclear city. There would be sunlight and sky for everybody, and a plot of ground; a room with a view; no slums, rats, traffic confusion, earsplitting din; no smoke; no water pollution, no ugly intrusion of factory areas on living space. The units would be large enough to support schools and recreation, small enough to ensure the citizen's political effectiveness. So far as engineering practicability is concerned, it could be begun tomorrow, and it would cost no more than has been allotted for the defense of a democracy we only partly have. This is not to say that we should abandon our naval and air expansions. It is only to point out that if we had the money for that, why did it not occur years ago to someone, or to several million people, to use it to make the United States better, instead of merely more powerful? All the unemployed, all the CCC boys, could have been employed on it. It is possible that construction as well as destruction can be a theme of patriotism.

But now that war has the inside track, it is well to hammer on the fact that the city is as out of date and uneconomical from the defense point of view as from that of the people who live and work and try to play in it. Hitler's blitzkrieg turns out to be an unexpected ally of the City of Tomorrow. Maybe it will be the City of After the War. Maybe the reforms peace is unable to bring in, total war will enforce. Amid the ruins of London Englishmen are redesigning their cities. We too will get around to it, when New York is a cemetery of civilian casualties. ##

Sweet Adeline, Inc.

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hardly do sweeter. Which means that our choristers are about set for *And When I Die Don't Inter Me At All*—leading into *She May Have Saw Better Days* (better than 1931 anyhow), *My Mother Was a Lady, After the Ball, The Coise of an Aching Heart*, and that Republican lament, *In the Baggage Coach Ahead*. Thence the repertory ripped into might be *She Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* (but not the cagey kind, apparently), *Just Break the News to Mother, She Is More to Be Pitied than Censured* (for it turns out, my friends, that *A Man Was the Cause of It All*), and the nautical slumber number, *Knocked in the Navel with a Beet*.

Just why the late Diamond Jim Brady, a total abstainer with an oversized stomach, should have become the popular exemplar of the romance of the Gay Nineties is a bit puzzling. But Lillian Russell, no—*she* was pink Champagne itself, and it's easy to feel drawn toward the era of her aura, shared by Daisy, Daisy of the bicycle built for two, *Dear Old Gal, My Gal Sal*, and *Sweet Sixteen:* "I loved you as I never loved before." 'Twas in the good old summer time, in the shade of the old apple tree. As regards urban climate, there was a hot time in the old town tonight, da da da.

Recapturers of the past are particularly in clover at the brownstone-henge entitled Gay Nineties (located paradoxically in New York's Gay East Fifties) of antiquarian Bill Hardy, impresario of tender renditioners in loud-checked suits. *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?* is an imploring bleat heard under these rafters, countered by the fond explanation offered by another gentleman unavoidably detained:

Baby, dear, listen here, I'm afraid to come home in the dark.
Every day the papers say a robbery in the park,
So I sat alone in the Y.M.C.A., singing just like a lark,
There's no place like home, but I couldn't come home in the dark.

Though written in 1907, this somehow smacks of modernity; hasn't the true vintage bouquet which is so cherishable in either swig or song. Hence I cotton more to the all-out fruitiness of a heart ditty which Bill Hardy and I came across one day while rooting through his archives. (Nine cataloguers couldn't catch up with what he's got.) It's an edifying memento of the days when war meant Cuba and clinging vines had crucial choices to make in refined language. Called *The Musket or the Sword*, it runs thus:

Along a city pavement while the crowd was surging by
Two soldiers hurried toward a mansion grand;
The call "to arms" had sounded and they each had come to try
And gain a maiden's promise of her hand.
She was a soldier's daughter, and her heart was beating high
When she was asked to be a Colonel's bride.
The private too had pleaded but she only said, "Goodbye,
When you return my heart shall then decide."

Chorus

One bore a common musket, the other wore a sword

. . . .

Which should she choose, which one refuse,
The musket or the sword?

Well, I'll tell you, folks. On the field of glory that impressive Colonel "turned and fled" and the buck private musket toter was so dauntless, he got promoted to be a Colonel and was the only one to finish the race.

This time she softly whispered,
"I have always loved you, Jack;
'Twas only pride that sealed my lips before."

If martial men of today have cruelly forgotten her, they are unswervingly loyal to Army Mule. And the Caissons Go Rolling Along, trolled by the Artillery. Nor do West Pointers slight the fame of a sutler named Benny Havens who was a local licensee in the early days of the Reservation. Picturing their final summons, they last-line: "And join the army of the blest at Benny Havens oh!" In retort, the Marines raucously insist:

If the Army and the Navy ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the streets are guarded by the United States Marines.

"Bilge!" scoff the Anchors Aweighers, mascotted by the goat without any nose; and they rousingly assert:

Oh you have heard of the Navy and the men who sail the seas
And we'll drink a merry toast
To our Team, the Service boast,
And the wearers of the Navy Blue.

Training camp rookies relieve the tedium of looking for the key to the parade ground by caroling "All we do is sign the payroll (twice repeated) and we never see a gosh durn cent," with the philosophic admonition *You're in the Army Now.*

American Legionnaires, no matter how busy they are in taking a town apart at their annual conference, manage to rise above the tranquility of their mechanized 40 hommes 8 chevaux and make themselves heard in *Hinky, Dinky, Parley-Voo*, otherwise known as *Mademoiselle from Armentières*. She was true to me, she was true to you—remember? And while the waiter is bringing a tray of reinforcements, the matter of the *Long, Long Trail* is gone into, coming out as K-K-K-Katy the stutterer's flame. Troubles are packed up into the old kit-bag, and there are Smiles that make you happy even if it's a long way to Tipperary, a long way to go. And where did you say that Bar was? Why, o-ver *there*, o-ver *there!* The drinks are coming! The drinks are coming! And thanks for the use of your town, Mr. Mayor.

But life, lyricism, and the pursuit of harmony are nobody's monopoly in this democracy of ours. For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together with a stein (cocktail, highball, Collins, frosted julep beaker) on the taybul and a good song ringing clear or partly cloudy but always loud. So shine on, shine on, harvest moon up in the sky, and as for you, my melancholy baby, let me call you sweetheart in the evening by the moonlight till the sands of the desert grow cold.

Or shall we horse-and-buggy it? Very well, then, getty up, Napoleon, it looks like rain, right on top o' me singin' it ain't gonna rain no more. Well, I swan! those wagon wheels are creakin' terrible. Get out that applejack, Ma, and put on your old gray bonnet 'cause we'll have to be seeing Nellie home, and you know how the Old Gray Mare is with her eccentric habits.

For outright tonsorial parlor harmonizing, there's the well-known railroad to be worked on, Mobile to be downed, the Cornfield to be *way* downed (boy, see dem beads on dat bourbon!), and famous personalities to be taken up: Casey Jones, Frankie and Johnny, hard guy Samuel Hall, the Man on the Flying Trapeze, and Abdul the Bulbul Ameer. Mary is grand-old-named. Special stress is given to the fact that everybody works but Father.

When we come to the fratted world of campuses, we are immediately up against the mystery of *who* is that female yoo-hoodie, the *Sweetheart of Sigma Chi?* Anxious to find out and having no Professor Colonna to guide me, I went to New Haven and made inquiries, only to be rebuffed with:

"Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down."

Taking my problem to Philadelphia's great seat of learning, the U. of P., I was advised:

"Drink a highball at nightfall.
Be good fellows while you may."

Columbia counseled:

"Roar, Lion, roar!"

In Cambridge the erudite suggestion was:

"Oh here's to Johnny Harvard,
Fill him up a full glass."

At Dartmouth an earnest statement of my quest brought:

"Fill the bowl! Fill the bowl!
And drink to Eleazar and his primitive Alcazar
Where he mixed drinks for the heathen
In the goodness of his soul."

At M.I.T. I was offered scientific deductions from:

"Forty-nine bottles hanging on the wall."

At Georgia Tech, candor was complete:

"Like all good jolly fellows I drink my whiskey clear,
I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech
And a hell of an engineer."

At Lehigh I ran into:

"Fill with sparkling wine your glasses,
Drink to knowledge and to light."

And so it's been wherever I've gone in Greek Letterdom. I've gleaned knowledge of throats at play, but no light on the identity of that dame, whom I hereby assign, with all due respect, to the American Legionnaires as sister to their Elmer. Now they can ask the whereabouts of the *two* of them.

Penn Stater Fred Waring, who has gowned some fifty alma maters in melody, with about 250 more waiting clamorously in line as though destitute till done, put his baton on the crux of collegianism with a little number he performed in vaudeville and subsequently in the Broadway musical *The New Yorkers*. Simulating a fraternity house refection scene, there was a long table of fifty, each participant equipped with an ice pail and an imposing goblet, and the rite enacted involved the tinkle of the ice, the clink of the glass, and the toss-off of the drink, all executed in precisional unison, to concerted cries of Give Us A Drink! It would be churlish to point out that the words of this song get champagne and ale somehow confused with each other, betraying the fact that Marse Fred is only distantly acquainted with his topic, so I won't.

I won't say, either, that practically all "drinking songs" have more tinsel and grease-paint about them than basic thirst expression. Yet I suspicion it. Robin Hood and his merry, merry men with their tankards aloft under pretext of Nut Brown Ale are too near kin to the choral villagers of grand opera for my money. They lack the ring of serious self-dedication which characterizes the tipple canticles that have come down to us from the Middle Ages—*Gaudeamus Igitur, Integer Vitae* and the rest cementers of brotherhood which are equaled only by *Auld Lang Syne*.

Tagging onto the tradition thus embodied, or rather expanding it, merrily we roll along from pang to pang, taking vociferous cognizance of life's bitters. Believe us or not, we are just a bunch of whiffenpoofs, baa, baa, baa, who have lost not only our way but the key too.

Besides, is it necessary to perform a three-verse charade so that the waiter may guess that another round of drinks is wanted? In fact, I knew a man once who was so efficient he could convey the whole idea in one gesture. Whereupon sentiment resurged in full drip. #

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

AND

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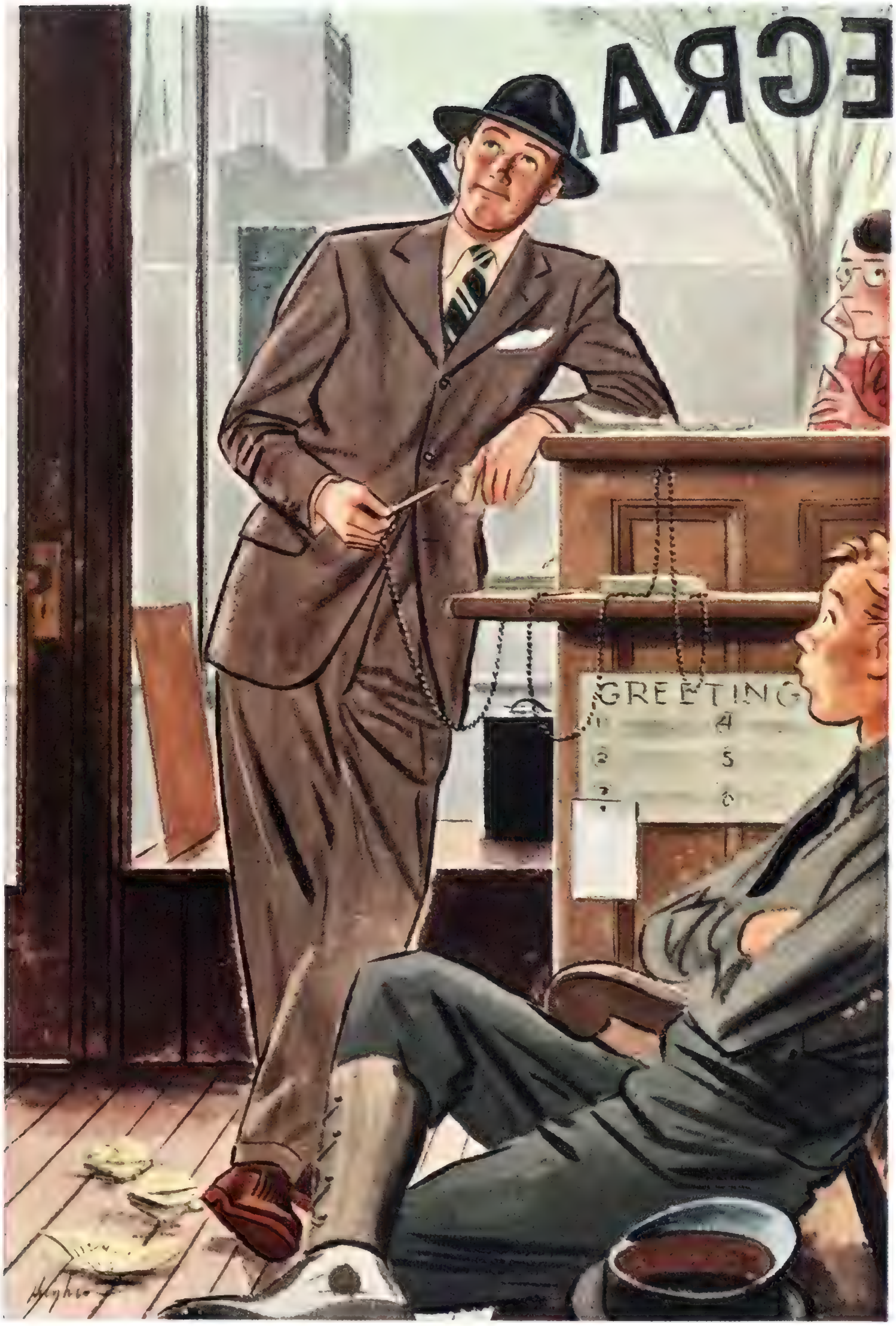

words fail him

The immediate task facing this upperclassman requires that he muster all the knowledge he has culled from his courses in psychology, writing, and salesmanship—to say nothing of the higher mathematics which he must use in framing this message to his father—a message made necessary because his bank account exists in name only. And the impending disaster is made imminent by the fact that his best girl friend is arriving for the spring house parties. But we won't attempt to solve his problem. Our job is to write fashions, not telegrams. So while the telegraph agent suffers along with him on his seventh try, we'll tell you that at least he has hit upon the right idea for campus clothes. His red-back gabardine suit in the smooth-finish closely woven fabric is gaining in popularity everywhere. It has tan threads woven with red threads in back of the fabric, and with its iridescent effect sets a new fashion standard. His Gaban hat is equally new. The gabardine band is darker than the green shade of the body, and the gabardine binding on the brim blends with it. The oxford shirt and crocheted tie blend with the suit. Amid the crumpled blanks are his red-rubber soled shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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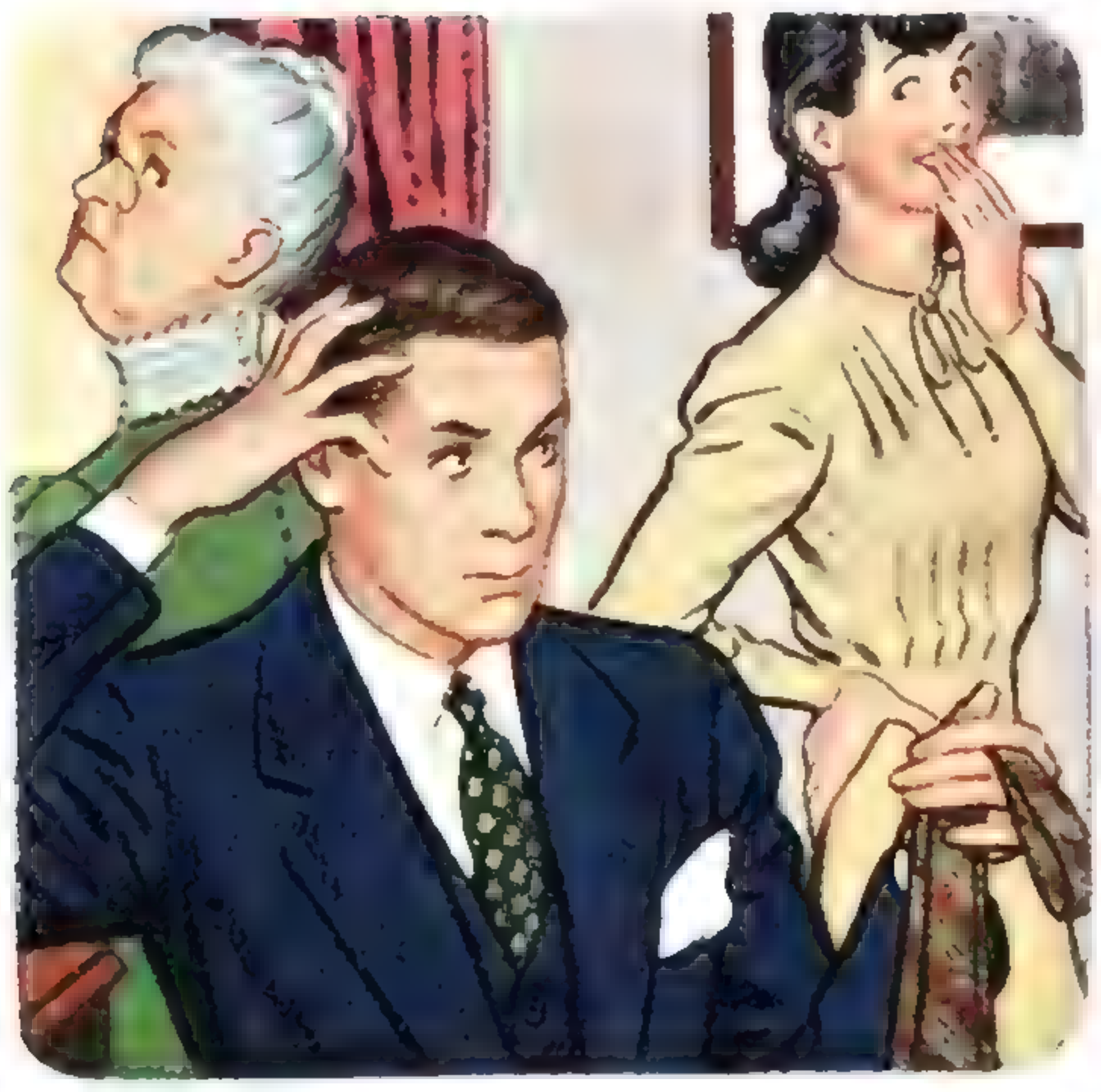

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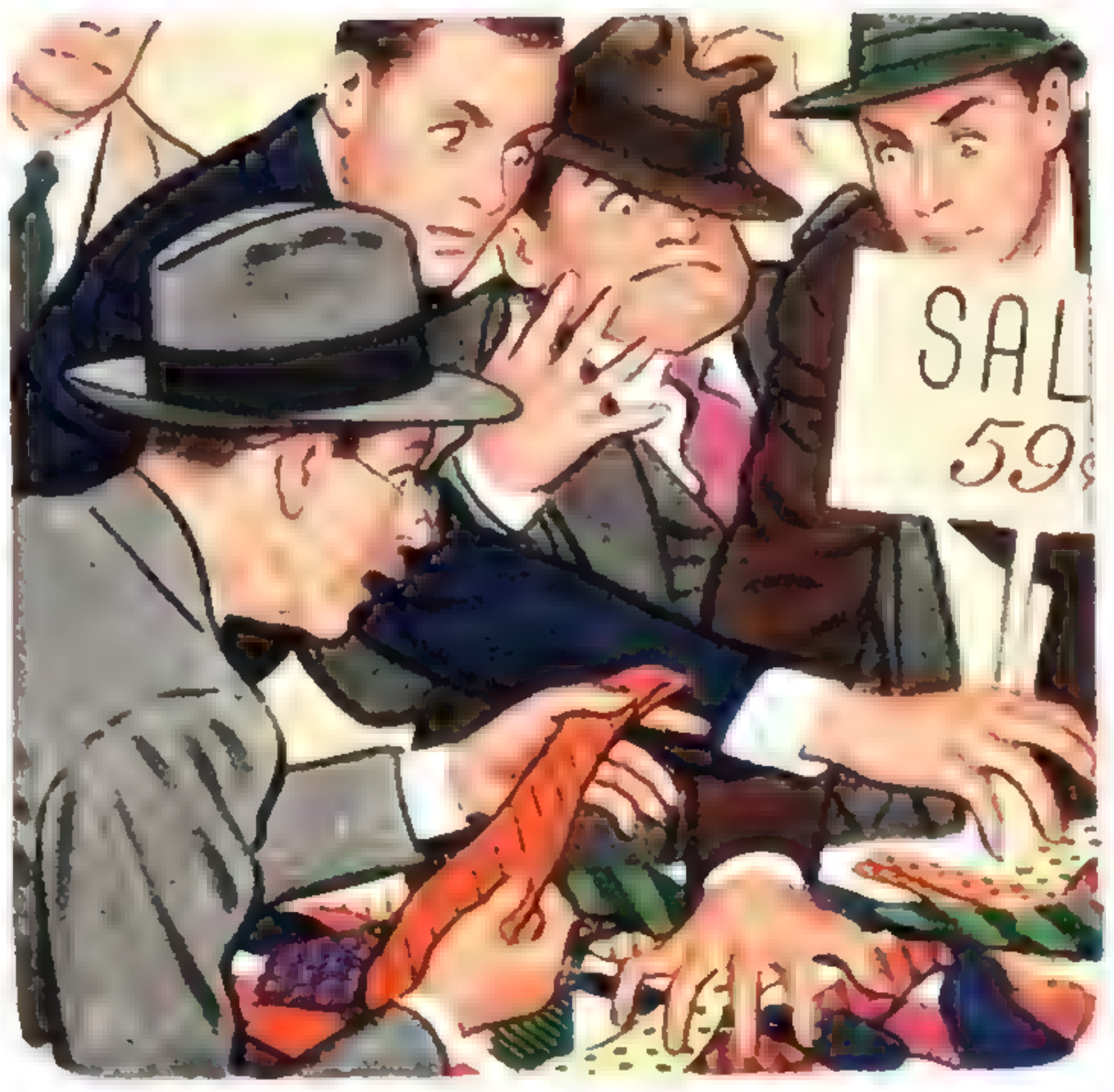

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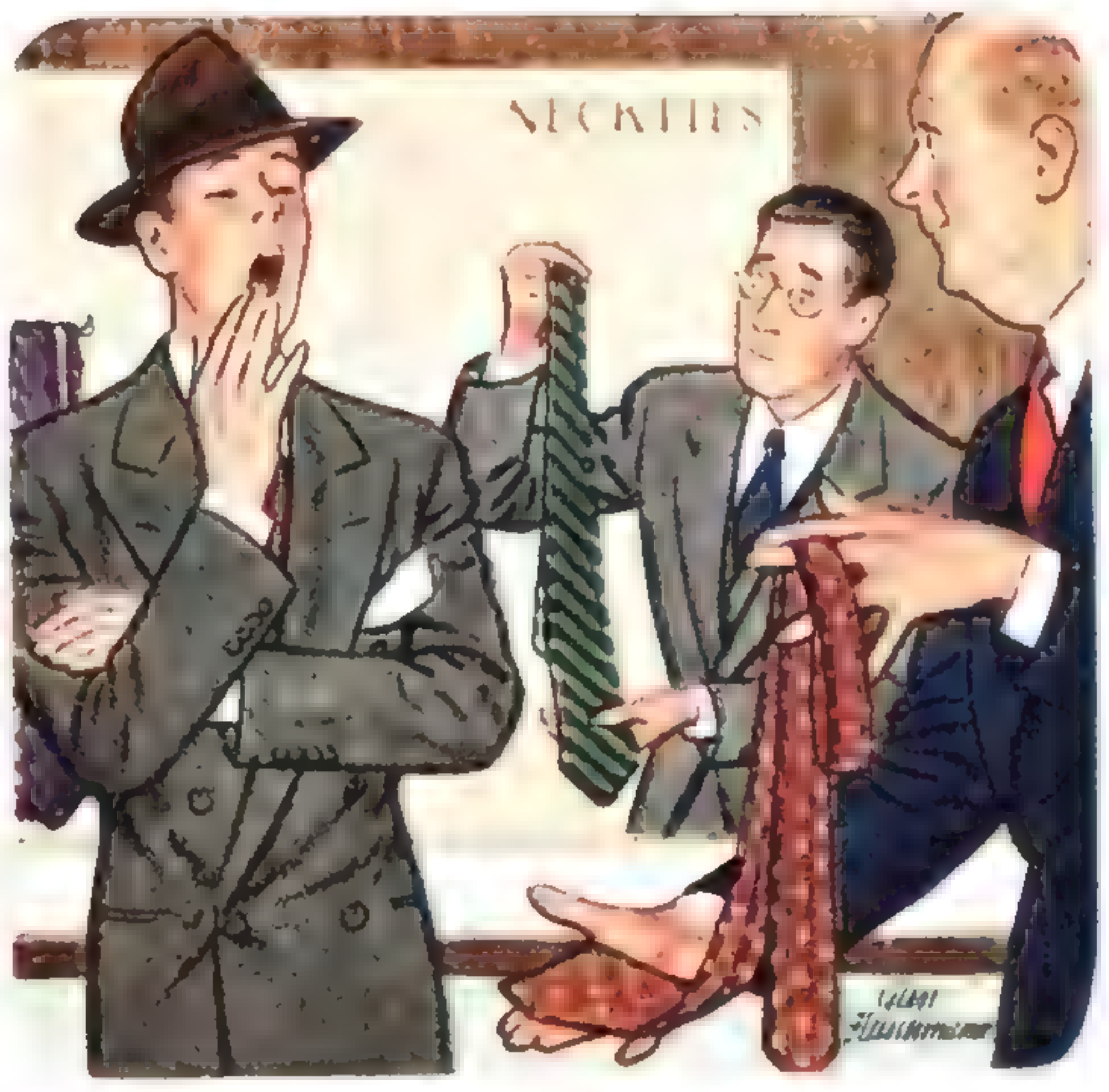

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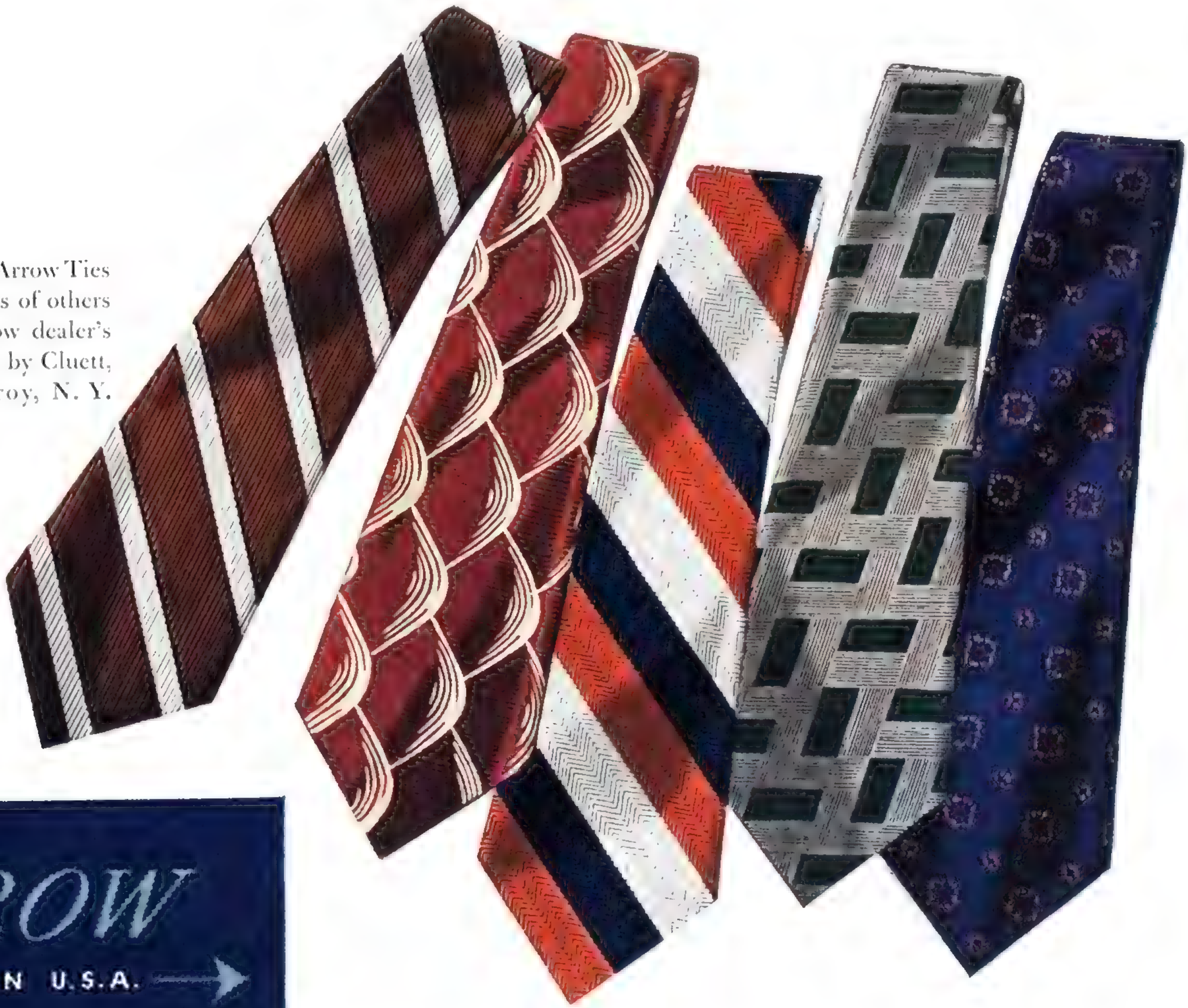

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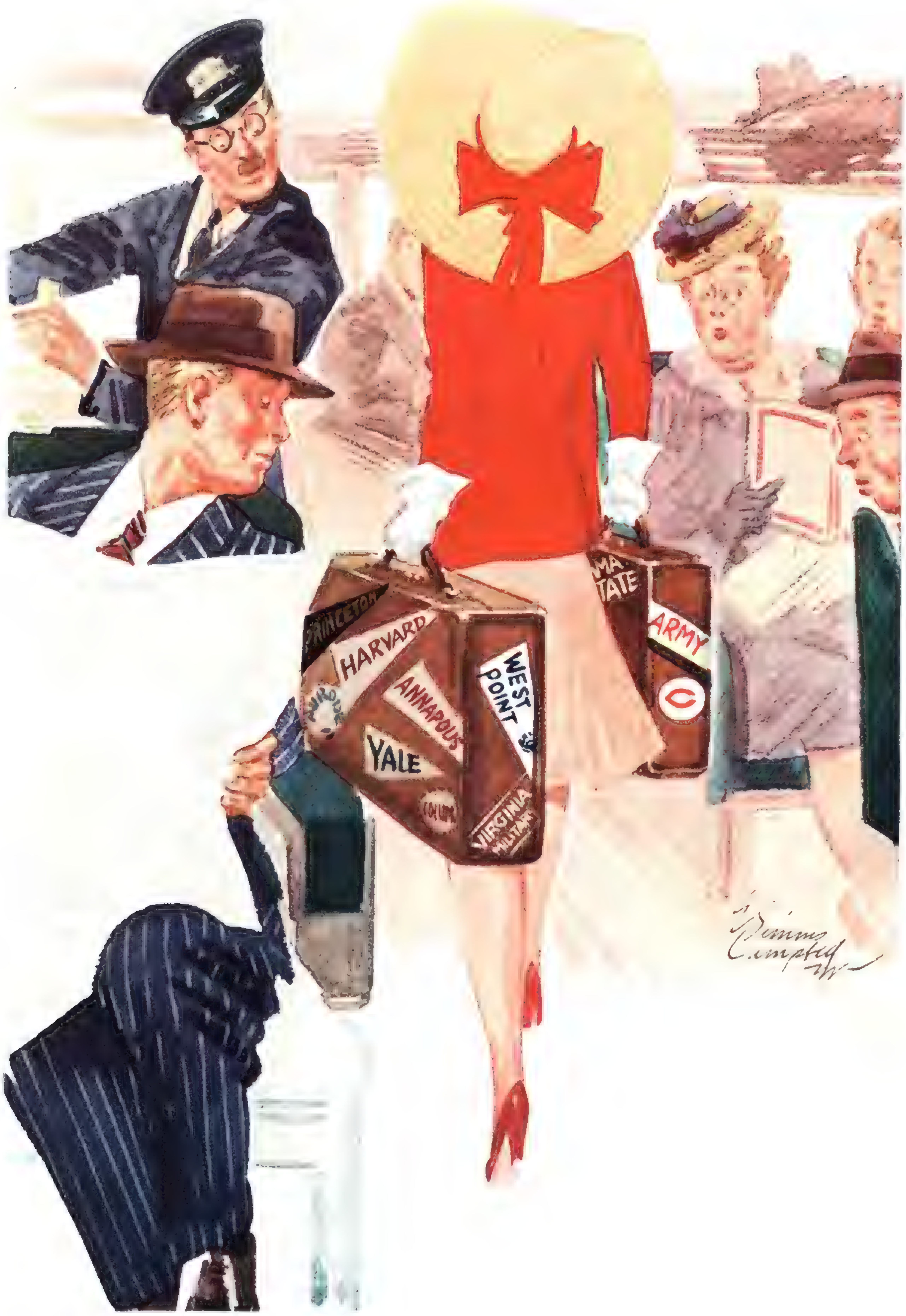
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ANNAPOLIS
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COLUM
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MA
TATE
ARMY
C

The Five Mrs. Bectons

Continued from page 58

unnatural life. The lawyer, realizing he alone was to blame and that the three ranking Becton wives would henceforth devote their entire time to hounding the life out of him, took the easiest way. Alphabetically, chronologically and in point of importance he became the first suicide of 1935.

It is impossible to exaggerate the confusion arising from the coexistence of four Mrs. Ezra Bectons, none of whom, on account of certain intricacies of the merry-go-round trust, had been permitted to resume her maiden name. Becton, during his brief sojourns in the United States, had had no time to wander far and near looking for wives. Consequently he had picked them all off the Main Line, and, as the first two happened to be cousins with the same surname, confusion was further confused. Mail and packages got crossed as frequently as they went straight and as for telephone calls, the frequency of wrong numbers drove the local operators crazy. Since there is no need or intention to drive the reader crazy let us name the five Mrs. Bectons by seniority as follows: Adelaide, Beatrice, Catherine, Dorothy and lastly Eve. As has been stated, Adelaide and Beatrice were cousins, the rest were all acquaintances and Adelaide had been so close a friend of Eve's mother that she had been on hand to watch the hospital nurse rub oil into Eve's hide five minutes after the child was born.

All the wives were well-bred people with the sort of background that made their many *contretemps* amusing to themselves as well as to their world. But humor has its limits and gradually fun began to merge into nightmare. Amid the kaleidoscopic whirl only one thing retained any semblance of permanence, namely the arrival of the quarterly checks, and wasn't even that bulwark subject to sudden change should Eve get tired of Becton or Becton wear out Eve?

Adelaide, realizing the happiness of all depended on Eve, was the first to glimpse the only way to forestall disaster. She called a conference at which the first four Mrs. Bectons agreed to do everything in their power to persuade Eve to hang on. Naturally nothing could be done until her return and several months passed before Adelaide, chancing to drive by the tennis courts at the country club, stopped her car with a jolt. Before her stood Eve, wiping her bare shoulders with a towel after what must have been a fast set.

"Why, Eve!" cried Adelaide, descending from her car, "my dear!"

"Hello," said Eve.

"This *is* a surprise! When did you get back?"

"Days ago," said Eve. "I'm staying at mother's."

Adelaide's heart sank. "Why? Isn't Ezra with you?"

"No," said Eve. "The last I saw him was somewhere near the seasonal juncture of the Rio Negro with the Amazon."

Adelaide's heart sank still further and she took time out to examine Eve. Never had she seen anything quite so naked on a tennis court, for Eve's lovely young body was clothed only in a halter, eight-inch shorts, socks and sneakers. Her curly hair was twice as curly from being damp and as for her face it was difficult to get any true idea of its contours because of her eyes. They were round, enormous, limpid and seemed to deny the existence of any brain behind them.

"Oh, my dear," said Adelaide, "I do so hope there hasn't been any misunderstanding."

One of Esquire's most popular fiction characters, Uncle Jeff Coongate, comes back next month in *The One-Eyed Poacher's Paradise* by Edmund Ware

"There was," said Eve, "but not the kind you think. We both agreed that if a child was on the way it ought to be born at home."

Adelaide thought rapidly, trying to figure out what effect the arrival of an heir would have on the fortunes of the previous Mrs. Bectons. None, she decided, and for the first time recognized the full advantages of the life-long trust.

"But, my dear," she said, glancing inquiringly up and down Eve, "don't you think under the circumstances tennis is a little strenuous?"

"No," said Eve. "That's where the misunderstanding comes in. I was wrong about the baby. There isn't going to be any and there never was."

"Oh," said Adelaide.

Having urged Eve to call her up she jumped in her car and hurried away to spread the news to the other Mrs. Bectons. They recognized at once it was more important than ever they should be exceptionally nice to Eve but since there was no reason to worry while Becton remained away things were allowed to drift along normally. Telephone calls, mail, packages and Christmas cards continued to get crossed and the only change in the general situation was that Eve, upon perceiving that some object was not intended for her, had a tendency to drop it in the wastebasket.

Trouble, when it came, struck from an unexpected quarter. Under Eve's withdrawals Becton's available cash melted toward the vanishing point. The disbursing clerk, having warned her repeatedly, lost patience and gave it to her straight. Pending Becton's return for a thorough reorganization she would get no more pin money, not a cent. The way she walked out made him think she was staggered but as a matter of fact it was her natural gait when burdened with an idea. She called on Adelaide, outlined the facts and declared her intention of divorcing Ezra on the grounds of desertion and non-support.

"Why, Eve!" gasped Adelaide, "I just don't understand! Is there somebody else you want to marry?"

"I should say not," said Eve. "Have you ever felt like marrying anybody else?"

"No, of course not," said Adelaide. "But Eve," she added earnestly, "if Ezra's money is all gone, what good would it do you to divorce him?"

"You know," said Eve.

Adelaide quivered inwardly at the realization Eve was hep. "My—my dear—" she stammered and stalled.

"Oh, shucks, Adelaide," said Eve, "don't you suppose Ezra told me all about that trust? He told me six dozen times. He said it was one joke that would never wear out."

"But don't you see?" cried Adelaide desperately. "Where would you be in no time at all? Where would all of us be? Can't you see that the one way to stop the joke is not to divorce him?"

"Of course," said Eve. "That's what gave me the idea."

"What idea?"

"Figure out what would be my share if I divorce him, then the four of you chip in to give it to me."

Adelaide stared into Eve's round eyes for a long and thoughtful moment. She was stunned by the genius of the proposal. If the four divorcées agreed, they were safe from further inroads; if they refused, Eve would get what she was asking, for a while anyway, and after that the deluge. Adelaide undertook to act as intermediary and the matter was arranged exactly as Eve had stipulated. After all, six thousand a year apiece in the bag for life was a lot better than thousands more hanging by the thread of Ezra Becton's caprice.

Peace ensued, a peace that verged upon the jovial. For Eve, once having made it clear she would start divorce proceedings the minute any of her four checks was a week late, became just as nice to the four other Mrs. Bectons as they were to her. She developed into a good sport, the youngest member of a club founded on cash but now buttressed by affection. Though she was twenty-three and Adelaide forty-eight, never once did she let her tongue slip back into its childhood habit of calling Adelaide auntie.

Since Becton had been known to stay away three years at a stretch his prolonged absence caused no special remark, but gradually a thought began to trouble Adelaide and when Adelaide was troubled the vibrations couldn't help sending a disturbing ripple down the entire chain—Beatrice to Catherine to Dorothy to Eve. The question Adelaide was asking herself was what would Becton do when he did come back? Was he the sort of man to put up with the spectacle of five wives living in comfort while he himself was strapped? Just what could he do? Worrying over the answer was getting her down and Eve was the only one with nerve enough to make a cast.

"What's draining your hump, Adelaide?" she asked when they were snugly alone.

The wording of the question swept Adelaide back to the sands of the desert and the general nastiness of camels. It also revivified Becton, making it easy to tell exactly what was worrying her. Eve stared at her out of her big round eyes but failed to come through with any opinion as to what Becton could or would do.

"Do you like me, Adelaide?" she asked irrelevantly.

"Of course," said Adelaide, somewhat startled. Eve continued to stare until she forced Adelaide to add, "Well—naturally I hated you for a while, but I do like you now. What on earth made you ask me?"

"Because I wanted a chance to say I consider you a good egg," said Eve, "and a good egg is something nothing can spoil."

She departed, leaving Adelaide bewildered but somehow comforted. She wondered about Eve. How could anybody as dumb as she looked, wander unscathed through a hard world? But dumb or not, she liked her—liked her so much she felt a sudden protective impulse. It gave her a new interest that wore out only because Eve, though so helpless, never seemed to need protecting. Adelaide was just beginning to worry again when a trifling incident diverted her attention.

Having opened an ordinary-looking envelope she examined the enclosure. It was nothing new to receive a bill intended for one of the other Mrs. Bectons but this bill was different. It was a medium-sized bill, an overdue charge for storage on a trunk amounting to twenty-four dollars and sixty cents. What made it noticeable was its New York origin and the number of penciled annotations on its margin. In the handwriting of Eve was scrawled, "O yeah?" In that of Beatrice, "Not mine, thank

Continued on page 120

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The Five Mrs. Bectons

Continued from pages 58-119

heaven!" Catherine had written, "Try again—I'm sober today!" And finally Dorothy: "Hard luck, Adelaide, you're It." The point that jabbed Adelaide in the midriff was the realization that since the bill certainly wasn't hers, one of the other Mrs. Bectons had tried to slip over a fast one and missed.

Of course there was an easy way out—just tear the bill up. She started to do it but paused, and during that pause curiosity sank its fangs deep. The bill stipulated a trunk. Whose trunk was it? How big a trunk? Why was it in New York? What was in it? Prying into other people's affairs was a form of eavesdropping, but had she ever hesitated to eavesdrop? Besides, whoever owned that trunk had laid herself wide open and deserved whatever she got.

Even so she slept on it, but by morning had surrendered. From a drawer she took about a pound of discarded keys strung on a stout string, the sort of bunch one finds in any attic. With a soft eraser she eliminated all the pencilings on the bill, caught the next train to New York, dropped in at the warehouse and paid the overdue account in cash. The receipted bill became her passport and she was admitted to a vaultlike cubicle, six by eight and illumined only by a slitlike opening so high in the wall it gave her the sensation of standing at the bottom of a well.

As the door closed behind her the tiny room became quite dim, but already she had noted it contained nothing but a small outlandish trunk. Soon her pupils dilated and every detail of the trunk stood out clearly. It was made of rawhide with the hair still on, studded with arabesques of brass tacks and bound around with a prickly horsehair rope. Falling on her knees she managed to untie the master knot that hid the lock. A single glance told her none of the keys she had brought would fit. Disappointment quickly swelled into anger and seizing the lid she gave it a vicious shake.

Nothing happened except that she heard a tinkle and tracing the sound she discovered a big rusty key dangling from one of the end handles. She untied it with trembling fingers. It slipped easily into the keyhole, but it took all her strength to turn it. The lock gave with a screech and a moment later she was looking down into a pungent mass of tree moss mixed with dried sedges tangled in their brittle leaves. The reeds rattled faintly as she separated them, disclosing a sort of nest. Out of it gazed up at her the unmistakable features of Becton, his head reduced to the size of an average winesap apple.

Adelaide flopped into a position she had not assumed since girlhood. Sitting on her crossed legs she held one ankle with both hands and rocked back and forth. Scarcely conscious of shock she was thinking hard, not about Becton but of Eve, and the longer she thought the more humble did she feel. Such a lot of things became clear all at once it took her some time to sort them out. Evidently Eve had more brains than the rest of the Mrs. Bectons put together, but that wasn't all. She had a set of nerves that quailed at nothing. Just to give Adelaide a sporting chance to quit worrying she had thrown in her hand—and what a hand! She could easily have divorced Becton, secure in the knowledge he would never marry again, but she hadn't. Instead, by broadcasting the clue to discovery, she had dared to trust the other Mrs. Bectons to do the right thing by her. For what claim had she on the trust as a widow? Exactly none.

Other speculations occurred to Adelaide—for instance, just how had Becton arrived at his end? Her eyes began to widen but she stopped them resolutely and dismissed that one with a shrug. Did it matter how anybody with Ezra's record came to an end? But why, oh, why had Eve kept the evidence? Was she crazy? Since she certainly wasn't, there could be only one answer. She had been looking far ahead to the day when, the last of the four divorcées having passed away, the entire trust fund would revert to the Becton estate, in which case only his widow would have any standing. So no wonder she hadn't divorced him!

The cheek of it made Adelaide gasp with admiration but left her a bit dizzy. She decided to venture no further into the intricacies of Eve's mind for fear she would get in so deep she wouldn't know how to back out. But presently a new kind of frown furrowed her brow. She repeated to herself Eve's definition of a good egg which had sounded so irrelevant at the time and her eyes began to smart. Why let Beatrice, Catherine or Dorothy into this at all? Why risk the meddling finger of the law? As a good egg wasn't it up to her to save Eve from her reckless self? It was—and let the reversion of the trust fund, forty or fifty years hence, take care of itself.

She stood up, dusted her skirt and took another peek at Becton. As is usual in such cases his hair had continued to grow, giving his head the appearance of a cross between a baby gargoyle and a fly-whisk. His sardonic expression, though in miniature, mirrored the past and brought to life bitter memories of the man who had trampled his way through a string of wives. Without compunction she knotted her bunch of keys to a thick strand of his hair and used the rest of the ample mane to wrap head and keys into a ball that fitted nicely under her arm. Twenty minutes later, from the upper deck of a ferryboat, she consigned the last trace of Becton to the perpetual care of the Hudson River Gorge. ###

First Nights & Passing Judgments

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III

Long before this, you have heard so much about the Crouse-Lindsay-Kesselring exhibit, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, that there is little need for me to chatter on further at this date. Particularly since almost everything you have heard about it happens to be true and since, accordingly, that doesn't provide me with a springboard for saying something different about it, which is a sad state of affairs for any critic who must interest and agitate his readers or the boss will know the reason why. So under the hapless circumstances I'll simply repeat that it's one of the funniest things in some seasons, that they had to add three extra men to the box-office staff to handle the demand for seats the day after it opened, and that its extravagant tale of wholesale murder broiled to a turn with some hilarious verbal and physical monkeyshines amounts to what may pointedly be termed simply killing nonsense. Nonsense? Nonsense! It makes more sense, at that, even at its most nonsensical, than the great Strindberg's *The Spook Sonata* makes at its least. And if you think that's lowbrow you're not so highbrow yourself.

IV

Owen Davis' *Mr. and Mrs. North*, a dramatization of the Richard and Frances Lockridge stories, was a pleasantly diverting murder mystery, embellished with some of the Lockridges' deft humorous observation of character, which suffered from production directly following the above-noted big smash. Such occurrences are frequently the penalty one must pay for being a playwright. Thus, what edge Arthur Wilmurt's *Young Couple Wanted* might possibly have had was diminished by the immediately antecedent production of Elmer Rice's *Two On an Island*. Thus, in a music-show direction, *The Hot Mikado* was beaten to its own game by *The Swing Mikado*. Thus, *So Proudly We Hail* got to the starting post before *Bright Honor*. And thus, too, in the farther past was the reception of *Dance With Your Gods* weakened by the earlier showing of *Roll, Sweet Chariot*, that of such junk as *The Body Beautiful* doubly paralyzed by the previous production of such junk as *Strip Girl*, and that, more relevantly to the present issue, of the humorous murder play *Crime Marches On* doused by the pre-presentations of the humorous murder plays, *Invitation To a Murder* and *A Slight Case of Murder*.

Mr. and Mrs. North got an unfortunate break. If *Arsenic and Old Lace* had never been heard of, God forbid, it would have fared a lot better than it did.

V

The attraction billed as Moss Hart's musical play, *Lady In The Dark*, is a theatrical triumph, but in that triumph Mr. Hart himself plays no part. His basic share in the proceedings is a script that, in its show of psychoanalyzing the mental and emotional disturbances of the woman editor of a fashion magazine, approaches the downright childish, and approaches it with the long-windedness and circuitousness of a hill and dale cross-country runner. The triumph is rather the achievement of those he has gathered about him to convert his paltry script into a remarkably expert and very beautiful stage spectacle.

First and foremost, Gertrude Lawrence lays hold of the chief role and, with that combined talent of hers for acting, singing and dancing—which she alone among the women in our theatre possesses—projects over the footlights a performance beguiling in its virtuosity. Secondly, Kurt Weill's music and Ira Gershwin's lyrics bring to the Hart script the vitamins necessary to give it the bounce of some life. Thirdly, the settings of Harry Horner, swung round and round on four revolving platforms, provide the atmosphere of fantastic wonder that the script hints at but never otherwise gets anywhere near to. Fourthly, Hassard Short's production and lighting are as thoroughbred as anything we have had in some years. Fifthly, there must be greetings to Albertina Rasch's choreography, to Irene Sharaff's fancy costumes, and to Hattie Carnegie's modern toilettes. Sixthly, there must be more of the same to most of the acting company, and to Danny Kaye in particular as a clown. Seventhly, a word goes in for some good-looking young female extras. And eighthly, John Kennedy and his assistants, who are responsible for the smoothness of the stage handling, also certainly call for a pat on the back. It is to all these in action assembled that the credit, the whole credit, belongs.

It is otherwise something of a shock to find the very applaudable collaborating Mr. Hart falling so far short in this, his first solo effort since the book of *Jubilee* and one of the only two independent pieces of writing he has ever undertaken (the other was an early nonentity called *The Hold-Up Man*). In the script, obviously written out of a deep belief in the miracles of psychiatry and no less out of a protracted personal experience of its transcendent marvels, there is discernible none of the qualities that reveal themselves in Mr. Hart's collaborative performances. Not only is his treatment of his psychoanalytical theme rather silly, but it further pursues a plot scheme as stereotyped as the Broadway stage knows. More astonishing, even his periodic attempts at wisecracks—and he is an old and expeditious hand at the business—are pretty pathetic. His play, in short, with its embroidery of Freud covering the pulp tale of a woman loved by a wealthy middle-aged publisher and a handsome, rich movie actor and finally finding happiness in the embrace

Continued on page 122

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VITALIS

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 77-121

of a relatively poor young co-worker, needs only to go back thirty or more far years ago and reconsider some such play as Eleanor Gates's *The Poor Little Rich Girl* to learn what a comparable fantasy, with or without psychoanalytical trimmings, should be.

In a word, *Lady In The Dark* marks a lustrous victory of the theatre over a lustreless script.

VI

Lynn Riggs has now got the play about incest out of his system—something many of the younger playwrights have to do sooner or later—and he is accordingly left free tranquilly to pursue the rest of his life's work. What is even more therapeutically good for him, he has now also and simultaneously purged himself of the play about the grimly evil female who wrecks the lives of all those with whom she comes into contact. The physic was called *The Cream In The Well;* it was smeared with traces of an improperly assimilated acquaintance with Ibsen, Strindberg, O'Neill and Lillian Hellman, to say nothing of a thoroughly assimilated acquaintance with Virgil Geddes and other such later Provincetown Playhouse tragedians; it was bad, very bad; and it was removed from the boards in applepie order.

This Riggs is usually no slouch when it comes to playwriting, as his *Green Grow The Lilacs* and *Russet Mantle*, despite what they may have left to be desired, have proved. But in this, his latest exhibit, he not only got in over his head but made so many peculiar loud noises trying to get out that his erstwhile critical sympathizers could only stand embarrassedly on the beach and insouciantly scratch their noses.

I would not hark back to all this, now that so many suns have set since *The Cream In The Well* disappeared from public view, save for the fact that its case is a fairly typical one. Essaying to adapt to tragedy the Strindberg technique of intensification, Riggs, as others before him, managed to achieve only exaggeration, which is a quite different matter. Unable to hit off the technique in character, except superficially, he slipped into the error of applying it merely to external action. The result, as is always the result, was something that gave off the occasional aspect of travesty. His characters made all the suitable Strindberg faces but their accompanying actions were little more than a high-school rewrite of inferior Ibsen and worse Wedekind.

VII

It would be sweet to hand out a good notice to the Hollywood boys and girls who have been going around the country in a musical revue called *Meet The People*—they seem to be such nice, ambitious boys and girls—but with all the charity in the world I nevertheless fear I can't bring myself to do it. Out in Hollywood, of course, their show was a big hit. Out in Hollywood, where the height of wit hardly approximates the elevation of Mt. Everest, indeed seldom attains that of even a nutburger counter, their exhibit floored 'em. But in the somewhat more experienced reaches of the land what they have to offer is in the aggregate discovered to be not only rather old-hat but considerably removed from exhilaration.

The only two numbers in their show that have any modest entertainment value are one demonstrating the difficulty of keeping awake at the average lecture and another lampooning the movies, and the amusement in these instances is derived almost entirely from the performances of a lad named Gilford, who is something of a ringer in the troupe in that he was culled from a New York night club. For the rest, the program is made up principally of such musical items, readily recollective from their titles, as *Hurdy-Gurdy Verdi*, *Let's Steal a Tune From Offenbach*, *In Chichicastenango*, and a derisory *The Same Old South*, such skits as *Union Label*, *Senate In Session*, and *The Bill of Rights*, all echoes of *Pins and Needles*, and imitations, God wot, of Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo.

VIII

Acting performances by and large, not hitherto mentioned, that get this department's free beers:

Macdonald Carey, in *Lady In The Dark*.

Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett, in *Mr. and Mrs. North*.

Perry Wilson, in *The Cream In The Well*.

Josephine Hull, Jean Adair and Allyn Joslyn in *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

Ina Claire in *The Talley Method*.

Betty Field, Hugh Marlowe, Paul Henried, Eleanora Mendelssohn, Helen Renee and Karl Malden, in *Flight To The West*.

IX

Louis D'Alton's *Tanyard Street* was seedy Irish comedy-drama with only Barry Fitzgerald to keep the customers awake.

X

Philip Barry's *Liberty Jones* is an elemental allegory on the value of American liberty. It will doubtless find eventual listing in the Samuel T. French catalogue under the heading *Plays For School and Amateur Groups.* ⧻

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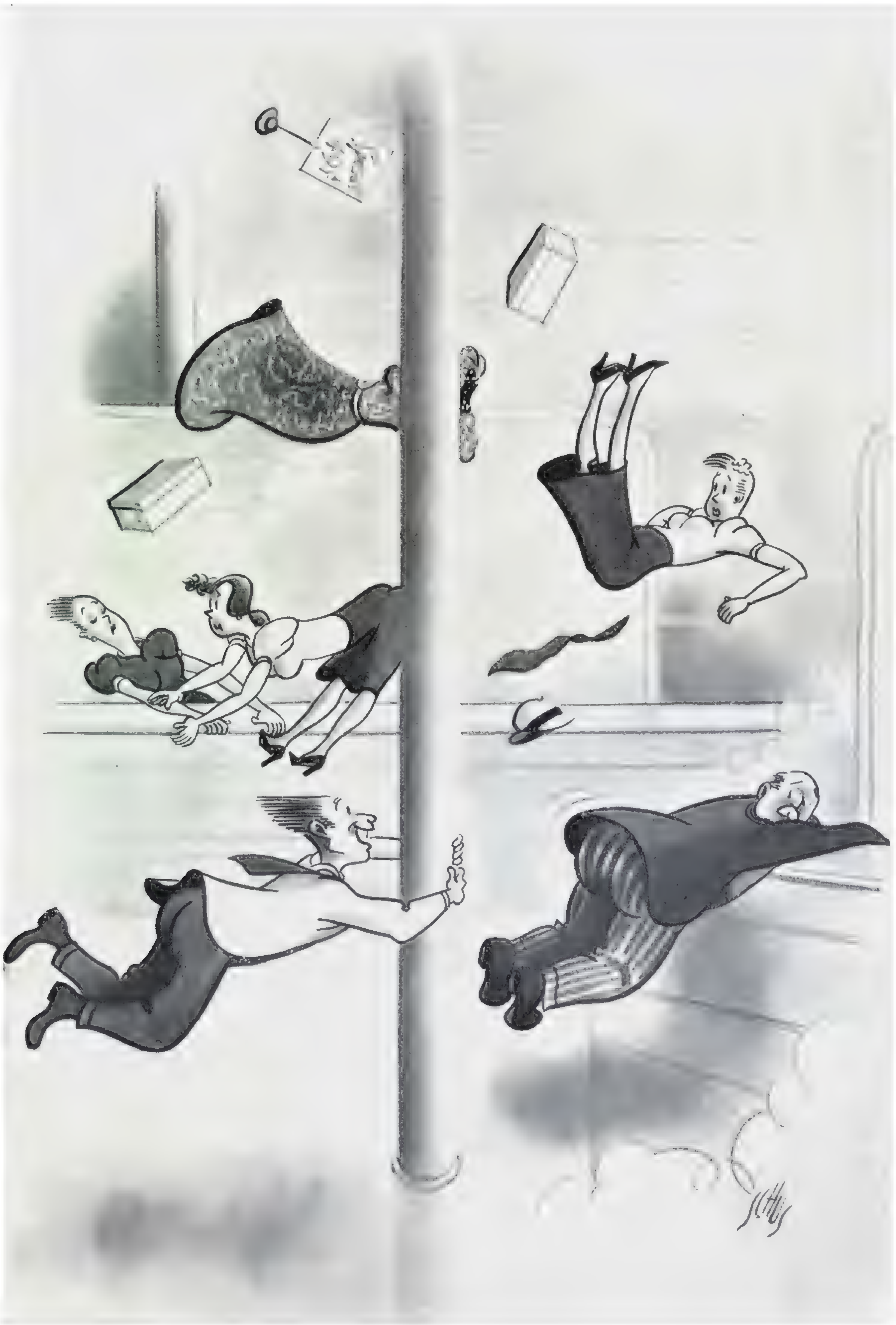

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No Middle Ground

Continued from page 47

really delightful. What is it anyway?"

"It is a touch of simsim oil."

"Simsim? What is that?"

"It is made from the sesame berry. It comes all the way from Africa."

"I've never heard of it before. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I know a captain of a ship who puts in at Mombassa every once in a while and he gets it for me."

"How exciting! Where is Mombassa?"

"In Africa."

"Yes. But just where?"

"I have an Atlas in the library. Let's go in and look at it."

"I'll bring my cocktail."

Tom and Martha went into the library and found the Atlas.

"I think Mombassa is a red state," said Tom, as he turned the pages.

"There it is. You're right! How wonderful! I always thought it was blue."

"I would like it better if it were blue—because it would match your eyes."

"Do you really like them?"

"They're the most beautiful I've ever seen."

"Oh, thank you. And I like yours, too."

Marjorie came into the library and told them that dinner was ready. They went into the dining room and Tom helped Martha into her chair and sat down.

"Tom, what do you think of the European situation?" asked Bill.

"I'm afraid, Bill, that the world has always been at war and always will be."

"You're quite right. Quite right, Tom. I hadn't thought of it in just that way."

Tom turned to Martha and lifted his wine glass.

"You like white wine, don't you?"

"Yes. I like it best."

"I thought you did. That's why I had it."

They looked at each other as they drank.

"Don't drink too much wine, Martha," said Bill. "Remember, it always goes to your head."

"They shouldn't drink it now anyway," said Marjorie.

Martha dropped her napkin and Tom reached down for it. She leaned over, too, and their heads touched.

"I'm sorry," said Tom.

"I'm not," said Martha.

After dinner they went back to the living room for coffee.

"Sugar?" asked Marjorie.

"Two lumps," said Martha.

"I'll have two lumps, too," said Tom.

Tom waited for someone else to pick up the conversation but there was a long silence.

"Let's go dancing," he said finally.

"Yes, let's," said Martha agreeably.

Marjorie and Bill agreed silently and went along. Tom drove them to a roadhouse on the shore.

"They have music, here," he explained. "I think it's much better to dance to music."

He led Martha on to the dance floor.

"Do you rhumba?" he asked.

"I'm ashamed to say I never have."

He guided her through the dances and she followed.

"You are so good at it," she said.

"I'll be even better in another year or two."

They danced on and on in silence.

Tom tried to think of something to say.

"Have you read any books lately?" he asked finally.

"One. I'm ashamed to tell you what it is."

"Please tell me."

"*The Girl Scout Manual.* You see, I've been planning a camping trip and the book has a lot of things in it that every girl should know."

Tom held her very close until he was sure he could speak.

"Do you want to know what I've been reading?"

"What?"

"*The Boy Scout Manual.* I've been planning a camping trip, too."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Bill doesn't want to go very much."

"Marjorie doesn't either."

"They are good books, aren't they?"

"Yes. They're mates."

"And are we mates, too?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm sure of it," he answered. "I want to see you again, soon."

"We've got a new number that isn't in the book—Larkin 9615," she said.

"Larkin 9615, I'll call you tomorrow."

The music stopped and they went to a table to sit down but Marjorie and Bill came up then and said they wanted to go home.

"We didn't like the music," said Marjorie.

"Oh, we did!" said Martha.

Tom drove them home but Bill did not want to go into the house again so he and Martha drove off. Tom unlocked the door and he and Marjorie went upstairs to their bedroom.

"I must say, you learn very quickly," she said.

"Thanks. I was hoping you would see the improvement."

They said nothing more. Suddenly, Tom reached into the closet and got a pencil and pad out of his coat.

"What are you writing down?" asked Marjorie.

"Her telephone number."

"Do you intend to insure her life?"

"No," said Tom, "Mine." ⌗

That Crazy Sheepherder

Continued from page 68

us would have been rolling on the floor. But somehow it wasn't funny at all. It was downright spooky.

Shorty swallowed hard, puckered his lips and cut loose with another remark. And then it happened. Whatever he said next, Spot didn't like it a bit. His hackles rose up while he thought it over, and without warning he leaped. Straight for the throat he leaped! For an old dog he was almighty fast, but Shorty managed to throw up one arm just in time to get off with a slash on the wrist.

The porter grabbed Spot by the collar and shut him up in the back room. Behind the door he kept on making low yelping sounds. Shorty stood holding his wrist a minute, and without looking back he walked right out of the door.

Nobody laughed. For that matter, nobody had any comments to make. After a while the bartender counted out twenty dollars, but Old Man Nelson didn't seem very pleased about winning his bet.

"I don't think I'll hire that fellow any longer," he said, shaking his head. "It just ain't right for a human and a beast to be conversing like that. Spot knowed it wasn't right."

Shorty got another herding job nearer town and we used to see him every few months. But there wasn't a sociable bone in the man's body, and after that day he kept strictly to himself when he showed up in Thanatopsis. Somehow he seemed to hold a grudge against all of us because Spot bit him.

Gradually we began referring to him as "that crazy sheepherder." Of course, Eastern people think that every herder is crazy, but that's a tenderfoot idea. The fact is that many a successful young rancher got his start in a sheep wagon and isn't ashamed of the experience.

Only a few of the old-timers go queer, and they usually become religious fanatics or power maniacs. Bill McFee had a herder once who thought he was the Prophet Isaiah. He grew long whiskers and wore a robe every Sunday. But he was a good hand, especially in lambing season, and Bill felt bad when the Prophet wandered off drunk in a blizzard one payday, thinking the snow was manna from heaven. They dug out his body a week later, and everybody remarked what a peaceful expression he had on his face.

There was another herder out in the Sawtooth district who used to carry an old alarm clock in his overalls pocket. He said it was an infernal machine that would blow the whole world to pieces whenever he took the notion. But he was accommodating about it and would always give you another month's grace if you asked him.

If there is a screw loose in a man's head to begin with, the loneliness is bound to make it looser. That sort of loneliness is like a cavity in a back tooth—the longer you endure it, the more empty and aching it seems. Then, too, sheep are the complainingest creatures on earth, and from a distance they remind you of woolly brown caterpillars crawling over the range. The time comes when their very sight gets on a person's nerves, along with the sound and smell.

But that isn't all. Worse yet is the wind that never stops blowing—the wind and the little blue specks.

Up in that high plateau country the wind is so big you can see it! It is always tugging at a man, pushing him, elbowing him, shoving him around. The trees are stunted and twisted from bucking it, and the grass is pounded down flat to the earth. All day long you hear it rushing in your ears and you taste it dry and bitter in your mouth. Finally, after a few years on the range, you begin to *see* its millions of misty blue specks whirling and dancing past your eyes.

Most people learn to lean against it and keep their balance. But there are some, like Shorty, who try to fight the wind. The next couple of times he came to town he was in a bad mood, and it didn't help matters when the boys joshed him.

"Still listening to them vibrations, Shorty?" they'd ask. Or, "What was it you said to Spot that made him sore?"

Shorty would hump himself down Main Street without looking to right or left. "You'll see," he'd say, scowling. "You'll see."

Now it didn't seem fitting or proper that any human could really learn animal language, yet it kept a person wondering. The bartender, who's been around a good deal, thought it depended a lot on the animals.

"It stands to reason," said the bartender, "that even a sheep has got a few ideas, especially on the subject of sheep. We take it for granted that they're born to supply us with wool and mutton chops, but maybe if you're a sheep you look at it different. Well, suppose that somebody comes along like Shorty—sort of a human sheep himself. Suppose he begins telling the herd what a lousy deal they are getting. Suppose—"

"That's enough!" spoke up Bill McFee. "A little funning is all right, but it's sinful to impute to dumb brute beasts the sentiments of mankind. I don't like to hear that kind of irresponsible talk."

Bill had dealt in sheep for forty years. He'd had his ups and downs, but he was well-fixed when he retired to his bungalow on the edge of town. Nobody was in a position to know more about the business, and he said that a sheep ought to be grateful even for being a sheep.

"Every other animal can rustle a little for himself," he said. "But if it wasn't for the loving care of dogs and herders, you know there wouldn't be a single woolly left in all Wyoming."

"Wait a minute!" said the bartender. "How about the bighorns

Continued on page 126

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Style No. 241

That Crazy Sheepherder

Continued from pages 68-125

up in the mountains? They ain't asking any favors, are they? Don't that prove how independent sheep used to be in their natural state?"

And so the argument went on for several more rounds of drinks. Like most barroom arguments it didn't settle anything, yet there was a little seriousness mixed in with all the hot air.

There was enough seriousness, anyhow, to make us pay some attention to the strange tales about Shorty we heard during the next few months. Take that Mexican herder, for instance. He couldn't speak American in the first place, and he was so excited that he stuttered in his own language. Spence Borden, who knows the lingo, translated for us.

"Boys," he said, "I don't believe it. I don't believe a damn word of it! This Mex is trying to tell me that his dog was attacked and trampled half to death by Shorty's sheep. He says the dog was minding its own business, just rounding up a few strays on the next range, when Shorty's whole herd got him down."

After a couple of evenings of talking it over at the Rhinoceros, we decided that maybe the fellow had been seeing things. Somehow you always doubt a sheepherder more than any other citizen.

But the next guy wasn't a sheepherder. He was a homesteader who'd taken up a dry-land claim near Shorty's range. He walked into the bar one afternoon and began drinking alone like a man does when he wants to forget something. It took six or eight whiskies to loosen up his tongue, then he told us a story that you couldn't swallow and ever feel the same.

It was a bright moonlight night, he said, when he heard all this racket from Shorty's camp. Now there isn't anything surprising about noise coming from a sheep camp, but this was different. It sounded, he said, like an audience hollering when somebody makes a speech.

The homesteader went over to investigate, thinking that Shorty had left his radio on full blast. But it wasn't any radio. It was Shorty himself, standing on a boulder and making a speech to his sheep!

He would wait a minute, stern and silent, his chin stuck out, his hand raised and a very hard-boiled expression on his face. Then he would begin talking again, first in a low voice and gradually working up to a climax. It all sounded like *Ba'a! Ba'a!* to anyone who didn't know the language, yet it was plain that Shorty was mad about something. The sheep were mad, too, and getting madder every minute. They were crowded together in the moonlight, and even the ewes and the little lambs acted like they could lick their weight in mountain lions. They would all listen, tense and silent, till Shorty hit the jackpot; then it was like an explosion when the whole herd bleated: "BA-A-A-A-AH!"

Yet it wasn't exactly a bleat, the homesteader said. "More like a roar, it was. I know you gents don't believe me—I can see from your faces that you don't. But all I got to say is that you'd of been scared, too. Yes sir, scared of a herd of sheep! . . . Bartender, I'll have another out of the same bottle."

Before we could get any more details the homesteader passed out cold and had to be toted to his rooming house. But while nobody believed his yarn, at least we didn't doubt that Shorty had gone completely bugs. There was talk around Thanatopsis that he ought to be examined, but after a few days the whole thing blew over. After all, it wasn't any skin off our nose if a herder felt like making speeches to his sheep.

Don't forget to look for the announcement in the June issue, containing an enabling coupon, to go new places and do new things with the Varga girl.

"Maybe," said the bartender, "it's a new wrinkle that is going to revolutionize the business. Imagine what an improvement it would be if you could sell the sheep the idea of dipping themselves."

Everybody else thought of some wisecrack or some new story about sheepherders. After a few weeks we'd forgotten all about Shorty when the news came that he was on the move with his herd and wagon. Well, there wasn't anything unusual in that, and we figured that his boss had leased a new range. Nobody took alarm even when the herd was reported a few miles from town. In fact, we were all at the Rhinoceros, chewing the fat as usual, when Mrs. Bill McFee stuck her head in the door and screeched:

"Help! Quick! Bill is battling them all alone."

We didn't expect to see anything less than a gang of bank robbers with machine guns. But when we got there, Bill stood at bay in his own front yard, hemmed in by sheep on every side. He was in his socks and undershirt, and afterwards we found out that he'd been taking a nap. When he woke up, the sheep were tramping his flowers and eating up his lawn. Naturally he went out to shoo them away—but these woollies didn't shoo. They began butting and shoving, with Shorty bringing up the rear and yelling orders in animal talk.

We came just in the nick of time. Bill went down as we jumped over the fence, and the herd closed in till he was hidden from sight.

There wasn't a stick or stone nearby, though Old Man Nelson did manage to grab a broom off the porch. The rest of us just kicked and hollered, but the sheep kept coming on in waves.

Their butting wasn't so bad if a man could keep his feet. The worst of it was the way those hundreds of black button eyes stared up at you, for there isn't anything on earth as terrible as an aroused sheep. It is hard telling what might have happened to us, but just at that minute Spot came tearing into the yard. Another dog would have started working on the herd, but Spot knew better. He scrambled right over the backs of the sheep, never stopping till he got to Shorty in the rear. He leaped—and this time there wasn't anybody to pull him off.

The fight went out of that whole herd so sudden that we were left staring at each other. Bill McFee got up, rubbing his bruises. He had been in the business forty years and a sheep was still a sheep to him, no matter what happened. "Somebody better attend to them animals," he said, "or they'll stampede to hell and gone."

So after rescuing Shorty from getting too chewed up, we sent Spot to round up the herd. Then we all went back to the Rhinoceros for a drink. We needed a drink. Even the dog needed a drink.

After some discussion that evening we decided to keep a few things under our hat when Shorty had his preliminary examination at the county seat. There was enough evidence so we could pick and choose, and we didn't want the pants kidded off us by people in Casper and Thermopolis.

Anyhow, the attendant seemed to understand when he came with a guard to take Shorty away. "Sure," he said, "we catch plenty like him. It's them battery sets that are to blame. If I had my way, there would be a law against allowing a radio in a sheep wagon."

"How's that?" said the bartender. "You mean—?"

"What I mean is that no sheepherder ought to be listening to the news from Europe these days. Why, just to give you an idea, gents, we netted three new Hitlers last month! Three of 'em, mind you, and right off the range."

Old Man Nelson slapped his knee. "By God," he said, "I never thought of *that.* Now I remember how particular Shorty used to be about keeping his radio batteries recharged."

"It used to be," said the attendant, "that we could count on another Napoleon every few years, but that's slow as compared to how the Hitlers are pouring in."

"Mussolinis, too?" asked the bartender.

"No, Mussolini ain't so popular," the attendant said. "We did pick up a fellow near Cody who called himself the Doochay, but he was a mild case."

Old Man Nelson hemmed and hawed, looking a little embarrassed. "Do you ever," he said, "have cases where the sheep get sort of touched, too, so they begin attacking people?"

"What's that?" The attendant spoke up quick, giving Old Man Nelson a sharp look. "Did I understand you to say—?"

"It's nothing. Nothing at all!" said Old Man Nelson. "I was just wondering would you gents like to line up for a drink?"

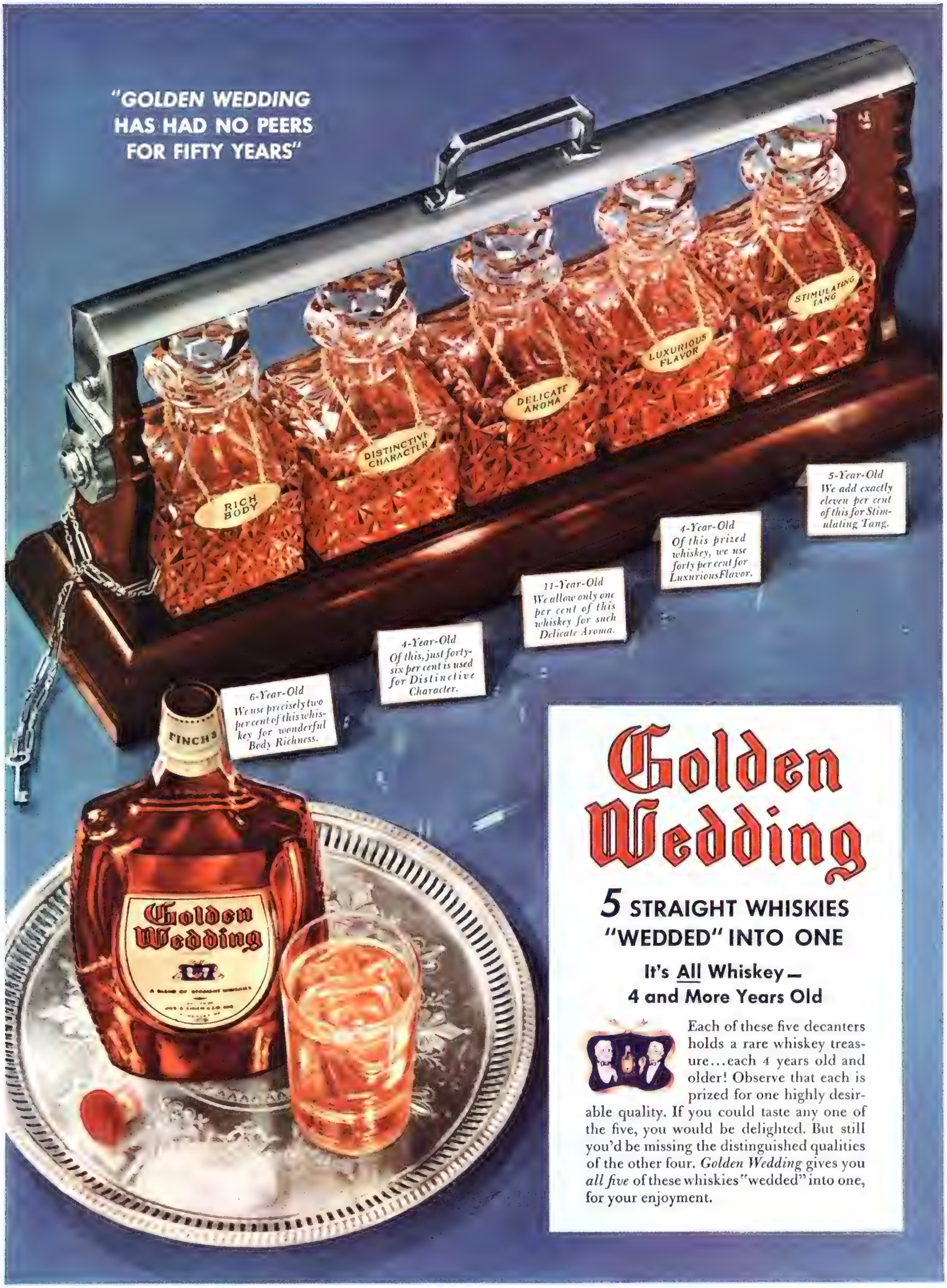
After all, a person had better pull in his horns when a keeper from the nut-hatch gives him a sharp look. We all had a beer while the attendant told us how nice Shorty would be treated down at Evanston. He said the incoming patients were not conked when they got violent. They were simply strapped into a tub of lukewarm water and left to soak for a couple hours. They didn't ever hear anything but soothing music over the radio, and maybe now and then an inspirational talk about how to improve your mind. After they got a little better they were instructed in basket-weaving or some other handcraft that was not too exciting. In time, the attendant said, it might be that Shorty would rejoin us as a useful citizen once more.

Still, crazy as he was, we could not help feeling somewhat sorry when they took him away. He looked smaller than ever, and a stranger might have thought we were picking on an inoffensive little man. Shorty didn't seem much interested in proceedings until he saw the curious crowd on Main Street. Then he sat straight up in the car, his chin out, and began bowing to one side and another.

Old Man Nelson, having been his boss, figured it was only decent to say goodbye before the handcuffs were locked. "And if it isn't too personal, Shorty," he said, "would you mind telling me what you said to Spot McFee the day I bet on you?"

All of us had wondered ever since, and to our surprise Shorty was willing. "Sure, I'll tell you," he bragged. "I looked him right in the eye and I said—"

He stopped. For the wind began blowing again, which meant that we would probably never know the answer. Shorty blinked behind his steel-rim specs, and quick as a cat he grabbed something out of the air. He held it a second between his thumb and forefinger, then the little blue speck got away just as the guard came with the handcuffs. #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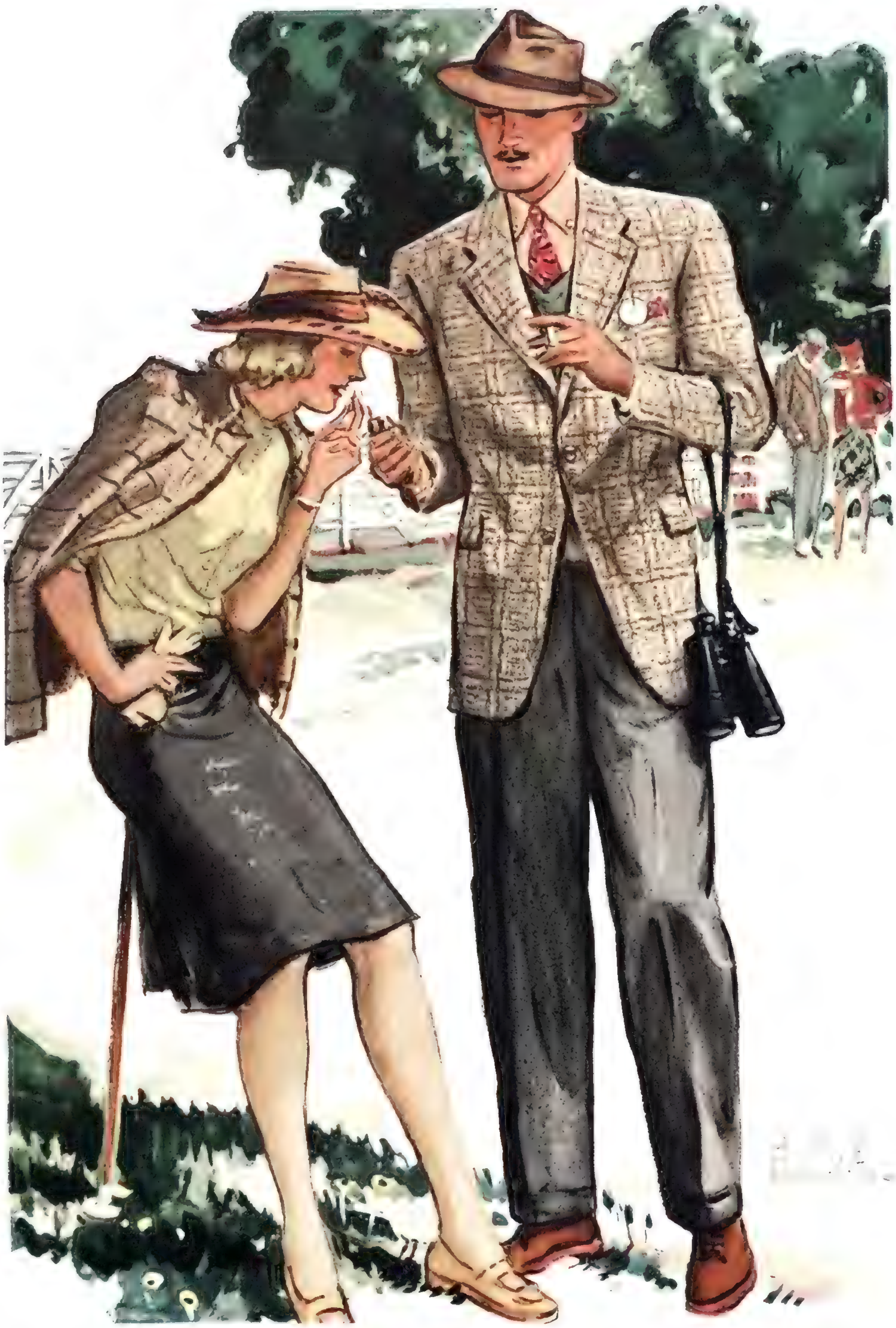

girls will be boys

Women, not being satisfied that most men would give them the shirt off their back, have helped themselves to the covert coat, military collar, fly front and border stitching, and incorporated them into women's fashions. Reversible coats went from Princeton and Yale to Smith and Vassar. Women's plaid sport jackets and grey flannel skirts are counterparts to mixed suits for men. We could continue like this for quite a few lines, but this isn't a women's fashion page, so we'll get down to the business of describing men's fashions. This field glass toter, pausing between steeplechases to light up cigarettes, has sound ideas about right clothes. His three-button jacket is a brown and natural shade Shetland. The undyed natural colored wool threads form a good background for the brown plaid design. His brown slope-crown hat, higher on one side than the other, sports a darker brown band. He is wearing also a tan oxford shirt with button-down collar, sporting print wool tie, Lovat Shetland sweater, grey flannel slacks, brown and maroon Shetland striped socks and brown reverse calf shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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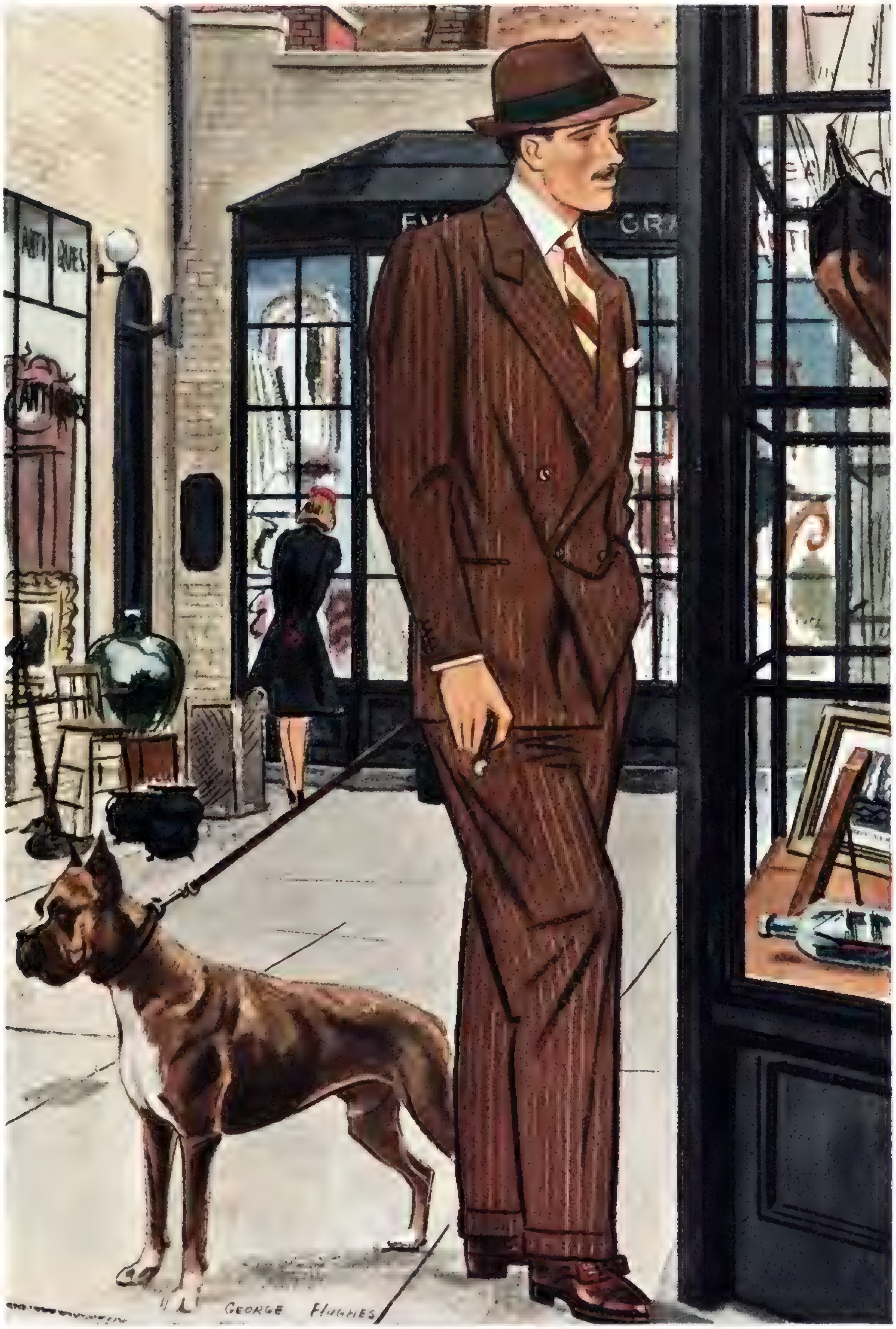

new and old

This casual visitor to an antique court is a study in contrast. His tastes in furnishing his bachelor's apartment run to the most ancient among antiques. His tastes in clothes are pointed to the very latest, such as his suit of Peat Brown, the new and fashionable tone for spring. It has a ruddiness that sets it apart from ordinary shades, and the simple chalk stripes serve to make the color of the worsted more pronounced. The coat is the Windsor jacket, with lapels rolling to the bottom of the two sets of buttons. The green band on his brown felt hat produces a nice blend, and is in keeping with the increased popularity of contrasting hatbands. The red and gold striped repp silk tie tends to avoid repetition of tone. The rest of his outfit includes a tan broadcloth shirt, white starched collar and brown shoes with perforated toe caps.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

When the Hen Crows

Continued from page 63

ever to a wedding in these parts. Sent one of Eif's brothers around on a mule notifying everybody."

"Cheer up, Cy," says Brother Ben. "Don't hang your head. It's not so bad as all of that. Plenty more girls on Turkey Lick just as good looking as Dollie. And boy, over on Buffalo—you ought to see the pretty girls over there. I'll take you over there sometime with me."

"See that tobacco over there on the hill," says Pa. "Look at the crabgrass in it. It needs the plow. I was young once and got married. Had a big dance after the wedding dinner. All the boys got tead. Danced all night. Had to slip your Ma out and get away. I never think about it anymore. Your Ma talks about it once in a while. I just don't like weddings when we are in the weeds and need to work late. We can't work early when the dew is on the tobacco leaves."

"Are you going to the wedding tonight?" Brother Ben asked. Going to kiss the bride, Cy?"

"I'm going to that wedding," I says. "I'll plow more tobacco today than Pa and go to that wedding tonight and eat more of the chicken than anybody there. I'll dance the longest and be the gayest man there. I'll get me the prettiest girl there for a partner."

Pa and Brother Ben laughed and laughed. Pa drove his mule out hitched to a shovel plow. I followed him with my mule.

"Watch out for me today, Pa," I says. "I'm a mean man. No man can do as much work as I can do today. I'll show you how to go and come."

"It'll be the first time in your life you ever showed me how to go and come," says Pa.

Under the warm June sun on a Turkey Lick hill, our mules walked between the twisted terbacker rows. They stepped briskly. The crabgrass went under. The terbacker leaves flap-flapped the wind. The air was clean and blue. The birds sang in the trees. My mule stepped ahead of Pa's mule. I could tell it nearly killed Pa. He said he'd never let one of his boys do more work than he could do while he was under sixty. "Bill Burton had just as well sell that mule after Eif takes him to Greenwood to get his marriage license," says Pa. "He'll be broken-winded after this. He will have the distemper too. He will never be any more good." I never answered Pa. He wanted to stand and talk and get me off my work. He saw I was passing him. I plowed right on like I never heard Pa.

When dinner time come we could step on the heads of shadders, I was three rows ahead of Pa. Pa quit kidding me about the wedding. Pap was glad Eif was marrying Dollie. He wanted me to stay at home so I could help him with the crops. Pa couldn't fool me. I could tell. He was tickled to death. He didn't want me to marry. Bill Burton didn't want Eif to marry either. He needed Eif at home.

"You want to come in pretty early now," says Mom, "I'm going to the wedding. Got to get ready and get the children ready. I wouldn't miss this wedding for anything."

"I want to go, too," I says. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I'm going to wear my good suit, my best shirt and prettiest necktie. I'm going to dance with the prettiest girl there."

"No you are not," says Mom, "I can tell, Cy, it hurts you. But you'll meet another girl and you'll be glad you didn't marry Dollie. It will all come around all right."

"Well, Pa, we'd better get back to the field," I says. "I'm coming in at five o'clock. That will give me time to get my work done up and get to the wedding."

This is the thirtieth short story by Jesse Stuart to appear in Esquire to date. His next, scheduled for the June issue, will be *The Fitified Man.*

"Never saw you work like this before," says Pa. "Wish one of your old girl friends was getting married every day. Wouldn't have any weeds over there in that tobacco field then." Pa lit his pipe and got up from the table.

It was go and come around the terbacker field all afternoon. Pa got a row every time I did long as we's plowing on the flat. It was level there and didn't bother Pa's legs. When we started around the steeps I went to pouring it on Pa. I had the little mule and he could stand up better than the big mule Pa was plowing. I started to gaining rows on Pa. Ben was down below us taking suckers off'n the plants and pulling the worms off. I was fighting Eif Burton instead of the weeds in the terbacker patch. The sun was hot. The leaves on the terbacker were wilted. The smell of the green tobacco and the ragweeds was all I could bear. Sweat streamed from my eyes. I just kept plowing.

"Look going up the road, Cy," says Pa.

I stopped my mule and looked. It was Eif riding the mule up Turkey Lick like he had come down the road this morning. He was running the mule to death. We could see the white splashes of water in the sunlight. I watched Eif out of sight. While I was watching Eif, Pa gained half a row of tobacco on me. He'd never catch me now. I had rows to spare. I would beat Pa.

"Quitting time," I says. Pa was setting down at the far end of the field on his plow beam. He was fanning his face with his hat. Ben was beside of Pa.

"Pa's over-het," says Ben. "He's took it faster than his legs would stand around this steep ground." Pa got up and moseyed off'n the hill. Ben took the mule home.

"Pa had no business trying to follow me," I thought. "He ought to know he's not the man I am on Eif's wedding day."

I didn't more'n get to the house until a crowing hen come up and stuck her head in at the door and crowed. "Mom something's going to happen at the wedding tonight," I says.

"Now, Cy," says Mom. "I don't want no trouble over there. Just because she loves the other man ain't no sign for you to step in and cut a rusty. You be fair about it and let her have Eif. You boys grew up together, played together all your lives . . . He's got Dollie and let him have her. Don't take a gun over there."

"Honest, Mom," I says, "I'm going to leave my pistol here. I'm going in a peaceable manner. I'm just going to take one thing. That's the old license that I got that time when I planned to marry Dollie. If Eif gets smart I'm just going to show it to him."

"That's all right," says Mom, "I just don't want you to tote a gun over there and cause a lot of trouble."

I milked the cows, slopped the hogs, and cut the stove wood. I split the kindling and carried in the wood and got up water from the well. Then I went upstairs and put on my clothes. I didn't eat any supper. I intended to eat my part of the wedding supper. I put on a white shirt and a big striped tie . . . a blue serge suit and my black slippers and white socks. When I stood before the looking glass, I didn't know myself. I went to my trunk and got my old marriage license. I stuck it in my pocket. I was off to the wedding. Pa and Mom and the rest of our family was coming later.

I never saw such a swarm of people in my life there. Horses and mules were tied to the garden palings and the barnlot was filled with wagons, buggies, and surreys. Some automobiles there. People were just crowding in the yard. Girls were dressed in white. Boys dressed in their best suits with white shirts and striped ties. Boys were holding the girls' hands and girls were holding the boys' arms. They were talking and laughing and having the best time. I'd come to have a good time, too. I never went in the house. Bill Bruce told me Brother Flem Snyder was here to perform the ceremony. Said it was just a matter of minutes. He said they had the whole place filled with good grub for the supper soon as the marriage took place. I could smell the fried chicken.

It looked like bees coming out'n the hive when they started coming out'n the house. Boys dressed in all colors of clothes. Girls dressed in white with big sashes of red and blue ribbons around them. "Sure is a big thing," I thought. "But a hen come up to our door and stuck her head in and crowed. That's a sign that something is going to happen here tonight. I feel it in my bones. I know something is going to happen."

Dollie's mother, Lizzie Holmes, and Speck Holmes, her Pap, come out of the house. They were standing and talking to Bill Burton, Eif's Pap and Sadie Burton, Eif's mother. Guess they's atalking about how happy they were since their son and daughter were getting married. Families used to be at the outs. Now it would all be healed. No more trouble. Pa and Mom were busy taking care of my little brothers and sisters. Ben was talking to them. Everybody was talking and waiting for the bride and groom to come out'n the house. The awfulest lot of talk you ever heard. All of a sudden it got quiet. Eif and Dollie come out at the front door. Two little girls in front with flowers. Two walking behind carrying the big long streamers on Dollie's dress. Here was Brother Flem waiting with his Bible in his hand.

"We must go through the ceremony here under the plum trees," says Brother Flem. "Not enough room in the house since there are so many here."

I thought my time had come. I thought I was going to die. Thought I was going to faint and fall on the grass. Dollie would soon be Eif's wife. The sign of the hen crowing in the house didn't mean a thing. Not a thing had worked. I'd nearly worked Pa to death in the terbacker field fighting Eif. Pa was so weak he could hardly walk. I wished I hadn't come. I wished there was some way for me to run and hide. I heard one of the women say: "Right over there stands the young man she really belongs to." She pointed at me. That made me feel better.

"I feel sorry for Cy," I could hear young lovers whisper.

The roses that bloomed in the yard smelled so good in the night air. The big yaller moon rolled across the sky. The whippoorwills hollered among the green apple trees. The people got quiet now. There Dollie stood dressed in white. She looked half scared to death and about to cry. I wished that I could have Dollie in my arms. I stood there and prayed for something to happen. I looked at her soft blue eyes there under the lamp light. She was so tall and her hair was golden and curly. No wonder they called her Dollie. She

Continued on page 132

REGENT
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... a better smoke
REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE

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- *Multiple-Blend*...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions, giving you exceptional mildness and a better-tasting cigarette.
- *King Size*...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool. The result is a natural coolness you notice as soon as you take your first puff. And this extra length also means more fine tobacco for your money.
- *Oval Shape*...Regent's oval shape not only adds distinction to this extra long cigarette, but makes Regents easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke.
- *Crush-Proof Box*...So that every Regent you smoke will be in perfect smoking condition, Regents are packed in a crush-proof box...the only satisfactory container for a King-size cigarette.

"THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED"

When the Hen Crows

Continued from pages 63-131

was a doll. And Eif had her now. People looked at me and felt sorry for me.

"Let me see your license, please, Eif," says Brother Flem. "Just as a matter of the Word you know. You must be lawfully bound together before the eyes of the Law and the Laws of God."

Eif reached down in his blue serge coat pocket and pulled out the license. Brother Flem looked at the license. He turned it over. Then he reached in his inside coat pocket and pulls out his speck case. He fumbled it open. He puts his glasses on slowly. All the crowd watched. "I'm sorry, Eif," says Brother Flem, "Ain't you made a mistake on this license?"

"W'y no," says Eif, "That's the license he give me."

"Did you state what kind of license?"

"W'y I says to the man in there: 'I want some license.' And that's what he handed me. Pon my word and honor it's the same."

I wish you could have seen the crowd. They started talking and punching each other in the ribs. The girls started giggling and jerking at the boys' arms. They could not keep from laughing at Eif.

"What does it say?" Eif asks.

"I'll read it," says Brother Flem.

RESIDENT HUNTING LICENSE
State of Kentucky
Good from date of
issue to Jan. 1, 1941 No. 34785
I do hereby
certify that Eif Burton
P. O. Address Turkey Lick, Ky.
County Greenwood

having paid his fee required by law, is licensed to hunt and kill game during open season therefor, subject to all the provisions and penalties provided by the Game Laws of Kentucky. This license is not transferable and must be in his or her possession ready to exhibit for inspection.

Age—19 years. Height 5'10". Weight 156. Color of eyes—Blue. Color of hair—Red. Nationality—American. Dated Greenwood, Kentucky this 17th day of June, 1940.

Jeriah H. Pratt
Signature of Co. Court Clerk
Eif Burton
Signature of Licensee
1940 R. M. Hunter
Chairman

"Don't read more," says Dollie. "That's enough. Oh, my heavens!" The people couldn't hold their laughs any longer. They laughed and hollered and punched each other in the ribs. The boys got down and wallered on the grass. Eif's face was red as a sliced beet.

"W'y that fool give me the wrong license," says Eif. "Can't you marry us anyhow, Brother Flem and I'll get the right license tomorrow." The laugh from the crowd was louder than before. I laughed. I hollered loud as I could.

"I can't do a thing like that," says Brother Flem. "It would be lying before the eyes of God and the eyes of the Law. You'll have to get somebody else to do that for you."

"What will we do, Honey?" says Eif. Everybody laughed at Eif.

"I don't know what you're going to do," says Dollie, "I know what I'm going to do. I'm calling the whole thing off. There'll be no wedding."

I thought it was my time. I jumped up on a chair. "Just a minute please," I says. "There's going to be a wedding. Just wait a minute. The supper's going to be on Eif Burton. Just the wrong man in there anyway."

The crowd stopped laughing. The boys got up from wallering in the grass. The crowd was silent.

"I got the real license here," I says. "I got a marriage license. Dollie is my girl, anyway. She has always been my girl. She still is my girl. Just in a minute there'll be a wedding." I jumped off the chair.

"Come on, Honey," I says. I walked over to Dollie. Dollie's face got bright. When she looked at Eif she looked hard. Dollie took me by the arm.

"There'll not be a wedding," says Eif. "I'll see that there won't. I'll kill Cy first."

"No you won't, Eif," says Bill Burton. "That's for the girl to decide. I've told you about the way you always hurried things and done them with a lick and a promise like you chop the weeds out'n the tobacco. Ain't I told you it was going to get you into it someday? Now look at these people here. They'll never quit talking about this long as they live. You've plagued Dollie to death now. Do you want to finish her? Be a man about it. Cy was to marry her in the first place. You broke that up. Now, Cy comes back. Just let Dollie decide which one she wants to marry."

I had Dollie in my arms. "What about it Honey?" I asked.

"Yes," she says.

"All right, Brother Flem, take my license and see if it reads all right in the eyes of God and the Law of man," I says. "No place on it where you can find the time of year in Kentucky when you can hunt."

Eif looked at me like he wanted to kill me. Bill Burton was standing there with his hand on Eif's shoulder. Eif's Mom was crying and my Mom was laughing. Pa was looking down at the ground. Pa hated it. Pa and Ben would miss me, in the terbacker field. I'd be working for myself. Brother Flem looked over the license. He had us to hold hands and he jined us in Holy Matrimony in the eyes of God and the Laws of man. It was the happiest time of my life. The hen didn't stick her head in at our door and crow for nothing.

"Come on folks, the wedding supper is waiting," says Bill Burton. "Got plenty of grub here for you all." Bill Burton was pleased. I saw him go over and talk to Pa. Pa was down-hearted. Mom stood under the plum trees and laughed fit to die. Eif slipped out through the crowd.

"Chicken for everybody," says Eif Burton's mother. Not any chicken for Eif. Eif was not there. ⧺

Saving Your Face

Continued from page 65

body's hardest substance, tooth enamel, and favorable to the decreased resistance of a live tooth which, with *proper nourishment,* would ably resist bacterial attack. If, when decay begins, you made proper dietary corrections, decay would stop. Moreover, if the enamel had been eaten through so that the dentin underneath had been reached, the dentin would promptly begin to protect itself by fresh mineralization where the decay had touched it, arrested decay we call it (*if, I repeat, proper dietary corrections had been made*). Oh yes, Nature is a wonderful dentist. Given the proper equipment, she'll do everything but fill up the hole for you.

Now I grant you that the makeup and structure of the teeth you happen to have are a strong factor in what is going to happen to them in the next ten to fifty years. If you started out with a complete set of permanent teeth and have not lost any of them, your prospects are far above average. But suppose they are below, rather than above average. Suppose you come from a family where there is a tendency to tuberculosis and you've been warned that your lungs are susceptible. That does not mean you cannot continue to be as free of tuberculosis as the man without your handicap. It does mean that you should exercise a little more intelligence about living in ways he need give no thought to.

So don't blame your mother for what happens to your vital teeth from now on even if they seem to you to be below average. I'm sick of reading "The time to lay the foundation for tooth health is before you were born"—or when you were three or six or eight. Of course those periods *were* important. But they are not important for you now. You cannot select your parents, or grandparents. That's water over the dam. The time for you to lay the foundation that determines whether you'll be putting your teeth in the water glass every night, is now.

According to her lights, your mother probably did the best for you she knew how. But what about *your* children? Pardon me, but that's different! You know—or ought to know—facts your mother never had a chance to know. And fathers pass on to a child part of its dental inheritance. The structure of your unborn child's dental arches—whether its teeth will be crooked and crowded or well-spaced in adequate dental arches—that solid fact of the future is being effected by the foundations for tooth health you lay for yourself now. So let's stop blaming it on our mothers and think of our children instead. At least ninety-five per cent of American children have constricted arches now which mean irregular teeth that require orthodontia (straightening to you) to make them serve and look right. Fathers, as well as mothers, help bring this handicap on children. So especially if you are under a dental handicap you should begin to give your teeth proper care and nourishment immediately, but you cannot do that if you continue to be suckers for the group of men who are taking the vitamins and minerals out of essential food products primarily for their own financial gain. It is what these men remove and discard that teeth need, that they must have for health, and that the rest of the body must have for health, too.

In the process of making white flour and refined cereals, for instance, practically all the vitamins, and a good half of the minerals are removed from wheat, so that we are given the lifeless products that have America mercilessly by the throat right now.

These products have created in millions and millions of people conditions favorable to disease. Sticking back in a paltry three synthetically made drugstore vitamins of the known eight to ten of the B-complex alone, is not going to make a hoot of difference about the needed minerals removed from white flour and other processed cereals that load down the American breakfast, lunch, and supper tables—to say nothing of the still missing vitamins. This "fact" was announced in one of our most widely circulated American magazines recently as an "epochal advance."

After twenty-five years as a practicing dentist I can say emphatically that, wherever my patients have co-operated with me honestly (and I have never been without a group doing just this) in avoiding devitalized, demineralized foods and taking a well-balanced diet of high mineral and high vitamin content regularly, and have come to me with regularity to see that small spots of decay are properly handled in their early stage, tooth decay decreases so decidedly that it disappears completely for years at a stretch. I know that other dentists are having this same result from similar co-operative groups of patients.

If you want tooth health, the main thing Nature asks of you is the kind of nourishment that protects exposed tooth enamel from these initial entries in which bacteria begin their destructive work. She asks you to save your face by saving the face of your teeth, sir, by proper eating of natural foods that do not foster destructive bacteria and deprive your vital teeth of needed elements. And you may well ask what I mean by "eating properly."

A lot of authorities have filled a lot of books on this point—interesting books filled with facts the average man does not have time to assimilate. But what it all amounts to is that every adult ought to have daily:

A minimum of a pint of milk.

A generous portion (or two) of

Continued on page 134

GIVE YOUR HAIR A CHANCE!

THE SCALP IS THE BASIS OF HAIR HEALTH

Treat it the Fitch Ideal Way

Take care of your hair this sensible way! Don't let the thousands of tiny hair openings on your scalp choke up with dirt and dandruff. Remember that congested scalp is the forerunner of many hair ills. That's why you've got to keep the hair openings clear and free to function normally. Use Ideal Tonic every day. Then the natural oils will be able to flow over your hair, bringing the benefits that only nature can bestow. Ideal Hair Tonic combines with natural oils to form the perfect dressing for your hair.

Ideal Hair Tonic stimulates circulation—helps allay itching scalp—helps to prevent dandruff—helps check falling hair. It's simple to use, and it does two great things for you! First, it makes it easy for your scalp to be as healthy as nature intended—and second, it acts as a dressing that helps keep your hair neat and good-looking. Start to care for your hair the Fitch Ideal way today!

KEEP THIS HAIR FOLLICLE OPEN

AND KEEP YOUR HAIR

FOR THAT WELL GROOMED LOOK WOMEN ADMIRE, USE FITCH IDEAL

Achieve that air of natural good grooming that women like—every hair in place, yet no suggestion of that "slick" look. Make a mighty good impression in business, too. Natural good grooming the Fitch Ideal way pays real dividends!

LISTEN to the FITCH BANDWAGON

Presenting your favorite orchestras every Sunday, 7:30 p.m., E. S. T., over NBC Red Network.

Special OFFER! A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company and receive brush free.

You'll like Fitch's DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application.

Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC

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FATHER'S DAY JUNE 15TH

Here, where every man is a king in his own right, every man's initials represent his royal seal which says "This is mine!" This tradition, symbolizing individuality and style, has never been expressed more smartly than in Twinitial Jewelry by Swank...bearing the wearer's two initials in a sturdy convex motif. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops at $1.

Saving Your Face

Continued from pages 65-133

fresh citrus fruits and/or freshly opened tomato juice or vine-ripened tomatoes or crisp, fresh cabbage.

A generous portion of fresh green leafy vegetables (the greener in color the better).

An egg.

A serving of meat (the organs once a week) or cheese. (If you take a quart of milk per day you'll need less meat, which seems better for some people.)

A half-dozen helpings of other fruits and vegetables, some of them raw, and including one potato.

Several pats of butter.

Then, after you are sure you are going to have all that, enough whole grain bread or whole wheat toast to produce energy for the day's work and none left over to make you overweight.

In addition:

Some sweets in their natural forms—honey, figs, dates, brown and maple sugar.

Cod liver oil (for Vitamin D), so very essential for children while they are building teeth. This may or may not be essential for adults. Unless you are exposed to direct sunlight on your skin a lot, there is no reason why you should not be on the safe side with some Vitamin D capsules in the winter. (It is very difficult to get enough Vitamin D in food other than fish oils.)

(Note: The above diet gives a variety especially essential to Americans who are now consuming some foods, possibly many foods, grown in mineral-impoverished, unproperly fertilized soils. Safety lies only in variety.

That is all there is to a good diet for tooth health and it covers other health needs, too. You can put your football team on this dietary to their advantage. Their trainer knows that. The pastries, cakes, and other manufactured sweets that form so great a part of the typical American dietary should be a rare occurence if you still think they should occur at all. As for white flour products, hogs, guinea pigs, white mice and worms cannot thrive on them so why should you try to? But if you must eat them—or rather, if you think you must—cut them to a minimum and increase your milk and green, leafy vegetables daily to make up for the vitamins and minerals you pay the flour and sugar interest to remove for you.

In twenty-five years of practice I have never seen such a diet fail to preserve teeth—teeth which in many cases had been highly susceptible to decay. Twenty years ago a pretty young neighbor of mine was getting ready to be married. As part of her trousseau she came to me to have the dental work done she so badly needed. Although only twenty-one she had to have an upper partial denture to supply all but seven front teeth. Two lower molars had been lost, and a number of inlays were needed. Her husband had to have some fifteen or sixteen gold inlays. The sum total of teeth in the mouths of their four parents was zero. All had full upper and lower dentures.

This young couple took my advice about proper nutrition to heart. So much to heart that there has never been a loaf of white bread or any white sugar on their table. This conscientious mother has baked every loaf of whole wheat bread this family has eaten for eighteen years. Each of them today has teeth so nearly as they were twenty years ago that it is not worthwhile to mention the changes. Their two children, boys of sixteen and fourteen now, each have a perfect set of teeth which replaced baby teeth that served their purpose for eleven years and then came out without a single spot of decay.

So that for dental inheritance and teeth that crumble easily!

There is another young man who is a senior at Harvard this year. Each of his two sisters and an older brother had brought home considerable approximal decay (i.e., decay between the teeth) from their first year at college, so I made a bet with the younger boy that he would do the same thing although I would tell him how to prevent it. I said, "You'll have to eat whatever they give you at Harvard, but you can do this much if you make up your mind to it and exercise intelligence in food selection: No refined or processed cereals. No candy. Buy orange or tomato juice when you find yourself at a soda fountain. Keep fruit in your room. Lots of milk and vegetables and fruit. Even with dormitory food that will keep you safe."

Well, he is the only young man I have ever seen go through college without a cavity between his teeth. I'll wager he is the only American-born one in Harvard today. It can be done! And men should realize that it ought to be done before they stiffen up from other mineral and vitamin deficiency diseases augured by their so-called "normal" tooth decay.

Tooth decay is not normal! It is a sign of malnutrition and it is caused in all but exceptional cases by wrong eating. Primitive tribes who have never seen the white man's (I refuse to call him civilized) refined sugars and grains have well-developed head and dental arches containing perfect teeth set regularly, except in those rare instances where other deficiencies exist. But primitive tribes are pretty wise in getting what their bodies need. The Eskimos, for example, know enough to chew the bones and eat many of the organs of the fish and animals which form so great a part of their diet in order to give themselves the wherewithal for perfect teeth in sound healthy bodies. And they have them, too. Or rather, they had them until "civilized" white men started to make refined grains and sugars

Continued at top of page 136

HOME

** * * the first thing that youth remembers—the last that age forgets * * * Home means food, warmth, and solace * * * It is the strong arm that holds us up after every other prop fails; the citadel to which we flee when every other defense has fallen.*

* * *

Benjamin Franklin once wrote on the flyleaf of a book (too bad he didn't print it in letters of fire)—"If you are not getting into the home with what you have to SAY, you will never get in with what you have to SELL."

* * *

Tonight nearly half a million homes, great and small, will open their doors, and say: "COME IN!" to a lifelong friend and neighbor—THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

And the mothers, fathers, daughters and sons in those homes—*over a million and a quarter of them*—will sit for hours and visit with their friend *companionably*—as good friends can. Their trusted friend will tell them what's happening throughout the world, throughout the nation, and *throughout Chicago's stores.* And they will hang onto its words—*believingly;* for in 65 years, THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS has never once, intentionally, deceived them.

* * *

Now—would it not be fortunate if, during the course of the evening, you had occasion to speak a good word, *to this newspaper's friends,* about YOUR PRODUCT?

* * *

When you pick out a salesman to represent you—you do it *carefully.* Should you be less careful when you pick out a *newspaper* to represent you? You demand salesmen of the highest character—men who will be welcomed back again and again—men who have earned the respect and confidence of the territory to which you assign them—men with *established followings!*

Should you not demand as much of the *newspaper* which represents you?

If you do—then your best salesman in the Chicago territory will certainly be THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, for only this newspaper meets these stiff requirements.

That this is generally known is proved by the facts that, in 1940, *THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS carried more Total Display Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday* and the circulation of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS today is the highest in its history.*

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WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
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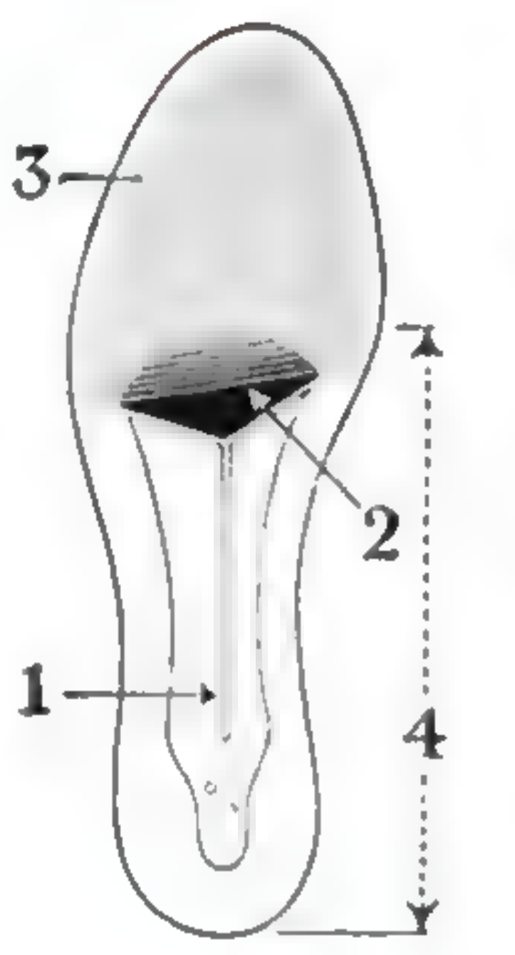
One of 122 smart styles

There's more for your money in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes! Smartness—quality—both in heaping quantities, but far more important to you active men are the four patented hidden features. They'll bring you a new experience in foot health and comfort. They'll keep you foot-active all day, every day.

You'll find trained fitters in all stores carrying these shoes—space permits but a partial listing. If your city is not shown, write E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-5, Rockland, Mass.



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Saving Your Face

Continued from pages 65-133-134

available to them, and that has been the experience not only of the Eskimos but of tribe after tribe of primitives the world over.

I admit frankly that some of the facts about tooth decay and its relationship to food are still eluding the scientists. But while science may not know the minute mechanism of dental caries, it does know the factors necessary to control it. Of course there is always controversy and some folks are always down on the things they are not up on. But the fact remains that the very groups who are still offering opposing theories agree that a well-balanced diet containing the requisite carbohydrates, proteins and fats, plus enough quantity and variety of minerals and vitamins is exceedingly effective in preventing and combating tooth decay. As long as they agree on that, why shouldn't the layman take advantage of it?

"The six best doctors, you'll agree,
and no one can deny it,
Are sunshine, water, rest, and air,
exercise and diet."

You agree with the first five. Why not exercise your intelligence on the sixth one?

Go to your dentist now and have him clean up every spot of decay in your mouth. Have your teeth cleaned and checked periodically. Try out a balanced diet of natural foods, as suggested a few paragraphs back, for a year. And if you do not register a decided lack of tooth decay in that year you'll be a brand new experience to me. And don't worry about the dentists not having enough to do. There is enough dental work that needs to be done in the United States right now, in salvaging dental wrecks and dental cripples, to keep all of our American dentists busy every day for the rest of our lives.

Help us educate a tooth-sick population to the fact that they can cut down their dental bills tremendously by coming to us in time and co-operating with us for health, and don't forget, it takes Nature twenty-five years to build a perfect set of teeth. Your job is to preserve a job that Nature has so carefully done over this long period of time. ⌗

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 97

written in prison, has an unconscious irony, is one of his best books; his worst are worth reading. The remarkable thing about Wodehouse is not that he is writing in prison; many distinguished authors have done that; it is not particularly remarkable that he can maintain the level of his work in an unexpected and unwelcome environment. The remarkable thing is that so far as I can discover, he is the only important man of letters who writes humorous novels where *humor is not a means but an end.* Nearly all professional humorists are either satirists or (in a way) propagandists; they attack or ridicule something or they support something. Mr. Wodehouse tries to be funny; and always succeeds. This is not applied humor; it is pure humor. In this respect, I do not think he has any living superior. Also it is more difficult to maintain this high level through a full-length novel than in a short story or a series of anecdotes. Mr. Wodehouse's novels are usually so interesting (the basis is always a story) that I think they would hold the attention of the average reader even if they were not funny; yet the humor is an integral part of all his productions. It is more difficult to write a novel continuously funny than it is to write novels dealing with degenerates.

While I was writing this paragraph, a letter arrived from the distinguished British journalist and man of letters, S. K. Ratcliffe, who (though I did not know it) was present in an audience at the Town Hall, New York, during a lecture I was giving on contemporary books a few days previous. He says: "As to Woodehouse (nice to hear his name correctly pronounced on this side of the water: a radio speaker from Berlin two nights ago had seen him in camp and reported what Woadhouse was doing and saying. P. G. might just as well have told him how to say Wood) and the rarity of good comic writers. A woman friend of mine in England used to say that it was much harder to be funny than to be good."

Which is supported by the following conversation. Years ago as I was saying Good-bye to a woman friend in New Haven, I remarked with acute unoriginality, "Good-bye: be good," whereupon she said, "I'm afraid I shan't have the opportunity to be anything else."

Speaking of humor, the perfect reply to an unsolicited criticism was made by our American scholarly columnist, F.P.A. Years ago he happened to be conversing with D. H. Lawrence, who, whatever gifts he may have possessed, was not conspicuously valuable for important additions to the gaiety of nations. Mr. Lawrence inquired about his work as a daily columnist and after receiving information, commented as follows: "It must be terrible to have to be funny every day." F.P.A.: "No, not so terrible as never to be funny at all."

I am more frequently disappointed by murder-mystery-detective story writers, than by any others. After reading with delight Ngaio Marsh's *Death of a Peer*, I took up her next book, *Death in Ecstasy*, with assurance. To my amazement and grief, it is dull—very, very dull. It will interest only those who enjoy working out puzzles; that is to say, those readers who work just as hard as the detectives in endeavoring to discover "who did it." Well, I read murder stories only for relaxation; I don't care who did it. I want action. And I am also (but not nearly to so great a degree) disappointed in Michael Innes's *The Secret Vanguard.* This is, of course, beautifully written, and there is much action; but I cannot remember who the people are, or what they did in the earlier chapters. Any dull story, like *Death in Ecstasy,* reminds me of what Herbert Fisher, one of my undergraduate students, said in 1898. I had assigned for the lesson Browning's *Strafford,* and had given Fisher the assignment to read an original essay on it. And because of this essay, I never gave out *Strafford* again, although I continued to teach Browning for thirty-five years. Mr. Fisher addressed his classmates as follows: "In most dramas, we ask at the end of each act, Why has this happened? but in Browning's *Strafford* we do not ask, Why has this happened? we ask, What has happened?"

The noun Ecstasy is more often misspelled in print than any other word I can remember. And the name of the philosopher in Shakespeare's comedy, *As You Like It,* is more often misspelled than any other proper *name.* His name is Jaques.

In various parts of the English-speaking world Dickens is quoted every day. I remember that five or six years ago, when the world situation looked much better in Great Britain than it did later, Prime Minister Chamberlain (or perhaps he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer) announced that the budget would balance public finances; and said cheerfully, "We have gone from Bleak House to Great Expectations." A few months after that I happened to meet Mr. H. G. Wells at a dinner in New York, and I quoted Mr. Chamberlain's remark; Mr. Wells said, "But in *Great Expectations* they didn't get the money."

It was a happy idea of Mr. M. Lincoln Schuster to make an anthology called *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters.* It is good that this volume continues to be one of the best sellers in the United States, because it is magnificent. It reflects immense credit on Mr. Schuster for his skill in selecting letters widely divided in space and time, and for his admirable notes and comments; but it also reflects credit on the taste of many thousands of Americans. The highest human intelligence and the hottest human emotions are in these pages. The selections are so good that I wish a few more could have been added—one from Julius Caesar to Cicero and one from Goethe; although Goethe, like Dr. Johnson (in this respect) was a greater conversationalist than letter writer. Let me set down a few lines from Caesar to Cicero, which should be read by every athlete and every soldier: Cicero had written to Caesar how much he admired the magnanimity Caesar had shown to his conquered foes when they surrendered Corfinium. Macaulay said the following sentence in Caesar's letter to Cicero was "the finest sentence ever written."

"I triumph and rejoice that my action should have obtained your approval. Nor am I disturbed when I hear it said that those, whom I have sent off alive and free, will again bear arms against me; for there is nothing which I so much covet as that I should be like myself and they like themselves."

On the margin Macaulay wrote, "Noble fellow!"

There is the ideal soldier, the ideal sportsman, who does not take his standards from his enemies, but from his own ideals.

This letter is quoted both in English and in Latin in a very slender but immensely interesting volume called *Marginal Notes of Lord Macaulay,* selected and arranged by Sir George Otto Trevelyan (pronounced Trevilyan), 1907.

Love letters are worthless unless they were written for only one pair of eyes; and it is not strange that when examined by research scholars, college professors, or peephole readers, they often seem nauseating. Among the excellent citations about letters which preface Mr. Schuster's book, is one from Mr. Nathan, who says, "The public will always give up its dinner to read love letters." So it will; and sometimes it will definitely give up its dinner *after* reading them. Jonathan Swift sent one of his poems to a lady and immediately after reading it, she vomited copiously. It had a moving effect. Matthew Arnold felt that Keats's love letters were not reasonable; but what would a woman think of a man whose love letters to her *were* reasonable? As the conversation of lovers usually adds little to our intellectual wealth, so their letters are as a rule—well, Bulwer Lytton was a fastidious, sophisticated, dignified man of the world; but when he wrote to the woman he loved, he began, "My dearest, sweetest, darling little puppydog," etc. That seems nauseating only to those who read it in cold blood. But it is normal. Professor H. W. Harrod of Oxford says that the second half of Keats's last sonnet, beginning

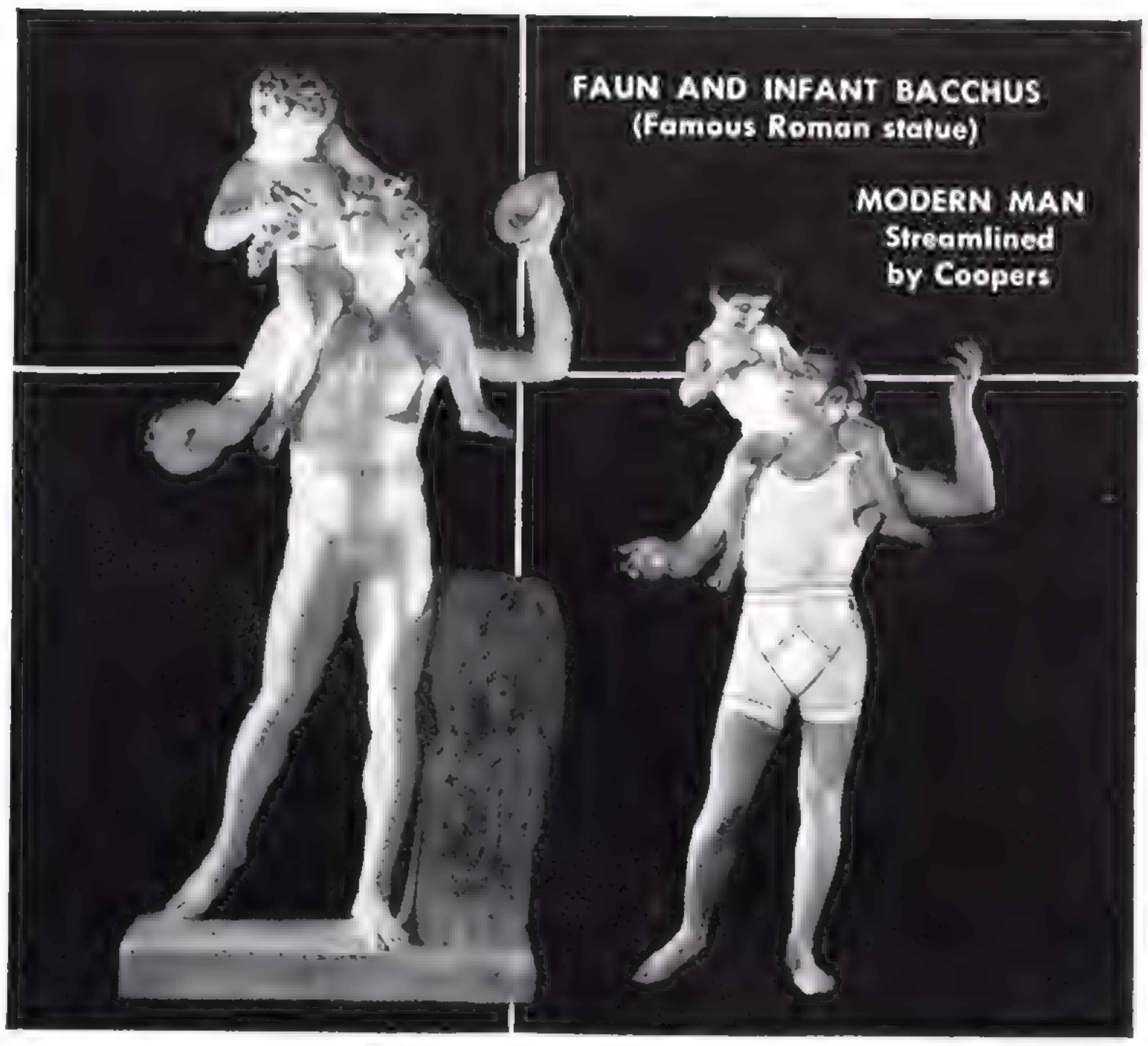
> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art

is inferior to the first half. But it was not intended to be reviewed by an Oxford scholar. The first half describes the land and the sea under starlight; the second half describes a woman's bosom. A scholar would regard the former as more beautiful than the latter; a lover would not.

Every student of human nature and of literature should secure a copy of *The World's Great Letters.*

One of the most famous letter writers of all time is Horace Walpole. Collections of his epistles have been published over and over again during the last 140 years; and now Mr. Wilmarth Lewis, the

Continued on page 138



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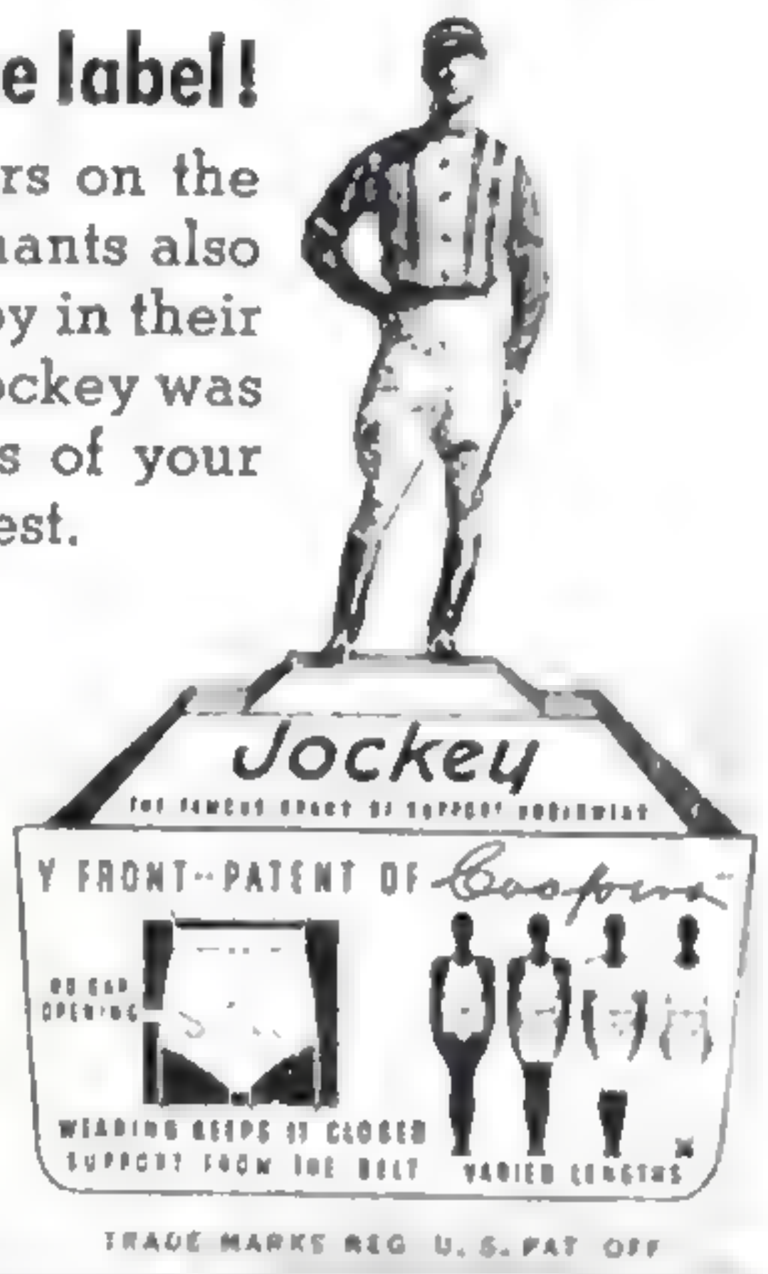

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 97-137

greatest living authority in the world, is publishing all of Walpole's letters in about fifty volumes. Meanwhile an excellent new biography of Walpole in one volume has been produced by R. W. Ketton-Cramer. It is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; for they entertained the English writer in their beautiful home in Farmington, Connecticut, and gave him access to an immense store of manuscript. Eventually Mr. Lewis will publish a complete and definitive Life; but I am very grateful to Mr. Ketton-Cramer for this volume of about 360 pages, written with skill and charm, and admirably adapted to the needs of the general reader. It is one of the most interesting biographies in our Age of Biography.

Speaking of letters: I do not think many persons know that the familiar proverb "out of sight, out of mind," first appeared in *The Imitation of Christ* (14th Century); well, once upon a time a girl made a pretty epigram out of it. She wrote, "When you are out of sight, I am out of my mind."

As this month of May contains Mother's Day, the following authentic telegram from a Vassar undergraduate sent to her mother on Mother's Day ought to please my readers as much as it pleased me.

Dear Mother: All that I am and have I owe to you. Hot dog!

In 1934 James Hilton suddenly became famous with his novel, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. It was his thirteenth, and the preceding twelve had attracted no attention. But as soon as *Mr. Chips* appeared, I was only one of many thousands who wrote to the publishers and asked if this man had not written something else; and before their answer reached me I had found a copy of *Lost Horizon* which had been sent to me a year before. I read it and I must have been one of many who besought the publishers to issue a new edition. Result: at the close of 1934, among the five best sellers of the year in the U.S.A., Mr. Hilton had two. With the exception of an admirable brief autobiography which he published only in England, the work he has done since 1934 has not been important. But now appears *Random Harvest*, which is not only a best seller but a fine work of art. Readers are requested not to give away the plot. I shall not; but I guessed the solution at the top of page 320, eight pages before the end. *Random Harvest* is one of the best novels of the season, and for three reasons; because of its plot, characters, and style.

What has become of Hugh Walpole's book (1940) *Roman Holiday?* It is worth more than the entire series of Herries novels.

Among famous Englishmen who make lecturing tours in America the Big Four (alphabetically) are Sir Thomas Beecham, Maurice Evans, Alfred Noyes, Hugh Walpole. Audiences who come to *see* them because they are celebrities invariably come again to hear them.

Oliver Wiswell, by Kenneth Roberts, is interesting to me mainly for the same reason as Theodore Maynard's *Queen Elizabeth* and Bernhard Knollenberg's *Washington and the Revolution*. In all three the average American reader finds the conventional values reversed. Of course it is natural that during the American Revolution many of the so-called Tories were either wealthy or aristocratic; so that their descendants today view their ancestry with pride. But in nearly all our schoolbook histories they were considered as traitors; and every leader of the Revolution (certainly Samuel Adams and John Hancock) regarded as heroes. Therefore it is interesting to read this novel by Mr. Roberts in reverse English. Samuel Adams and John Hancock are represented as rather vulgar crooks; and the men of Eastern Massachusetts who began the fighting as dirty desperadoes. What this boils down to is that in all wars, men and women who do not join with the majority in any locality, receive the most terrible punishment. For a mob of human beings does not represent the mob's level of intelligence; it represents the intelligence of the lowest member of the mob, which in mere physical force is that lowest individual multiplied by the number of the crowd. It is not surprising therefore that there were many abominable cruelties practiced by persons whom school histories represent as heroes. Violence always has its ugly side. Even if the killing of Julius Caesar had been justified (it was one of the most tragic errors in history) Antony's description of the revolution would still have been accurate:

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

(Could Antony have intended that adjective as a pun? It is possible.)

No one who saw Orson Welles and others in *Julius Caesar* will ever forget the mob closing in on Cinna the Poet.

However abominable the actions of "patriots" may have been at Boston, Lexington and Concord, the immortal lines of Emerson are true: (I am one of those who believe that greatness and beauty cannot become hackneyed.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

I suppose the reason why Emerson (a pacifist) glorified the guns was because he regarded freedom as more important than peace without it. ##

Same Golf; Different Words

Continued from page 48

McSpaden mentioned at the 1939 Professional Golfers Association meeting as the major difference in competent pro golf instruction. Jug remarked that there is no great difference between the principles advocated by the most prominent instructors, but there is wide difference in the language these instructors used. That's easily explained. It's not uncommon to see the master artist or workman at loss for words to describe simply and understandably a muscular sensation. That's the difficult problem in golf instruction.

It is in handling that problem that I believe Alex Morrison has made a valuable and influential contribution to golf instruction. As I have said, Morrison sharply distinguishes between analysis and treatment of faults in the swing. By concerning himself first with analysis he enables the player to notice the error distinctly.

In golf, from the 120-shooter to the experts, there's a strong tendency to analyze swings but not much of an impulse to prescribe corrective treatment. This tendency is not confined to one's own game, but brings out much misleading advice—usually from the player least competent to speak with authority.

The better players are not immune to faulty self-diagnosis. I believe that one leading reason for the remarkable progress of American professional golf is the practice of players around the tournament circuits. In such practice a player does not have to depend on self-analysis of his swing, but has authorities on the tee competent and willing to assist when expert diagnosis is requested.

As an example of how the better players jump to conclusions in analyzing their swings, remember the case of Frank Toronto, Pacific Coast entry in the 1940 National Amateur at Winged Foot. I was assisting the gallery marshals and walking rather close to the contestants.

Frank complained about "swinging too fast." However, his Latin temperament couldn't be held entirely accountable for the way he was rushing his club up and down. Frank didn't mention anything but speed. He didn't realize he was talking only in terms of results. Needless to say, he wasn't swinging as smoothly as when playing on his home course.

My belief is that if Frank had thought about his swing in terms of smoothness and co-ordination, then adopted whatever measures experience had taught him were effective in making his swing flowing, he would have regained his stride. Possibly concentration on body motion tempo which is slower than the hand action tempo would have synchronized the Toronto swing. I know that when I play with a jerky, fast swing it's caused by the independent hand action not being tuned to body action.

Take a more common case of dwelling on results rather than on cause; the frequent harping about inability to follow through. This part of the swing is no more than the smoke that follows the firing of a gun. Both are results of what has gone before. The much desired follow through cannot be obtained without a good up-and-downswing.

This same hind-end-to mistake accounts for many of the troubles commonly attributed to "lifting the head." There probably are other basic errors that make lifting the head an effect, not a cause.

You often hear players (yes, even pros) claim a shot was spoiled because the body got in ahead of the hands or the hands got in ahead of the clubhead. Study action pictures of the leading players and you will find that the lower part of the body, as indicated by the hips shifting to the left, does lead the downswing. Likewise, the hands come to a point opposite the ball before the clubhead. So, it isn't the leading of these parts which spoils the shot, it is the player's failure to time the movements properly.

"Overswinging" is another misleading term. Naturally, you can over-play your objective. But the term is generally used to cover the fault of raising the hands too high in the backswing. Lifting the arms away from the body or raising the hands too upright represents the wrong relationship between the body and arms. This relationship is far more important than the length of backswing.

According to the way they abuse the terms most players show that they do not have the right idea about distance and direction.

Recently a week-end golfer told me that he had "cut down distance in his tee shots for the sake of direction." His remark made me think of Jimmy Thomson's drives. Jimmy's longest shots are his straightest, generally. In other words, I feel that accuracy and power are close companions. When you swing the club smoothly, clubhead speed produces power and accuracy simultaneously. Power and accuracy are in direct proportion to the speed of the clubhead as it swings through the ball.

Shooting mainly for direction invariably results in steering the club. Since it is impossible to steer and swing at the same time, clubhead speed is decreased with a proportionate loss of accuracy.

All along the line there is far more agreement among pros about the swing principles than there was when I came into the game. Golf was the theorist's paradise. Mannerisms were cherished.

The situation was aggravated by difficulty in following all movements of the swing, especially movement of the hands and clubhead at the bottom of the swing.

There was emphasis placed on what was called pronation, a rolling of the forearms, to produce power and control. The slow motion movies showed that this the-

Continued on page 140

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BASS *OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR*
MOCCASINS, SKI BOOTS, SPORTOCASINS

Same Golf; Different Words

Continued from pages 48-139

ory could only produce a bad shot. The movie camera reveals clearly that the insides of the arms are square to each other and the palm of the right hand, if opened, would be square across the intended line of flight. Furthermore, modern research has shown that the muscles cannot move fast enough to effect the flight of a ball by a conscious rolling of the forearms the moment of contact of club head and ball.

Although the motion picture studies have tremendously advanced golf instruction, they are subject to misinterpretation and distortion when the camera is placed at the wrong angle. Various observers watching the same thing in a swing get different impressions.

However, there's a way to avoid being misled. I was impressed by it when I was associated with thirteen other professionals in studying motion pictures of the swings of the entire fourteen of us for a book published last year.

We discussed the pictures and found that we were not making progress because we were concerning ourselves too much with the differences in the swings. When we considered the similarities it became fairly easy to see there were certain features in every one of the fourteen master swings. And we could agree that these features constituted the fundamentals.

The fourteen players were Sam Snead, Dick Metz, Jimmy Thomson, Byron Nelson, Denny Shute, Craig Wood, Henry Picard, Ralph Guldahl, Jimmy Hines, Vic Ghezzi, Paul Runyan, Johnny Revolta, Harry Cooper and myself. The pattern of a swing they agreed on contained these fundamentals:

Grip . . . As a sound grip is the key to a sound swing, a player should employ the Vardon overlapping grip, in which the small finger of the right hand overlaps the index finger of the left hand. The left hand is placed well on top of the shaft so that the player can see three knuckles of the left hand. The left thumb extends down the right side of the shaft. The shaft is gripped mainly by the fingers though it rests across the left palm.

When outstretched, right hand should parallel club face; giving player sight of one knuckle. Right hand grip is entirely a finger grip with greatest pressure exerted by index finger. Placing thumb to left side of shaft forms a V which, similar to V of left hand, points generally toward right shoulder.

Stance . . . For long shots the stance should be square, toes pointed slightly outward, heels about shoulder-width apart. As the range grows progressively shorter, the feet come correspondingly closer together, and the right foot is slightly advanced to the "open" stance. On the drive the ball is placed opposite the left heel. As the range decreases, the ball is moved back toward the right foot.

Waggle and Backswing . . . Waggle moderately to relieve tension and start the club head back with a slight forward press, which initiates body motion. The club stays close to the turf at the beginning of the backswing. As the upswing progresses, the body is wound up by making a full backward turn while the head faces toward the ball and is held opposite the ball. The hips move in a combination of twisting, and shifting —a rotary plus a lateral motion.

Top of Backswing . . . At the top of the arc there is a feeling of hand and wrist control. The last two fingers of the left hand grip very firmly. The wrists are fully cocked and the clubface is open with the nose pointing toward the ground.

The Downswing . . . On the downswing the player should feel that he is hitting against a braced left side which has been set up by shifting the weight onto the left leg. He senses a pull by the left arm as the hands lead the clubhead into the ball.

At Impact . . . At impact the head is motionless. Eyes are on the ball. The left arm is straight. The uncocking of the wrists has started as the club head entered the hitting area and is completed at the contact moment.

After Impact . . . After impact, the club head swings through and along the intended line of flight. This action should be decisive, with no tendency to quit or flinch.

The Finish . . . At the finish the player's weight is mainly on the left foot, his body faces the line of flight, and his eyes follow the ball. He is relaxed.

There are nine fundamentals that would reduce the scoring average of American golfers from around one hundred to the middle eighties. With the probability of player improvement so vast on the basis of these few essentials, conflict about teaching principles is dying down among the professionals.

Several years ago the Professional Golfers Association made a survey of its members in an effort to determine the fundamentals of the golf swing, intending to start a campaign of standardized instruction. More than two hundred "fundamentals" were submitted by professionals. The standardization effort was abandoned. However, I am sure that a careful analysis of these questionaire returns would have proved the opinion of Jug McSpaden: that the differences mainly are those of vernacular.

Two of these nine points might be questioned as fundamentals. Gene Sarazen might question the Vardon grip as fundamental because, due to the shortness of his fingers, he adopted an interlocking grip. Tommy Armour might question the square and open stances because, due to his emphasis on swinging from inside the projected line of flight to and through the ball, he adopted a closed stance.

But such objections are not weighty enough to interrupt a concerted effort to uplift the standard of golf play in the United States.

Emphasizing them would be directly contrary to an enlightened professional attitude. The American Medical Association wouldn't advocate over-enthusiastic use of liquor simply because there was an authenticated case of Grandpappy Snazzy at the hale and hearty age of 100 testifying that he'd never missed a drink.

In the past three years professional golf instruction has made progress in emerging from confusion, and some older professionals unmentioned in tournament publicity of the past fifteen years, have been active in promoting the simplification. Last year another progressive educational element was introduced by professional golfer clinics at Purdue University, the University of Minnesota, the University of Baltimore, and several athletic coaching schools. The pros got many helpful tips on the business of teaching as conducted by those who had studied teaching rather than golf.

One incident in particular, at the Purdue clinic, I recall. Drs. Robert Dyer and E. L. Kelly had discussed the physiology and psychology of golf. I had been in a slump prior to attending the Purdue sessions. As I listened to these talks I wondered just where the expert analysis of these authorities would help me. I queried Dr. Dyer. He ventured the diagnosis, after hearing my case, that I had been thinking too much about my game. Probably he was right. Drs. Dyer and Kelly talked about golf being learned rather than, primarily, taught. They emphasized the importance of forming a habit pattern of a swing instead of allowing the mind to dwell on details to the extent the swing would be made jerky.

I suspect that expert diagnosis again benefited me. At any rate, after I emerged from my scoring depression I managed to do well enough to finish one stroke out of a tie for first place in the 1940 National Open, despite a third round 78 that I improved by nine strokes in the final round.

The big change coming into golf instruction, which has had Alex Morrison as its most emphatic and conspicuous pioneer, is in distinguishing between diagnosis and treatment. There are bound to be disturbing—and needless—misunderstandings while this transition is in progress. Not appreciating some statements as covering what to do, and others as telling how, is responsible for such cases as the blast Armour took at Morrison in Esquire last spring. Among other things, Tommy took exception to Morrison's prescription, "roll your feet and keep your chin back." Tommy claimed "golf is played from inside the feet." He observed, "many of the great golfers are knock-kneed. That helps them play from inside the feet." Well, Alex says exactly the same thing. In fact, he has all his pupils take a starting position with the knees fairly close together.

Alex explains that it isn't enough to know that you must play from inside the feet. The diagnosis is followed by the treatment, which in this case is producing the required foot action by rolling the feet. Morrison's advice is a means to the end Armour advocates.

Similarly, the Morrison treatment is applied in his admonition to "keep the chin back." All recognize the need of keeping the head steady over the ball, but few have found a way to do this consistently. It can be done best, according to Morrison, by keeping your chin back of the ball. Pointing the chin includes everything about the head position and helps focus attention on the ball.

All consistently good players are found, by the high-speed camera, to be rolling their feet and keeping their chins back. So why—or how—could valid controversy be stirred up about these points? Much golf instruction controversy has aggravated a condition which seriously interferes with pro instruction. That condition is the far too general practice of pupils giving lessons to the pro, instead of the pro doing the instructing. Businessmen who are in the habit of giving orders to their employees go to their clubs for instruction where they receive orders to follow. They find the switch difficult to make. Consequently many pros have been forced by the factors of discretion, to content themselves with mere statement of what's wrong instead of ordering specific corrective measures.

A common instance of this inability—or failure—to go full distance in teaching, concerns wrist action. Many pros promptly, and accurately, analyze a major fault as deficiency in wrist action. After making this diagnosis the pros advise the pupils to "put more wrist into the shots." The advice is worthless to a pupil who doesn't know how to do it. It's essential to follow the advice with detailed instructions.

Many times, probably, you've been counseled to keep your body out of the shot. But, you've probably been told an equal number of times to shift the body weight to the left leg during the downswing. The statements seemingly contradict each other. Actually, they don't. What reconciles them is the proper arm and wrist action synchronized with the weight shift.

As we compare the golf professionals' effort to treat their patients' golf ills, with the work of doctors in treating other ills to which flesh is heir, we see bright signs of advance in golf tutoring. The advance in golf is especially noteworthy when we realize how comparatively recently medicine and surgery have made their marvelous progress. Golf, in its way, is doing right well by its aspiring public. So, when you hear or see pros in heated public controversy, don't jump to the conclusion that the lads disagree fundamentally. The boys may be merely spraying verbal divots in different directions, though making the same sort of strokes. After all, they're not hired as English professors, but as golf professionals. #

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Vacations for the Adventurous

Continued from page 39

and bake rich pound-cake and fresh bread. The American Forestry Association, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., sponsors pack trips through the principal Wilderness Areas each summer. These jaunts average two weeks in length and cost approximately $140, with food and equipment included. They are becoming increasingly popular. This year pack sorties will be made through the Great Smoky Mountains in both June and September. The Trail Riders of the Wilderness, organized by the Forestry Association, devote their time exclusively to these last frontiers.

A fabulous young man who died on Armistice Day of 1939, at the age of 38, was chiefly responsible for the present government policy of barricading behind federal authority the remnants of the original American wilderness. His name was Robert Marshall. From his father Louis Marshall, the famous lawyer, he inherited more than a million dollars. This money went into a crusade to save what was left of primeval America. Bob Marshall founded the Wilderness Society and endowed it with ample cash. He made speeches, mapped the forests and mountains, wrote endless communications to the press. He had an idea that Americans would be better equipped, physically and mentally, to cope with a world of crisis if, for a few moments at least, they could escape from that world.

In 1937, when his crusade of a dozen years was nearing success, Marshall wrote in the *New York Times*, "There are many people in this country who crave the wilderness and its values more than anything else. The deep-rooted nature of this yearning is indicated by the nation's literature and idols. Frontier stories, frontier movies, frontier history, frontier heroes still provide a thrill to millions. We eulogize explorers who have the courage and competence to place behind them the certainties of the twentieth century.

"If it is good to enjoy the wilderness by reading about it, it is still better for people to experience at first hand its beauty and adventure, its immensity and timelessness and peace. In the background of man's history the years of the mechanical are insignificant compared with the years before machinery was known. Men are not yet adjusted to a world made exclusively of machinery.

"Reasonable planning can make possible for man both a twentieth century and a primitive world, and there is no object or tolerance in demanding that one world should be all-encompassing and that the other should be wiped from the face of the earth."

Under President Roosevelt's administration Bob Marshall became director of recreation for the United States Forest Service. In the early Fall of 1939 he completed his life's work. The reservation of Wilderness Areas was made a permanent policy of the government. Commercial activity of any sort was forbidden. Buildings were ruled out. Roads had to stop at the edge. No Wilderness Areas could be reduced in size without an order from the Secretary of Agriculture, and he could not give such an order unless public hearings were held and the people given 90 days to protest.

Six weeks after this policy was announced, Bob Marshall climbed aboard a Pullman car in Washington to attend a family reunion in New York. In the morning, he was dead. Fifty-mile-a-day hikes in the Idaho and Wyoming mountains finally had licked his heart. Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, gave Marshall the best epitaph he could. He set aside 990,900 acres of fishing streams, evergreen forests, and granite crags in the Montana uplands and named this frontier the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area.

Today vast fastnesses and solitudes await the adventurous American traveler. These mountain fortresses have a history all their own. In the High Sierras the Donner Party starved and died on their way to California's Promised Land. The Bitterroots were the scene of a desperate search by Lewis and Clark for a route across the Continental Divide. In the Gila region blue-coated cavalrymen searched the wilds for the wily Apache, Geronimo. The forbidding depths of Hell's Canyon turned back the frontiersmen of the John Jacob Astor expedition, as they sought a trail to the mouth of the Columbia.

Here is the Eagle Cap Wilderness Area, high on the crest of the Wallowa Mountains of Oregon. A pack train comes over a jagged ridge and moseys down into a gap between the hills. The wranglers turn the horses loose on an alpine meadow. Camp is made and boughs are cut for bedding-down in Army blankets. The sun begins to dip behind the range. Eagle Cap and Lookout Mountain glow rosy in the soft light. The men seek the fire. The smell of bacon and beans and coffee mingles with the soft scent of the trees. Out on the little mountain lake in the meadow, in the last lingering light of day, a steelhead breaks surface. There will be trout for lunch tomorrow.

Darkness falls on the uplands like a mantle. The snowy peaks vanish in the night. Far off, faint and eerie, a bobcat screams. The modern world seems distant, indeed, as the fire glows and tosses against the dim background of tree trunks. Here, for a moment at least, there is refuge from civilization's stress and strain. Slowly the campfire dies and the blankets are sought. At last even the coals cease to glow. Over these men who have thrown a protecting cordon around the wilderness, that wilderness stands silent guard. #

Northward Ho!

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mountain rises almost five thousand feet above the angry sea.

The little villages in this vicinity are full of legends and tradition, and are equipped to fulfill all types of services. If you plan to go fishing in a small boat, for example, it wouldn't hurt you to drop into the granite church at Ste. Anne-des-Monts. There is a good relic here, a piece of one of the finger bones of Ste. Anne—patron saint of mariners. And, after all, who knows. . .

Thirty or forty miles farther on is the village of Anse-Pleureuse (Weeping Cove). This village is famous for the heroic act of the delightful Abbé Painchaud, literally "hotbread," who rid the community of an annoying ghost. This Abbé, who could have stepped fresh from the pages of Balzac, discovered that the "ghost" was actually two branches of a certain tree, which rubbed against one another when the wind was high. With a quick chop of his little hatchet the "ghost" was dissipated forever. But being a wise old Abbé, he passed on the secret of his legerdemain only to a few convivial intimates; and the good people of Anse-Pleureuse went through life happy in the thought that superior wisdom was guarding them from the evil ways of jinns, zombies, hobgoblins, and banshees.

It is scarcely practicable in the space of this article to catalog or detail the picturesque vagaries of the hundreds of rare spots you will pass as you round the Gaspé, hitting villages with strange music in their names, as Manche-d'Espée, Grand-Etang, Petite-Ruv-aux-Renards, and L'Anse-aux-Griffon. (Incidentally, if you take a notion to drive inland, by all means have a look in on the merry village of Louis-du-Ha!-Ha!) Nor is it feasible to do adjectival justice to the extraordinary scenery which grows here in such lush abundance. Proportion, however, demands some special pointing to grandeur of the Gaspé's crown jewel, the remarkable rock known as Percé—the last green slope of the towering mountains, as they slide off into the sea.

Percé is a cross between England's Land's End and the Rock of Gibraltar. The name Percé is a contraction of *roche percée*, or pierced rock; and the huge rock mass is actually a kind of natural bridge, with an arch that would please even the jaundiced eye of Mr. Cecil De Mille. It stands by itself, a sentinel; asking of the roaring waves the age-old question: "What is time?"

But to get on—if you must; and it has by no means been established that you must, for Percé and its satellite, the high-cliffed fossil-rocked Bonaventura Island, are fruitful spots to root in, while clouds idly pass. Nevertheless, to get on: You are now on the south side of the Cape, and the scenery is beginning to soften. You hear English spoken oftener. You pass an infinite variety of summer resorts, sandy beaches, cabin colonies, and the other abracadabra of lolling vacations—particularly at New Carlisle, St. Bonaventure and Carleton. The water on your left is now the calm and protected Baie des Chaleurs.

The final stretch of the Gaspé drive is as different from the North Shore and the Baie des Chaleurs as Switzerland is from the North Cape.

This is the renowned Matapédia Valley, which begins at the village of Matapédia, the southernmost point on the peninsula. You forget about the sea now, and head inland. Still following Highway No. 6, you pass some of the best salmon streams in the world—whether or not you have a penchant for salmon, particularly at the village which calls itself Lac-au-Saumon.

Now here is the trick of the homeward trek. The road through the Matapédia Valley, which is one of the most intoxicating in the world, and which is reminiscent of the roads around the Lake of Killarney (if you have driven through Eire) eventually deposits you at Ste. Flavie on the North Shore, completing the circuit of the "Belt." (For God's sake follow this on a map.) Your first impulse, of course, is to follow the now familiar road back to Quebec, Highway No. 2. This however, is a great mistake; life is too short to relive an episode, no matter how pleasant. Stop a couple of hours back on this road at Rivière-du-Loup, spend the night here if you care to, and then cross the mouth of the St. Lawrence by steam ferry to St. Siméon. This will give you ample time to drop in at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré and get the kinks out of your back.

* * *

Now that the spirit of Nimrod is thoroughly up, you can set yourself for Seven-League-Boot traveling and even more grandiose scenery. Sell your car, give it away, or simply abandon it on a nearby roadside. Take in Quebec, quickly, if you will; and Montreal, if you have a mind to. Then climb aboard a Trans-Canada plane, or a Canadian Pacific luxury train, and head for the great Northwest, the Zane Grey, Robert W. Service, Nelson Eddy country, where men are men—and fed up with one another.

If you take an air route, you will have plenty of time to ski, toboggan, and hunt the wary caribou, in the Canadian rockies, cast fly for the speckled trout, shoot down mountain rapids in birch-bark canoes, dance the conga with Indian princesses, and still leave leeway for the glaciers of the Yukon.

A number of routes are open. From Montreal, the Trans-Canada planes span the continent overnight, dropping you on your moun-

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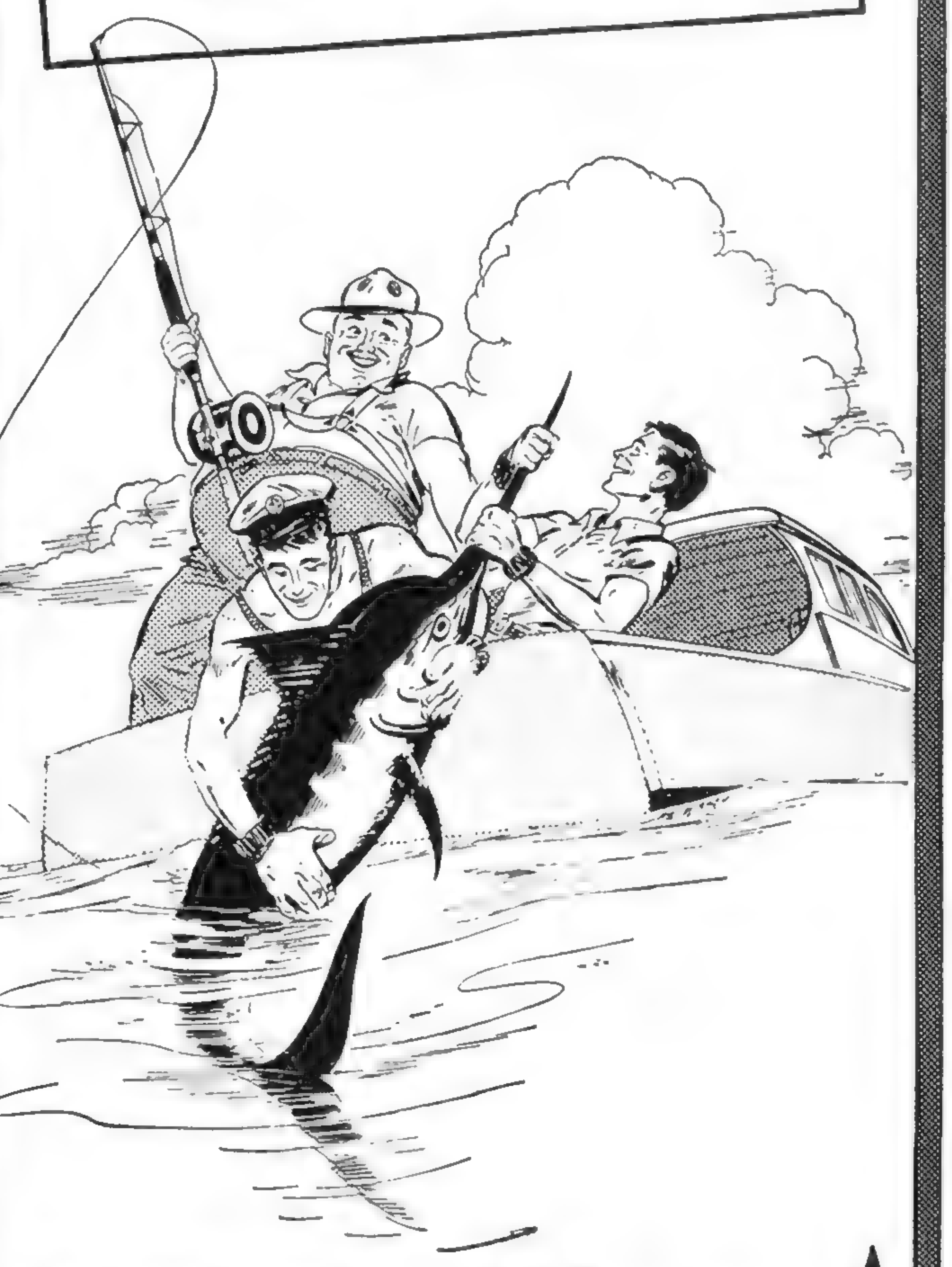
"Landing a Big One!"



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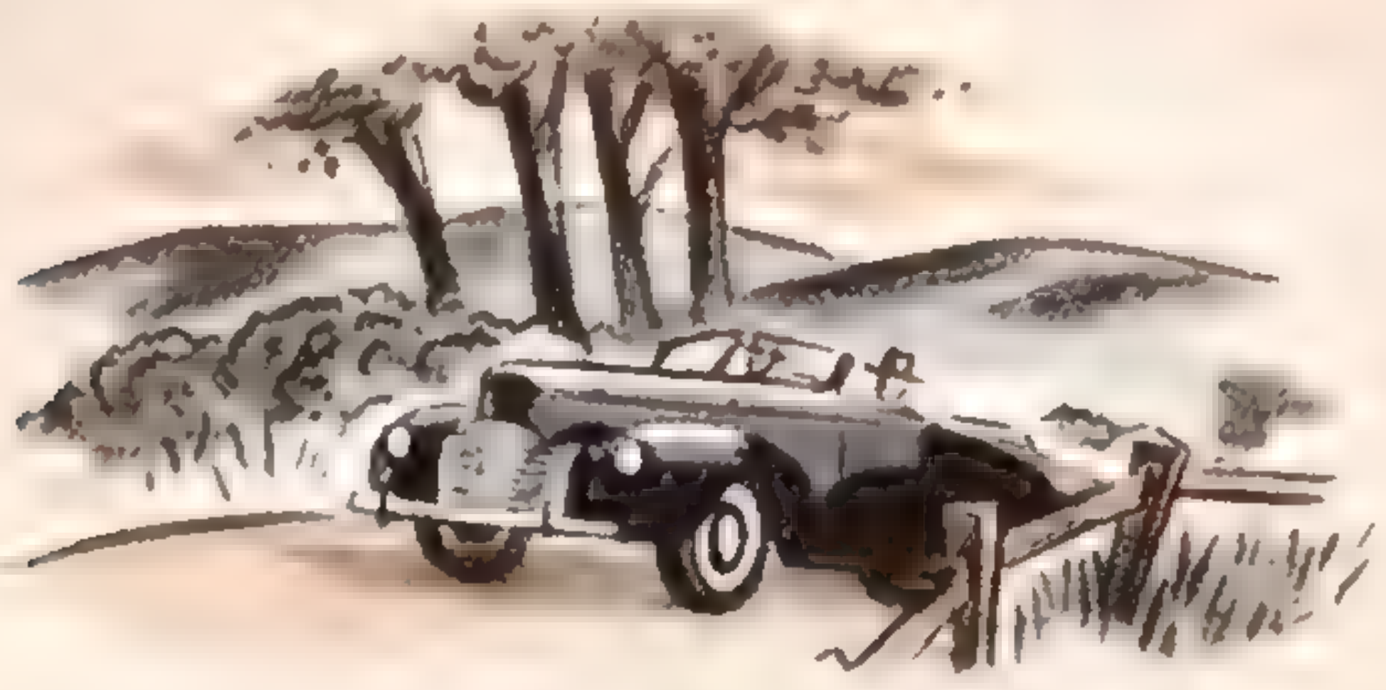

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Northward Ho!

Continued from pages 37-143

tain top, rested, fresh, spry, and curious. Or, if by any chance, you care to leave the Gaspé and Maritime Provinces for the last leg of your trip, you can start from New York, flying to Chicago by American, United, or TWA—and fly northwest out of Chicago by the Northwest Air Lines. This means that if you leave the broiling heat of Manhattan one evening, the next morning you can be warming yourself up in front of a crackling log fire in Saskatchewan or Alberta. Or, starting from the Middle West or South you can hop a Northwest plane at Chicago or St. Paul, and be in Canada a few hours later.

Mountain peaks are now jutting up eleven thousand feet and more; snow, ice, glaciers, lakes, clouds, blend themselves into Olympian potpourris; and if you have anything of the Alpinist in your soul, you will immediately knock a pick into the side of some nearby mountain and start an avalanche.

Your vista in the National Park Region is so wide, your choice of spots so varied, your field of sports and interests so limitless, that you will be half tempted to give the whole thing up and go to sleep. Only half, however, for the air, here, like the air around the Matterhorn and the Mt. Pilatus is so tonic, that you feel reborn, like Venus fresh risen from the sea, or the irrepressible Popeye after a ten-course dinner prepared by Escoffier—entirely of spinach. Here, for example, is Banff, replete with every diversion from the entertainments and cuisine of the well-known Banff Springs Hotel, to log cabins, to horses, mountain climbing, swimming in warm pools, and the old world sport of baiting debutantes. Heading west, you come to Lake Louise, with its Château, plunked virtually on top of The Great Divide. And everywhere at hand are hospitable glaciers waiting to chill your beer, and brighten your highballs.

Trained Indians are available in these parts; and for a small stipend they will beat you a tattoo on a tom-tom.

Grandeur will pursue you everywhere here—like a hound-dog. Out of your window from the Château Lake Louise, and reflected in the blue waters of the lake, you see the awesome pinnacles of Mounts Victoria, Lefroy and Aberdeen—giants every one. In fact every mountain under 10,000 feet in this district is looked on with the special scorn we valley people reserve for wornout subways. Only ten miles from Lake Louise you will find yourself privileged to plunge into another music hall panorama—Moraine Lake, flanked by the Mounts Deltaform, Neptuak, Wenkchemna, and the hanging glacier of Mt. Fay.

People talk of the Alps; and they wind breath-taking legends about them, while these homegrown peaks lie in comparative obscurity. But the eternal Jungfrau herself is only 13,671 feet—a bowing acquaintance to those upstanding hills. This, however, is not the place for comparative anatomy.

All of the mountain territory is now conveniently accessible by the new Banff-Jasper Highway, a modern, 183-mile, all-weather highway, which was officially opened last July. And it is suggested that somehow or other you pick up another car at Calgary, and drive it. When you finally get beyond Lake Louise, Emerald Lake, the Columbia Ice Fields, Yoho Valley, and the so-called Field Golden, you can abandon this car the same way you abandoned the first car, in Gaspésia.

The Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, both ever thoughtful, have provided a number of welcome services for the Alpine tenderfoot. Take the case of the Swiss Guides. Knowing the failing and weaknesses of untrained tourists, the Canadian Pacific Railway sent expressly to Switzerland, some time ago, for a corps of its ablest and most experienced mountain climbers to come to Canada.

These men are quartered at the Swiss Village called "Edelweiss," which is one mile west of Golden—if you know where Golden is. The concierge at Lake Louise will dig them up for you, however, on short notice. Charges are seven dollars per day per man, plus "sustenance"; sustenance, however, is not defined, and you could probably get away with a hot dog and a couple of bottles of whisky. These guides are economical to have along if you are planning to experiment with suicide, for each guide is required by law to provide his own rope.

Within this Northern fairyland, saddle horses are available at $4.50 a day ($6 guide included). Rowboats and canoes run around $1.50 a day, $1 for half the day. There is also a School of Fine Arts, at Banff—if you happen to prefer nudes to glaciers and trout.

Incidentally, you might keep in mind a number of roustabout festivals and get-togethers which are scheduled for this summer. At Calgary, as good a starting point as any, for the scenery romp, a "Stampede" will take place from July 7th to 12th. Girls will be put on wild horses, then thrown off; bronchos will be busted, steers will be roped, covered wagons and Indians will be raced—and after the circus is a free-for-all carnival.

July 17th to 20th are the Indian Days at Banff. Four hundred Stoney Indians are released from the Morley Reserve, forty miles east of Banff—and they start on an annual Ziegfeld warpath. On the slightest provocation they break out into *The Land of the*

Skyblue Water, or recite Hiawatha's *Lament*.

* * *

Now for the Yukon, what ho. Time is growing short. You've been pampering yourself with sugar-coated wildernesses; now prepare to take a big jump back into the territories. Prepare to hold your own against polar bears, sea lions, the wiles of Blonde Maisie, and the cunning of Yukon Jake.

It is said that there isn't a tuxedo in all Alaska; and all Alaska is proud of it. For the things that count most in Alaska are the open, broad, unaffected back-slapping, floor-thumping, door-slamming virtues that the West claims to have and hasn't. Hospitality is open and free; and men light wooden matches with a flick of the fingernail.

There are not many people in Alaska. And in parts of the world where people are few, men prize one another; human nature is at a premium, and the good life prevails, for it seems that it is more important for men to have companionship than to be clever or rich, or princes in Café Society.

The cream of the world's society is to be found in Alaska—the Eskimos, a people among whom anger and harshness is so rare as to be scarcely noticeable, a people who have no social castes or distinctions, among whom there has never been a real war, and whose word for themselves is *Innuit*, which means simply "men."

It is not probable that during your Alaskan wayfaring you will have enough time to live among the Eskimos, or learn their language and ways. But if your mind inclines in domestic directions, and you happen across a nice, long-limbed Eskimo girl, by all means marry her. You'll have someone with what the old writers called "magnitude"—a rare thing, these days.

There is no point wasting time on this jaunt: take the nearest plane. Pan-American's Pacific Alaska Airways fly Douglas D-C 3's out of Seattle Monday and Thursday mornings at 8:00, arriving at Juneau, Alaska's capital, three hours later. Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays they fly Lockheed Lodestars over the two and a half-hour leg to Fairbanks. (You can keep on going, via Pacific Alaska to Nome—or out to Bethel if you want.) Yukon Southern Air Transport's Barkley-Grow planes take off from Vancouver and Edmonton Wednesdays and Sundays. Take either a Trans-Canada or a Northwestern plane to your jumping off place on Saturday or Tuesday night. Northwestern Air Lines has applied for a charter to fly the whole route on a daily schedule; and it is probable that the charter will be granted by the time this goes to press. Better check on it, when you are ready.

Suppose you take off from Edmonton. At three o'clock that afternoon you are in Whitehorse, at the mouth of the Yukon. Whitehorse, you may be interested to know, was the town in which Mr. Robert W. Service wrote most of his unhappy jingles—or at any rate, most of the earlier ones. He worked in an ugly frame building, here, for the Canadian National Bank; and on Sundays he served as warden of Christ Church. Much of his sanctimonious stuff was cranked out in the church's vestry.

At the bank, they tell this story about Service. At the time he was trying to get his first rhymes published, he had an urgent need for five hundred dollars. He asked for it at the bank, offering future royalties as collateral, and was obviously refused. In time, however, he talked one of the officials of the bank into making him a personal loan. In return, he offered the man half his royalties. The official insisted, nevertheless, on a straight personal note—no maybes. Six months later Service again asked the official to take half of the royalties, instead of sticking to the original terms of the loan. This time the man got mad. He demanded full payment of the $500 and interest—according to the agreement. "Well," said Service, "please take your five hundred dollars—and interest—out of this check." He handed in his first royalty check to the tune of eight thousand dollars.

* * *

If you want to see some more sheer scenery, you might spend the night at the Whitehorse Inn—which sounds like something out of a musical comedy, and looks like something out of a Mack Sennett comedy; and take the next lap of your trip on the observation platform of a train.

The railroad is a famous and interesting affair, here in the Yukon Territory—which incidentally is Canadian and patrolled by Mr. Service's "Mounties." A hundred and ten miles of the track were laid down, narrow gauge, by the dynamic Irishman, Michael J. Heney, in one year—during the boom. It passes through wildernesses freckled with masses of huge rocks, glacial lakes, and rivers of milk that go tumbling down into the Bering Sea, hundreds of miles below. Often the train will teeter with you on the edge of gorges, and appear to get lost in the labyrinth of mountains. Finally it puffs into Skagway, and down the main street called "Broadway." It is said that the early residents of Skagway were unduly proud of "Broadway," and objected when Heney tried to lay his tracks. So Heney, giving in to local pride, built that section of his track in the dead of one winter's night.

Skagway was originally called Skagua, which meant "Home of the North Wind"—a pleasant thought to keep in mind when the dog days strike you, back "outside."

And now, well in Alaska, you begin to learn the classifications of Alaskans, and the yardsticks

Continued on page 146

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Northward Ho!

Continued from pages 37-143-145

for the classification. You will learn, for example, about "Sourdoughs" and "Cheechakoes" (pronounced "cheechaklers"). Technically, a "Sourdough" is a man who has lived in Alaska or the Yukon territory since 1898. Tradition, though, says that you are not a real Sourdough until you have shot the Whitehorse Rapids, killed a moose, and lived with a squaw. A number of the old-timers, however, are disqualified; they have never shot a moose.

When you get up to Fairbanks, you might look up old Elam Harnish, who was the hero of Jack London's *Burning Daylight.* Elam was Jack's partner at Chilkoot Pass, and at Dawson in 1897. You'll find him, nursing his rheumatism, on the porch of his cabin, on Wendel Avenue. He'll tell you how Jack got scurvy, up in Dawson, and watched his teeth fall out, one by one. The book's title came from Elam's attempts to waken Jack early during the rush days. "Come on, Jack," he would say. "You're burning daylight."

If you have archeological interests, by all means trudge out to the University of Alaska, five miles out of Fairbanks. For in the university's museum are some of the most interesting fossil finds in the world. The modern gold mining processes of Alaska are constantly turning up fossils, bones, and sometimes complete skeletons of extinct animals, and virtually every Alaskan "stripper" working with his hydraulic tools has become an amateur paleontologist. Almost every day these men uncover camel bones, mastodon tusks, remnants of camels, sabre-toothed tigers, lions, prehistoric horses, and other subterranean items. Most of them eventually wend their way to the University's Museum.

Mastodon teeth are so common in this remote neck of the woods, the kids use them for jack stones.

* * *

To see the big mountains, and the rare scenery around the Arctic Circle, fly. Airplanes are used in Alaska the way taxis are used in Times Square. There are half a dozen small air lines based in Fairbanks, and you can fly almost anywhere you want to go—except possibly Siberia. Last year more than five and a half million passenger miles were flown in Alaska alone.

Don't come back without flying to the northern coast. Missionaries are busy, along the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean regions, converting the Eskimos and teaching them our superior ways. Courtesy requires that this gesture be reciprocated. So, before coming back, fly up to Noatak or Point Hope, and let an Eskimo convert you.

Alaska is rushing ahead. Large scale airplane and submarine bases are being completed at Anchorage, Fairbanks, Metlakatla, Yakutat, Kodiak, Dutch Harbor, and Sitka. An international highway is under consideration joining the Canadian Northwest Territories with Fairbanks. Public Works projects are being rushed under the progressive administration of Alaska's new governor, Ernest Gruening. Airplanes are making the most remote points accessible the year round, opening vast new areas for mining, trapping, and fishing. With Fairbanks as a jumping off place, no part of Alaska is more than a two hours' distance—by air.

And when peace comes, Alaska will provide the simplest and most direct route to northern Asia—the flight from Nome to the U.S.S.R. being shorter than a flight from New York to Boston. At such a time, you will start eating dinner in a Douglas DC-3 leaving the Nome airport—and before you will have finished your coffee you will be in the arms of the Ogpu. Under you, herds of reindeer will dance for joy, and happy Ulyaks will get stinko on fermented mare's milk—otherwise known as kumys.

And now, before packing, a few practical notes. If you want to see Alaska from the inside, make Fairbanks your summer headquarters, and swing out from here. If you go farther north you may have trouble with hotel accommodations. In Nome, for example, the disconcerting custom prevails of billeting extra men in your room—a custom which will scarcely appeal to your Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Nome, furthermore, has no sewage system.

Don't expect to find igloos. Eskimo igloos are found chiefly in limericks. Most Eskimos live in cabins, like Uncle Tom. Above all, observe the proprieties of the Eskimos and their cousins, the Aleuts. Both are an extremely proud and dignified people. When someone, for example, suggested that a certain old Aleut chief pay his respects to the late President Harding, he sent word back that Harding should come and pay his respects to him—he had been a chief much longer.

This column also proposes that you adopt the Eskimo's ancient and noble rite of hospitality—and introduce it here. If American week-end hosts and hostesses had half the wisdom and graciousness of the Eskimos, their guests would spend less time drinking themselves silly. For drinking, in such a case, would defeat its own purpose. ⵌ

★

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Chrysler
MARINE ENGINES

Le Dernier Cri

Continued from page 29

of them were rather dreary, indeed—elderly chaps with worn-out, flaccid faces, nasty old débauchés, grotesque figures with monocles and ridiculous wigs, trying desperately to look dashing and youthfully wicked. Where did they come from, and why did they gather just here? Did the Baroness pick up her lovers in hospitals and asylums? Had she no boy friends under seventy? There was *something* wrong—undeniably.

Why did she never go out?

This was the weirdest feature of her puzzling conduct—: that she never left the hotel; never breathed a bit of open air, never set foot on the street. She seemed a prisoner of the Hotel Bellevue—doomed to spend the rest of her sinful days in that gloomy lobby, guarded by the grim tenderness of Herr Tulpitz. Like a nun, bound by a solemn vow never to leave the convent, she kept wandering, a spectral and perfumed saint, between the dusty lobby, the sultry bar, and her own apartment, Number Thirty-six: scandalously opened to a vicious public, but, for some mysterious reason, inaccessible to me . . .

Was she wanted by the police, and The Bellevue, was it the only place where she felt out of reach—as, in the pious days of antiquity, safety used to be granted even to murderers, as long as they remained within the walls of a sanctuary? Or was she bound by contract with the management, obliging her to restrict her activities to the rooms of this hotel? Or, perhaps, she had to avoid any contact with the outside world, because the artificial mask of her face could not stand the natural touch of sun, wind, and rain? Even the mild breezes of a spring day might prove fatal to the perishable substance of her delicate flesh: it would dissolve presently under the caresses of the lively air—just as certain mummies, excellently preserved in the dark coziness of their grave chambers, dissolve promptly when exposed to humidity, cold and heat. Or was she simply frightened by the ugliness and cruel sobriety of our modern world?

I had started to jot down some fragmentary notes concerning her character and plight—the intricate phenomenon of her existence. It was a thorough analysis of that odd character—*the last courtesan*—I was pondering on. The gradual disappearance of that female type, called *la grande cocotte* or great courtesan—wasn't this a fact that deserved the most serious consideration? She just died away—like certain gigantic salamanders, dwarfish dogs, or dated literary mannerisms. How could chroniclers of current history neglect so stirring a development—so bitter and cruel a loss? After all, they used to play a crucial role in world history—those colorful ladies, from Aspasia to the aristocratic vamps of the Renaissance, from Pompadour and Du Barry to the splendid *demi-mondaines* of the Nineteenth Century—half-outcasts, half-queens: living in glamor, dying in misery, and finally immortalized by Balzac and Heinrich Heine, Maupassant and Zola, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec. Nowadays, of course, there still are ladies of dubious reputation—kept women, *des femmes fatales* of many different shades—"oomph girls," greedy adventuresses. But their style and taste, their tricks and their ambitions have changed deplorably. Now, they want to make a career in the movies or in the secret service of a Totalitarian State. The whole game has become business-like and prosaic—no romanticism, any longer.

A world convulsed by the fever of a permanent crisis has no room or time for the luxurious whims of individuals. These are bad days, indeed, for the *ars amandi*. A new militant pathos, noisy, crude, and relentless, sweeps away the sins and charms of a more settled society. A new perfunctory libertinism depreciates the traditional rites and subtle circumstantialities of costly vices: the odd morality of 1940 has no objection to the bombing of open cities, but disapproves strictly of sensual refinements that might be pernicious to the national strength. The rich finance political parties instead of expensive women; the poor get intoxicated by the thudding eloquence of dictators; tyrants turn ascetic—youngsters murderous—and the Baroness de La Motte-Triboliére spends her days in gloomy loneliness—musing upon the cruel change of all worldly things . . . Doesn't she resemble, indeed, those tragic witches whom we meet occasionally in the sophisticated fairy tales of a baroque German romanticism? They are very lonely, too—those last sorceresses—terribly forsaken in a world from which the philosophy of Enlightenment and the invention of the electric light have banished all mystery and magic . . .

Thus I speculated and dreamed—writing down, from time to time, a few sporadic words and sentences—when the Baroness suddenly stood behind me. She had approached—noiseless and feline: I only noticed her as I felt, with a slight and rather pleasant shudder, the icy tenderness of her fingertips on my glowing temples. This was her silvery laugh—melodious, though somewhat forced. "How shockingly busy you are! I can't stand this any more. For half an hour I have been watching you. It makes me incredibly nervous to see a man working with such ugly zeal. What are you scribbling there, anyhow? Is it about *me?* Naughty boy you are!" She lifted a white, brittle finger, waving it with playful severity, an unsuitable and rather ludicrous gesture. Never before had I seen her so completely de-

Continued on page 148

Why, it's "33 to 1"... even a 'BLIND MAN' could tell the difference!
YOU CLAIM JACK PICKED OUT BLUE RIBBON? ... I ONLY HEARD HIM SAY "33 TO 1"...
SILLY! THAT *IS* PABST BLUE RIBBON ...33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE *ONE* GREAT BEER!
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...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER ...IT NEVER VARIES
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Hit it again . . . right on the down-beat! That's for the completely *new* fabrics made possible by the use of "Crown" Rayon cloths. Luxurious or workmanlike fabrics for your town and country clothes. For proof of *this* pudding . . . see the new *rain-wear* on the facing page!

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON...THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

Le Dernier Cri

Continued from pages 29-147

prived of all charm and dignity.

"And, besides, what do you know about me?" she inquired, full of anxious suspicion. "*Nothing*, I suppose—except those ridiculous tales of Herr Tulpitz—poor old thing." The last words she pronounced slowly, with a strangely lurking twinkle in her eyes.

I assured her hastily: "Herr Tulpitz is as discreet as he could be. I never heard a single word of gossip from him."

She shrugged her shoulders and seemed slightly disappointed. "Poor old thing," she repeated; and then—while she began to examine her make-up in a tiny mirror: "He is nuts," she added. "Mad as hell. Poor old darling."

There was something surprisingly hard and vulgar in her words and the abrupt little laugh that followed. Her smile and voice, however, turned softer as she continued: "He lives in a world of his own. I am sure he *believes*, really, that he used to be very rich, and people called him Excellency, and that we lived in a fine apartment in Paris—he and I many years ago. It's quite a story. I was the great courtesan—and he the nobleman who had decided to save me . . . But I fell in love with the Imperial Prince, and there was *a scandal in Vienna*—a tremendous scandal, with *tout le monde* talking about it . . . So we fled to Paris, and there I betrayed him again; for I was the incorrigible one—and he loved me, and then there was a war, and he lost all his money, and his title: all he kept was his love for me—his eternal love—and I made money for him. He was not jealous anymore—simply couldn't afford it. But he still did love me. We had a wonderful time before we got stranded in this dreary place . . . But this, of course, was a long, long time ago. . ."

Her voice had assumed the singing and drowsy rhythm in which mothers recite fairy tales to their children. But then again there was that hard, aggressive little clink of her nervous laugh. "It's all sheer invention, of course," she concluded. "But he really believes it. And why shouldn't he, after all? If it makes him feel better . . ."

Then she asked me, very casually, if I cared to take her out for dinner tonight.

When I met her again in the lobby, only two or three hours later, she had changed clothes and looked strikingly handsome, indeed—with that delicate face of hers, shining in its translucent pallor under the heavy crown of her rich, auburn hair. I asked her where she wanted to go, whereupon she pierced me with a sad, reproachful glance. "There is no place to go." She shuddered as if an icy wind had touched her bare shoulders. There she stood, her lips tightly closed—haunted by mysterious fears or bound by secret vows and obligations, frail and beautiful in her gorgeous costume. It was the most astounding sort of an evening gown she wore—a complicated creation with an endless train; overloaded with feathers, jewels, colored laces, all kinds of fancy draperies. It might have been a curious model of 1890—or the saucy caprice of a supermodern dressmaker . . . Her fingers twisted nervously about the purple feathers of an enormous fan. I said to her: "You look more exciting than ever,"—which made her smile again presently.

"The restaurant of our charming hotel," she announced with a grandiose gesture toward the dining room that lay in gloomy darkness. "It still is the most dandy spot far and wide." Then she added, with that false note of jocularity that sometimes made her conversation so embarrassing: "Unless you think it compromising to dine in full view of your friends with a wicked girl like me."

I replied that I did not expect to meet many acquaintances in that desolate place. But she insisted, with disquieting merriment: "Oh, there are plenty of them. You'll see, *mon ami*—you'll see."

But all I saw as we entered the restaurant, were empty tables and chairs. Only one table was set and dimly lit by an old-fashioned lamp.

"Gaston has reserved my favorite corner for us!" cooed the Baroness. "*C'est charmant!* The Duchess will explode with rage . . . Don't look now! There she is. . ."

I felt rather alarmed as she sent her haughty, distracted smile through the murky twilight of the deserted room. "The Duke cuts me too," she whispered, very close to me—angry and amused. "Ah, *comme c'est rigolo!*—But what else could he do, after all? *She* would certainly kill him if he dared to have a glimpse at me. . ."

No doubt, her mind wandered a little. She saw this deserted place swarming with enemies and admirers, rivals, lovers and bawds—she heard the familiar whirr of gossip and intrigues, the whisper of desire, envy and disapproval, as she had heard it at the same place before—how many years ago?—"*La petite Lolotee!*" she giggled. "*Mon dieu!* All dressed up like a circus horse. I wonder, *really*, what the colonel finds in her."

She calmed down a little as we finally reached our table. "The food is lousy here," she observed, and suddenly had, in the flickering shine of the lamp, the sullen and weary face of a very old woman. Then, rather abruptly, she plunged into a swift and elegant conversation. I listened to her winged and empty chatter—half-amused, half-bewildered, as most of the names and events she referred to sounded strangely unfamiliar to me. Besides, it struck me as somewhat weird that she should be so thoroughly *au courant* as to the gossip of the smart set in Venice, Cannes and Paris, the races in Auteuil and Monte Carlo, the opera season in London, the

Continued at top of page 150

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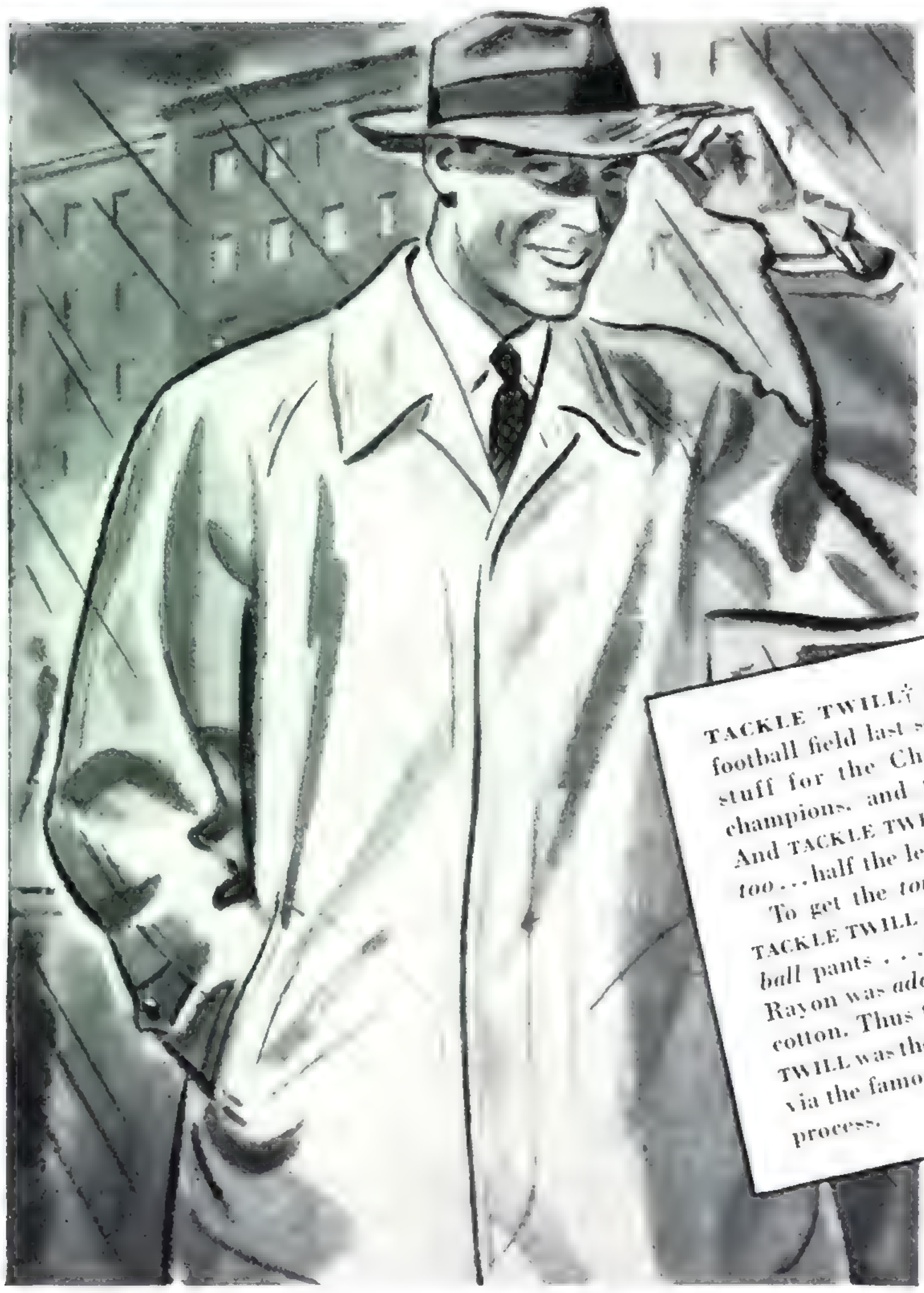

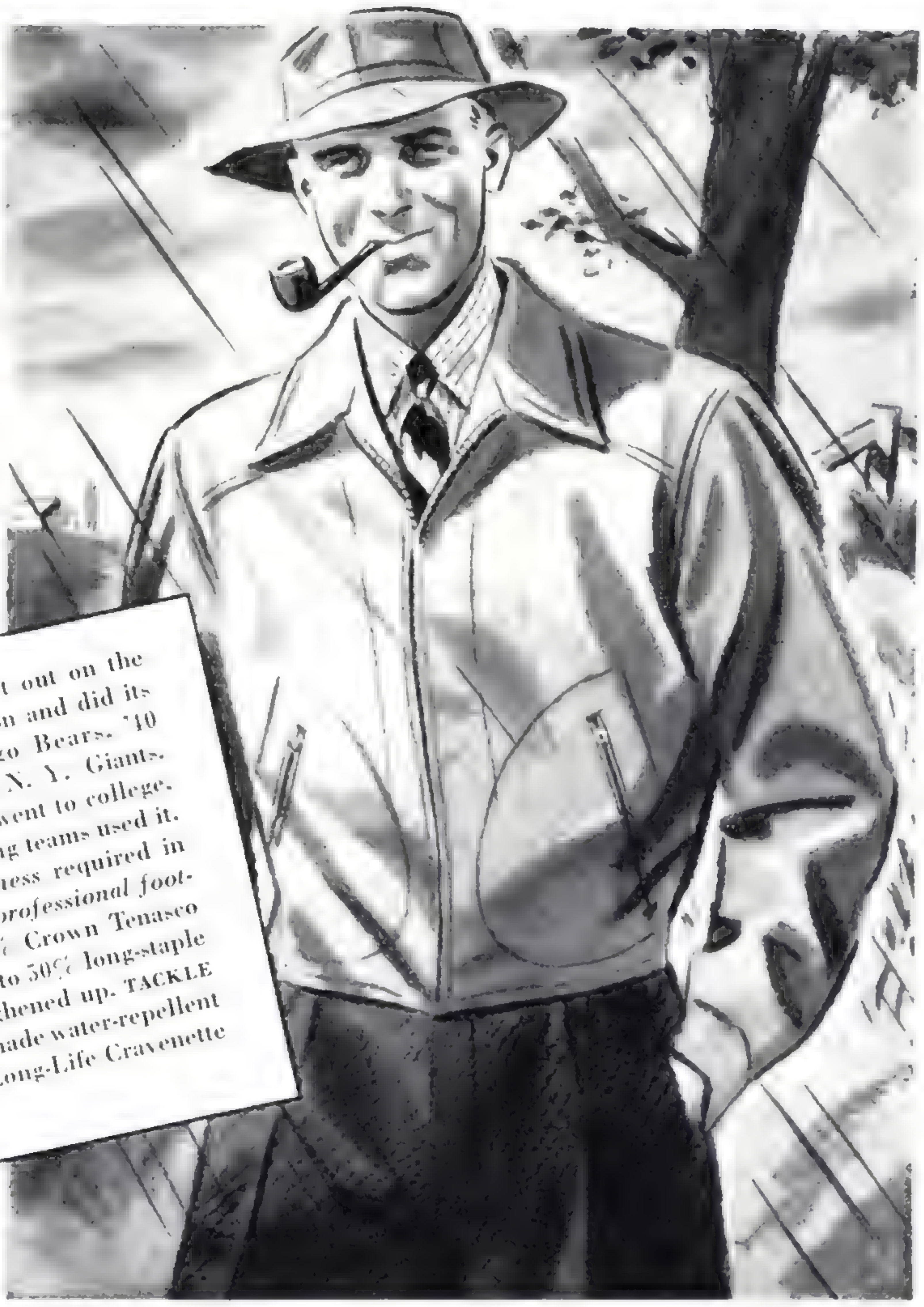

TACKLE TWILL[†] went out on the football field last season and did its stuff for the Chicago Bears, '40 champions, and the N. Y. Giants. And **TACKLE TWILL** went to college, *too*... half the leading teams used it.

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RESULT: a cloth worthy of this knockabout jacket that will become your inseparable companion! Tough and wind-resistant gear for the outdoors man. Note this jacket's zipper slash-pockets. Its zipper-front. Its elastic inserts at the sides for comfortable fit. At better Men's Shops and Sports Outfitters, $12.00.

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CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON . . . THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY

[†] Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Wm. Skinner & Son

Le Dernier Cri

Continued from pages 29-147-148

latest scandals of Biarritz and Baden-Baden—though she never left this provincial place nor even this hotel . . . There was a natural sophistication in her way of talking—something suave and brilliant, but at the same time stale, frozen, deprived of authentic life. As I finally ventured a few remarks about recent Hollywood films, she grew silent and seemed hurt—her face drooping as if I had offended her by endless tirades on a subject entirely beyond her understanding. "These flowers," she interrupted me at last. "These lilacs . . . gorgeous, aren't they? You don't know what flowers mean to me, my friend." She had a wan, mawkish smile, and the gesture was a fumbling one, as she pointed to those flowers she saw. "I adore them," she whispered. But the table was empty. It was a barren table she smiled at.

"There are no flowers," I said, rather cruelly.

She nodded sadly. "I know, I know . . . No flowers—alas! No flowers, any more . . ."

There was a silence, while her eyes wandered with the smoke of her cigarette. When she finally spoke again, her voice sounded hollow, infinitely sad. "No flowers, any more," she insisted, and then assumed the bleak dignity of Cassandra, the prophetess. "There will be hard times, my poor friend," she predicted, her voice tolling like the great bells of the Last Judgment. "Cruel times and bloody tribulations! The great ordeal—I can see its approach . . . We are doomed—all of us. You, and I, and all these lusty men and women. The flowers, the champagne, the beautiful girls; artists, courtesans, princes, adventurers, and poets—doomed. No games any more, no luxury, no joy, no tenderness. Only discipline, and boredom, cruelty, and death.

"You seem in high spirits, Madame la Comtesse." This was the paternal bass of Herr Tulpitz, the *concierge*. While she lamented, he had slowly approached from the shadowy background.

"Hello, dear old little Excellency!" cooed the Baroness—abruptly renouncing her Cassandra-like attitude. "*Enchantée de vous voir, cher ami!*"

He kissed her fingertips: "How are you tonight, Madame? Enjoying yourself, I presume?"

She nodded, with a faint, conventional smile. "The Baron is good company," she observed, rather vaguely—whereupon Herr Tulpitz, with a swift and surprising motion, produced an object that he had hidden behind his back. It was a bunch of lilacs, completely withered and faded.

"These beautiful flowers," he announced with a tender solemnity, "were just delivered."

"Where do they come from?" she asked, snatching the withered blooms, "from *him?*"

"From His Imperial Highness," he confirmed, and smirked as he saw the beatific smile upon her mouth. "Thanks," she whispered—hiding her radiant face between the faded flowers.

What a nightmarish—what an enchanting scene! Herr Tulpitz—more Franz Joseph-like than ever in a baroque and pompous uniform with broad epaulets and dazzling decorations—had started to perform a sort of fantastic pantomime—frisking and tripping with the ungainly grace of a trained bear around that bedizened and bejewelled figure, the Baroness de La Motte-Tribolière, Pride of the Bellevue, the last one of the great courtesans. There she stood, askance under the flaring light, an amazing bird—overloaded with glaring feathers, baubles, and the tremendous weight of her years. Was she ninety years old? Or a hundred? In any case, excellently preserved by insanity.

Was Herr Tulpitz mad too? Was he her lover? Her doctor? Or simply her employé whom she paid for his role in this macabre show?

Now he capers, takes little bows—surprisingly elastic despite his age; all in raptures about her colorful setup. "My darling butterfly!" he exclaims. "*Ma chérie! Ah! plus ravissante que jamais!*"—And she acknowledges his compliment with the dreadful smile of lunacy.

Maybe the whole setup is a clever trick to catch the imagination of travelers. Herr Tulpitz may have had the idea of luring victims, this way, to the costly debauches of Apartment Thirty-six . . . Who could see through those sordid mysteries? Who knows, really, what Herr Tulpitz means as he cries out—fawning and bowing: "This gown! It's a dream—*ma foi!* These colors! What style! Just arrived from Paris, I presume? One can easily see it. *Dernier Cri*—that's what it is! *Dernier Cri!*"

"*Dernier Cri!*" she repeats—and suddenly bursts into gales of laughter. What an appalling laugh!—infinitely worse than any weeping could be. How it distorts her face, shakes her fragile body! And her voice—how woeful it sounds! "*Dernier Cri!*" she whimpers again and again, convulsed with laughter and agony. "You are right, my friend! Oh, how right you are! Our last scream—here it is! *I* am the last scream—the last sigh—the last grin of an epoch . . . *Le dernier cri—c'est moi* . . ."

She raises her arms, spreads and stretches them—one of her hands clasping the bloody purple of the huge fan, while the other hand holds the withered bouquet. Her laugh sounds like desperate crying; but they are dry—her beautiful eyes, disproportionately big in the dainty oval of her ageless face.

This tremendous pose of exuberant despair lasts for several seconds. Finally Herr Tulpitz, transformed again into a sensible old man, pats her trembling shoulders with his heavy hand. "*Pauvre enfant!*" he murmurs. "Come, come! It's time to go to bed . . ." ###

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 98

nation's 389,762 exclusive subscription societies. You can also register the order of your choice for

- Bela Bartok's Quartet No. 5
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They will record your preference first, but want it understood the League of Composers assumes no liability for broken vases or blackened eyes in your apartment.

* * *

Perhaps while you are in the joining mood, you might like to enroll in the Broadcast Recording Club, a non-profit organization devoted to the preservation, via phonograph discs, of outstanding radio broadcasts. The Club consists of a group of music lovers who wish to possess recordings of fine music and fine performances heard over the radio but not available commercially. Membership entitles you to records at cost; but no records are sold individually since the club was not organized to sell discs on a commercial basis.

Alongside each of the available records are notes giving an honest estimate of the technical quality and condition. Would that commercial companies were as frank!

Orchestra Leaders' Choice

Asked for a selection of favorites from among their own recordings, these band leaders named the following discs:

RAY NOBLE

Mad About the Boy	Victor 25020
The Very Thought of You	Victor 24657
Moon Over Burma	Columbia 35804
Sleepytime Gal	Columbia 35557
Faraway	Columbia 35850

DEL COURTNEY

Would You Be So Kindly	Okeh 5778
Now I Lay Me Down to Dream	Okeh 5720
I Wouldn't Take a Million	Okeh 5692
Lazy Lack-a-daisy Melody	Okeh 5662
It Wouldn't Be Love	Okeh 5616

TED WEEMS

Ghost of Piccolo Pete	Decca 2380
Nola (Elmo Tanner whistling)	Decca 204
The Martins and the Coys	Decca 810
I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now	Decca 2919
There'll Be Some Changes Made	Decca 3044

JACK TEAGARDEN

Octoroon	Brunswick 8388
Wolverine Blues	Columbia 35297
I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues	Brunswick 8397
Peg of My Heart	Columbia 35727
The Blues	Varsity 8218

HENRY BUSSE

Hot Lips	Decca 198
Wang Wang Blues	Decca 198
When Day Is Done	Decca 774
He's Just a Horn-Tootin' Fool	Decca 789
Begin the Beguine	Decca 2107

RAY KINNEY

Beneath the Banyan Tree	Decca 536
Hawaiian Hospitality	Decca 858
Song of the Islands	Victor 26676
Hawaii Across the Sea	Victor 27290
Lovely Hula Hands	Victor 26799

Interesting are comparisons of Toscanini interpretations. For example, Toscanini's performance of Beethoven's *Fifth* on Victor records is strikingly different from the performance he gave on his October 22, 1938 broadcast. The broadcast performance has an abandon and drive not apparent in the more restrained recorded version. However, as the club bulletin says, the recorded performance is undoubtedly more nearly what Toscanini wants. One's preference depends on what he expects of the symphony.

All performances in Studio 8-H suffer from lack of resonance. Some of Toscanini's BBC recordings are over-monitored. His New York Philharmonic Symphony records are older but quite good when not badly monitored. BBC records have resonance and fine recorded tone. His Philharmonic-Symphony records present the best performances, except for some of his latest NBC Symphony releases, like the Brahms Piano Concerto with Horowitz, which he made in Carnegie Hall. His discs made with the NBC outfit, of course, have the greatest clarity of detail.

In general, except when the commercial recording is bad, club members are urged to get commercial records. There is less likelihood of mistakes in performance or recording. Furthermore, the only idea of this club is to make available great performances of Toscanini when they are not to be found on commercial records. It's a brilliant idea.

* * *

I must entirely applaud the rivalry between Columbia and Victor. The challenge of competition gives the buyer better service and wider choice. From his point of view, nothing could be better, nothing could be more entirely creditable to the challenger than the dynamic and drastic price reduction.

The beginning is good but the race is yet to be run, and Columbia needs to acquire better and better talent and a larger catalogue.

The recent releases from Camden are exciting: Kipnis with a new album of Brahms's lieder, Stokowski re-discovering Mozart, Koussevitzky's reading of the *Missa Solemnis*, the Beethoven fiddle concerto . . . but you will hear them.

* * *

Benny Goodman is recording with Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic. When will Kreisler and Rachmaninoff act as guests at a swing recording session? We dig too wide a ditch between popular and classical music. They should be interchangeable . . . for different moods of the same player. Who will be the martyr and try it first? Let's have Josef Hofmann and Glenn Miller. ###

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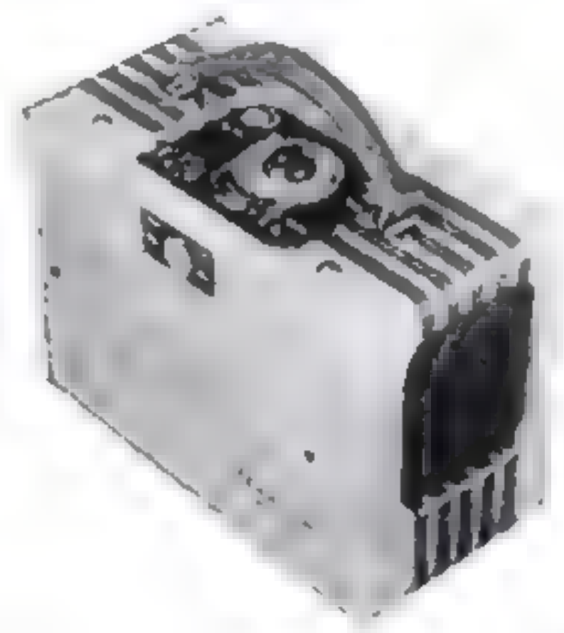

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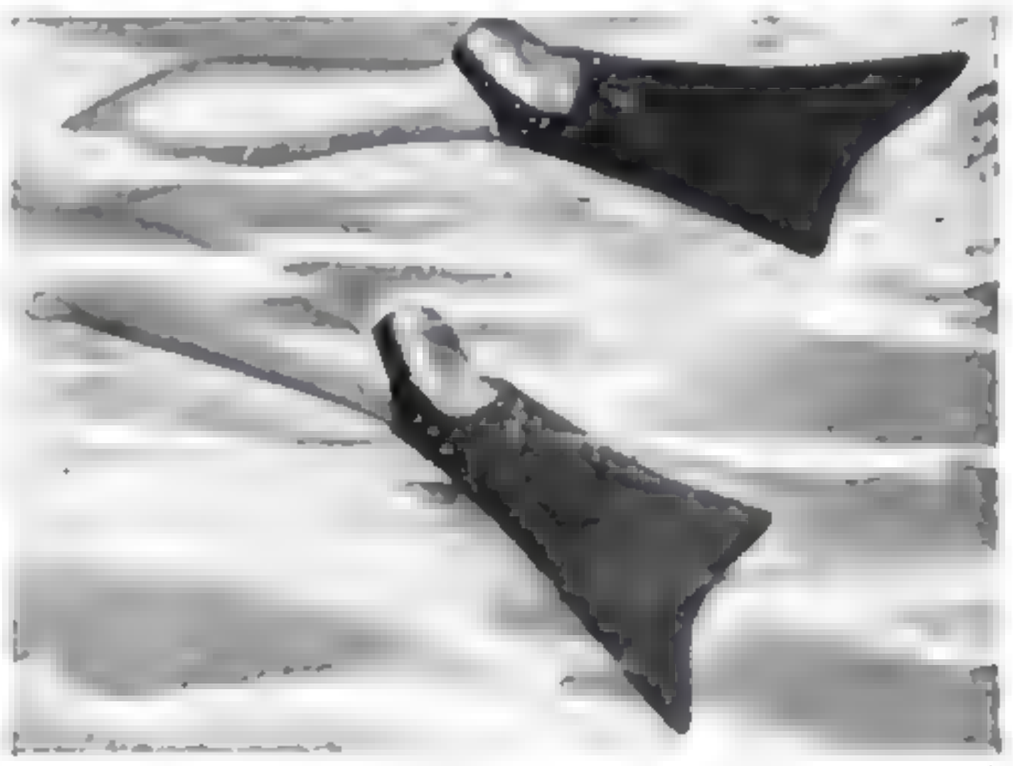

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Eighth Wonder of the World

Continued from page 45

but known to the workers as Engineers' Town. From the bridge uniting Mason City and Engineers' Town one may look upstream at the dam's open face and apprehend something of the problem involved in stemming the river. To tame the Colorado when Boulder Dam was built was like snaffling a vicious desert burro; but the Columbia is a stallion, wild and dangerous.

At Boulder the engineers were able to part the Colorado in the middle and take the two separated streams through huge subways in the solid stone flanks of the canyon, leaving the river bed naked for their labors. Not so with the Columbia, whose water flow is second only to the Mississippi's. Here at Coulee man faced the torrent directly, head-on, and it could not be split or deviated around his body. Half the river was blocked at a time, first the left side, then the right. It was like a man taking a shield first on his left arm, while he fights with his right, then shifting the shield to his right arm, and working with his left. Already the icy river, half of whose strength comes from beyond the Canadian border, has become docile.

The concrete mixing plant on the Mason City side, the biggest—like everything else about the dam—in the world, grinds its thick grey mixture out day and night. The huge conveyor trains, with a man controlling each motor locomotive, receive the concrete and crawl cautiously across the parapet. The concrete pours down into the forms. The workmen are specks. They work at throttles or hold bucking electric vibrators—stirring rods the size of a man's body—down into the mixture. Almost everywhere they seem to stand still; men work among the voices of the machines, rarely hearing their own. There is the chirring of vibrators, the suck of pumps and scream of wheels, high piping of the derrick hoists. The men, so silent and still, seem to be standing by as spectators, watching their machines at work. Even when they walk along the lip of the dam's concrete jaw, whose chin still gapes open, waiting to be filled, the builders move with a peculiar wariness, as though fearing that the Coulee might at any time utter a remark that would blow them off into eternity.

There is, in fact, already blood on the dam, and there are bones in the river. Sixty-three men, fewer than Boulder's ninety-nine fatalities, but a noticeable number of human beings for an unfinished work, have died violently in the building of Coulee, and another year of work remains. On the mountain side at the top of the canyon two great words stand out by day and night, meeting the eye of every man who raises his head from his levers: SAFETY PAYS. Most of the deaths have been caused by breaking rules, though two of the men blew themselves up in the commissary kitchen. When a crane's enormous hook brushes a man off the dam he may fall on the upstream side, in which case his body eventually drifts to shore among the catboats and dinghies of the engineers' yacht club, a pathetic souvenir of progress. If the twisting body, however, should be punched off into space on the spillway side, and drop into the writhing maelstrom below the turbines, it may go miles downstream before drifting into the lake of some down-river power dam like Bonneville. The MWAK, the syndicate of four big contracting companies that is building the dam, sees to it that the workman protects the extremities of his body, his brainpan with a helmet and his feet with nail-proof inner soles. Only alert senses and nimble muscles can protect the vulnerable human torso between.

Three miles above Mason City and Engineers' Town, by a dizzy road leading up along the side of the mountain, one comes to the other two mushroom towns, Coulee Center and Grand Coulee. Only from here does the canyon, thus the dam itself, begin to assume its challenging proportions. The roar and thunder of the work is too far away to be heard. Only occasional whistles come up from the busy bulwark, which looks like a long floorbrush lying across a puddled alley. But the extent of the river is visible here, and the deepness of the cleft it has cut itself in the earth.

The road from the dam leads impartially between Coulee Center and Grand Coulee. The two towns have married their fortunes lately under the joint name of the city of Grand Coulee. As often happens in marriages, however, the characters of the partners are dissimilar. Coulee Center is respectable, while Grand Coulee is not. Coulee Center has its own post office and a big schoolhouse placed as far up the mountain as possible; Grand Coulee consists almost wholly of bars, poolrooms, "clubs," men's haberdashery stores, doctors' offices, and pink-shaded boarding houses.

When it became apparent that strangers on their way to see the dam would pass through Coulee Center, then meet the road down the mountain and miss Grand Coulee altogether, the fathers of that city, an inexperienced but resolute group of pioneers, put their heads together and soon came up with a new name: "The Hidden City." This frankly seductive name, which they considered irresistible, was chosen in order that no tourists, hundreds of whom are finding their way to the dam, would in their preoccupation with the engineering conquest of the last frontier overlook its fleshly delights incidental to that victory. The precaution, of course, was superfluous, yet in a way it was astonishing to hear the newborn town, many of whose citizens were living in tents and shacks as their grandfathers did in the days of the Klondike rush, lift its infant voice in gruff tones and extend its tiny palm for extra money of a kind no mushroom settlement ever thought of making.

Only by climbing yet again as far above Grand Coulee and Coulee Center as we have already come above the dam—for we are still in the canyon—is a true and complete perspective of its magnitude finally reached. Here one can look from the river's elbow joint that makes the dam possible in the three directions of the old and new beds: upstream to where the lake is slowly filling, down the corridor of the canyon where the river, though flowing back north toward Canada, is yet on its way southward and westward to the sea, and finally over one's shoulder along the broad coulee of sagebrush and tumbleweed where the waters for irrigation eventually will slip obediently along their channeled ways.

From a thousand feet above, Coulee Center and Grand Coulee resemble uncommonly the hill towns of Tibet. Their one and two-story shacks lie across the mountain shelf like two greasy packs of cards scattered across a divan.

Climb still higher with the road that eventually meets the main highway between Spokane and Seattle and you wind upward an awesome series of hairpin curves and sawbucks, steep as a lighthouse's stairs. Before you emerge from the canyon on the impoverished dry-land wheat farms of the rocky table land you have seen the four Coulee towns dwindle to clustered pockmarks. The dam itself, the mightiest structure ever made by man, looks like the paring of a fingernail fallen in a crevice.

Up here, where eagles wheel in the empty sky, two signs dominate the lonely distances across the ashen black walls of the gigantic cleft, both of them whitewashed upon it by an unknown hand. JESUS DIED FOR YOU, reads one, and the other says JESUS SAVES HEALS.

The Coulee towns are fairly affluent places, as might be expected where 6,000 men are employed, night and day, at wages averaging 90c an hour. The project is unionized tightly, and there has not been any labor disagreement of noticeable duration. The men come from every state in the union and almost every foreign country, but the majority are white citizens of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The married men and the unskilled labor from the poor dry-land wheat farms near-by are inclined to save their money. Most of the builders, however, are unattached migrant toolhands who like to make money fast and don't mind spending it faster.

Where in the old boom towns a fine blooded Arab horse nosing the hitching rail of a saloon betokened an owner at the bar who had struck it rich, outside the clubs of Grand Coulee there are parked Fords and Buicks, even Cadillacs and Packards, gleaming new models every one. About half the workmen have bought cars and the rest are saving up for their first down payment. New cars are preferred, even though the cheapest gasoline costs twenty-seven cents a gallon. It is a sight that would make a Klondike pioneer gnaw his beard to see a concrete worker in blue dungarees and dusty brogans, wearing his orange helmet of "hard hat" on the back of his head, push outward the chest-high swinging doors of a Grand Coulee club, step from the curb into a downy upholstered coupe and start the radio humming dance music before he drives away to work.

Usually, of course, this car and a suitcase full of clothes are the only things in the world he owns, and the car is his only as long as the dam continues to pour government money for it in his pocket. Still, it makes the hard life look easy.

A Grand Coulee club is an establishment unlike any other in the world. It is at once a cafeteria, gambling casino, taxi dance hall, bar room, honkytonk, barber shop and travel agency. If by convenience is understood the concentration of the largest number of services under a single roof, it surpasses all but the most splendid hotels of the world. The dam works on three eight-hour shifts all around the clock; so, therefore, does a Grand Coulee club. The club is swept out after each shift is called at the dam, guests go down the road to work and return, but the doors never close. Nickelodeon music is nearly continuous. On Thursday night, payday, the bars are lined three deep and the dance floors become almost too congested for motion. Day and night, at plain wooden tables ten feet across men sit with cards of poker and pan guinea in their hands, their hard hats pushed back on their foreheads, cigarettes between their lips half burning. The players change but the game never stops.

In a club a man needs to go only three steps in one direction to get an order of ham and eggs, ten feet in another for a martini, the same distance in a third to get a dancing partner, and all of these things will come to him at the lift of a hand.

To the customer this seems in every way a useful and sophisticated arrangement. When the time comes for his shift to go to work, the club will make him up, for a quarter, a lunch-to-go, consisting of an orange, a meat sandwich and a cheese sandwich, and a piece of apple pie.

When the damworker climbs up the road again at the end of his shift he can return directly to the club, check his lunchpail with the girl hasher, take a shower out in the back hall, seat himself on the enameled chair in the street window with a checkered cloth under his chin, and be shaved by the

Continued on page 154

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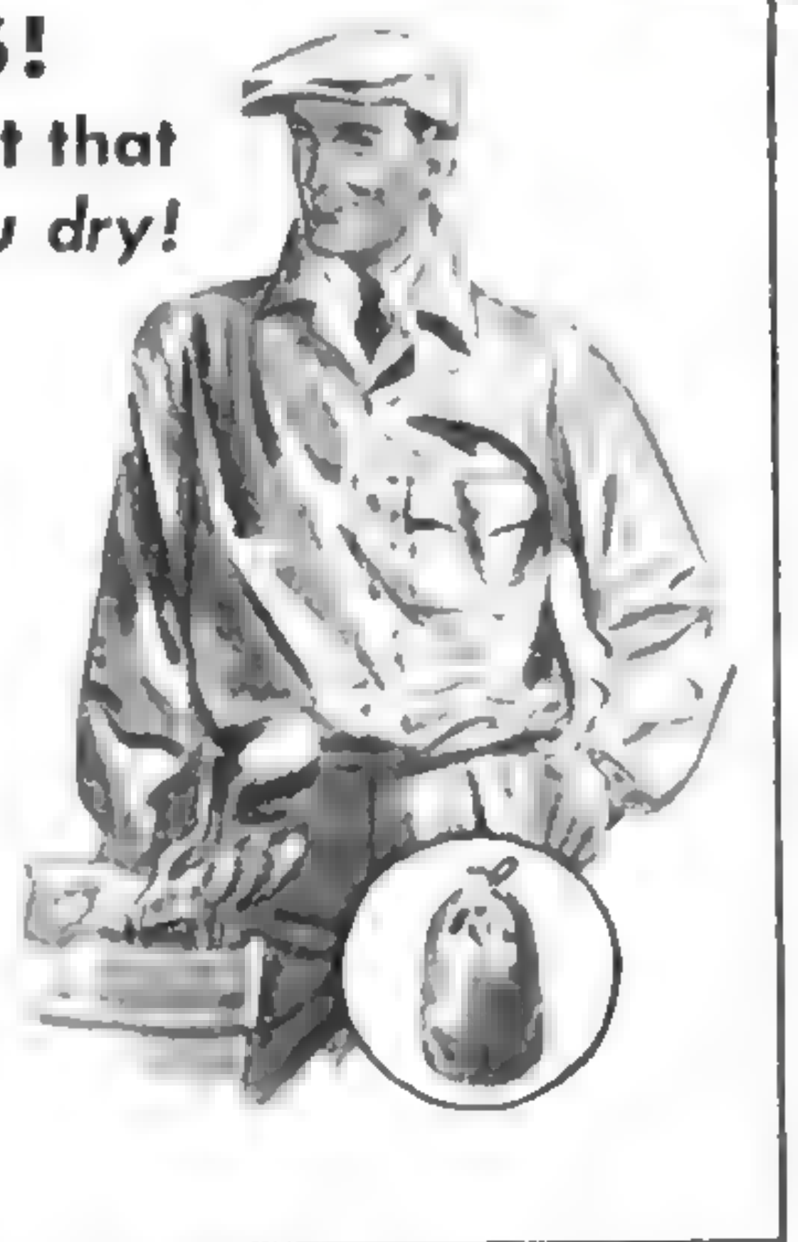

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Eighth Wonder of the World

Continued from pages 45-153

barber-bartender in a place public enough so that he can exchange salutations with each acquaintance who passes along B street, Grand Coulee's single thoroughfare. If he should be feeling so disgruntled that he wishes to quit Coulee he can, without arising from his chair, arrange a seat in one of the autos that are continually leaving for Los Angeles, Miami, New York and other corners of the American map. In fact, he can do everything but sleep in a Grand Coulee club, and even the snatching of a short nap is looked upon with a sympathy unknown to more splendid hostelries.

There are only two wholly respectable hotels in the enlarged city of Grand Coulee and both of them, as an Irishman would say, are in Coulee Center. The Continental, a place of some thirty rooms, is operated by the Continental Land Company. The other, the Coulee Center Hotel, is an establishment of toy dimensions run by Mrs. Mangus, a dark, stocky little lady from Cortina d'Ampezzo, whose standards of hotel-keeping are even higher than those of the resort of her birth.

Sixteen hours a day, more or less, Mrs. Mangus stands behind her doll-like desk, fronting the square of diminutive pigeon holes with keys in them. When her feet get tired she reposes, apparently without sleeping, on a couch in an alcove behind the desk. For a long time it was the favorite game among the hard hats to hire a room and then attempt, through various ruses, to get past Mrs. Mangus' desk with a girl. The game had to be given up, because nobody ever beat Mrs. Mangus. She can go without sleep longer than the hardiest workman and she has a conscience and a command of invective second only to that of the faraway Mr. Ickes. "I t'ink I got the boys all bluff'," she says with a broad Italian grin. "If they want hotel for funny business, I give them plenty of name', over in Hidden City. But they cannot bring girl in my house, not unless first they marry her." Mrs. Mangus' unusual stand has made her in a rough sense the arbiter of morals of Grand Coulee. She has one particular aversion: swing shift widows. A swing shift widow, in Coulee language, is a married woman who, while her husband is doing the four to midnight shift, allows herself to be seen in the clubs of B street.

The crossroads between Coulee Center and Grand Coulee is marked by an Indian tepee, dead white in color, about twenty feet tall, and made entirely of Portland cement. It was built originally as a real estate office before the Secretary of Interior showed his dislike for land speculation, and it has French lattice windows. Nonplussed by the problem of what to do with this unusual structure, unwilling to tear down what is in a sense an excellent symbol of the mixed ideals of the community, the town fathers eventually converted the concrete wigwam into a combined information booth and comfort station. The tepee's double purpose is in a way a parallel in concrete to the mixed habits of the many citizens of the two Coulees who are not working on the dam, but earn their bread by providing for its workers. The disordered and sleepless existences led by these natives make the lopsided lives of the dam workers look like those of a slippered bourgeoisie.

Take the musicians of the three-man orchestras in the clubs, for example. They are obliged by police edict to stop playing at 1 A.M. At that hour, however, they simply empty the gathered coins out of the "feedbag"—a kind of inverted megaphone that serves as cornucopia for the talent—and mount the rear stairs to lead the merrymaking in the honkytonks on the second floors, which open as soon as the street floors begin to clear. Such rendezvous as the Swanee, the Plaza and the Seattle protect jealously their atmosphere of mystery and try to keep it up to a standard justified by the name Hidden City. They have peephole doors, through which it is comparatively easy to identify any of the city's half-dozen policemen.

The second floor manner of a Grand Coulee club is semi-formal. Unbathed workmen fresh from the dam are treated pleasantly, but with aloofness. The entertainers wear evening gowns (from "Mae's Frocks," down the street) instead of the slacks-and-jacket Dietrich combination prevailing among the taxi dancers. In Grand Coulee there are probably more nickelodeon music machines per inhabitant than in any other city in the world. Several of the upstairs rooming houses have a machine in every room, and in the kitchen, which always serves as bar, the guests sit about on plain wooden chairs, cheerfully forcing their money into the slots of a red and yellow electrical monster as large and loud as a pipe organ.

The guests are given to arguing interminably, not about sport or politics, from which they are too deep in the canyon to be interested, but on such matters as the performance of new machines and the possible faults in the dam's structure. I have also heard passionate discussion on such uncommon questions as whether Tom Mix's trick horse Tony was able to get passage back from his European tour before German submarine warfare had started, also whether the best place in a room for a cuspidor is in the center of the floor or over in a corner. (In a corner it is so far away that poor marksmen are liable to miss, but in the middle of the floor you are liable to put your foot in it.) In such a kitchen-bar I also saw the last two powder monkeys of the crew who had blasted out the canyon's bottom taking farewell of each other. "So long. See you on the California job," said one, as they shook hands. "So long, and watch the short fuses," said the other. One downed his glass and left, and the other remained, drinking slowly. After a short while a girl came up and sat down in his lap. The upstairs clubs are frowned upon by the Columbia Club, Grand Coulee's association of business men, which owns the only club on B street so discreet that it keeps its public windows permanently curtained and locks its door at night. The criticism of the Columbia Club, however, is tempered by the knowledge that it was only through the upstairs rooming houses that Grand Coulee was ever able to get B street paved. The funds to lay the sidewalks were obtained by sending the police on periodic raids of the rooming houses. The proprietresses played out their part in the melodrama of morals faithfully and pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct. They were uniformly fined $100 and the fines were laid directly on the paving bill.

While B street was being paved, the hostesses, when they took their afternoon walks, used to stop by where the road crews were at work and study, with an intentness mystifying to a stranger, the progress and efficiency of this civic improvement. The length of sidewalk still to be covered they gauged with eyes that eventually learned to be as expert as any contractor's.

Whenever the paving gang's picks, shovels and cement troughs were left idle in the sun at the end of the sidewalk, the ladies of the places above the Pioneer Club, the Little Club, and the Peerless Club prepared to receive as gracefully as possible, the visit of a suddenly outraged law and to bend humbly before its righteous wrath, while fumbling in their pocketbooks for appeasement.

The sidewalks of B street are finished now, but they are still dangerous to walk upon, because at some of the vacant lots there is a straight drop of six to ten feet to the land itself, and the passerby is unprotected by any rail. On Friday morning tired celebrants can frequently be seen sleeping in the sun where they have fallen, or lowered themselves, the night before. A hard hat can go to sleep anywhere the rocks are soft, but a sidewalk makes an uncomfortably flat bed for his taste. A canyon has a better shape.

The Okies and Arkies will never know Grand Coulee as it is today. The clubs will be gone before the first farmer eases his truck down the mountain road with his kitchen pans and his cow pails tingling around him. B street, with its pretentious false fronts and its easy gayety, is dancing on its own coffin, and even when it builds sidewalks, it is only making the rims for its own grave. Grand Coulee will be swept away, cleansed into oblivion after a fashion that ought to cause those unknown hands who whitewashed their religious mottoes upon the canyon's walls to rub each other in satisfaction.

The water will not come from above, in a torrential burst of heavenly anger; no, it is to creep up from the canyon below. The Columbia itself, pumped upward with its own electric power, will arise remorselessly out of the depths of the mighty crevice. The river's destined course toward the giant irrigation reservoir that will irrigate the Coulee takes it straight down the middle of B street.

It hurts a little to think that the Hidden City, now wide open, is really to be hidden under the waters of the chastened river crawling through the depths of the canyon hundreds of feet below it. In the exact center of Grand Coulee, Doctor P. H. Brown has an office with soiled curtains, his window displaying a red cross, a *Collier's* cover of two monkeys with the doctor's handwritten legend "This is really funny—study it," a cartoon of an old man with a beard down to his knees captioned "Waiting for a job at the dam," and a notice of confidential blood tests for gentlemen Monday and Tuesday and ladies Thursday and Friday. It is hard to believe that this outpost of medicine, like all the rest, will go. But go it must, for the blueprints say so.

After Grand Coulee is washed away, its more respectable half, Coulee Center, will remain. But what kind of testimony will Coulee Center be able to give of the creators who built the biggest thing ever made on earth? A story told in statistics, how many hands worked, how many hours, how much they earned and what they wrought. Is that enough?

The dam will be completed in 1942, and there will be speeches and dedications. The builders will stand aside, yielding to the operators. They will become, like the powder monkeys who have already departed, at one with those who dragged the marble of Penteli to the Acropolis, and who sweated under the foreman's lash in the sun of the Nile. The town where they played away their fatigue will be drowned not in sweat, but in the icy waters they themselves are now hoisting out of the canyon.

The nicknames they called each other, their chaff and rivalry and even their loves, ardent today, will be cooled by the glacier-mothered Columbia. Eventually all the builders will have left Coulee, themselves to become forgotten and unknown. How long after them will the great dam endure? That is for the Americans of the future to decide. The living river, too, has a strong unspoken word. Nature's projects are still the most imponderable, for their tenure of use is forever, but their engineer is unknown.

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Let the spanking sweetness of this succulent zany shuffle your chromosomes, gentlemen. Let pulsing phantasies and perfumed moments dance a can-can on your felt. Let subtle glances and witching thighs take each other hand in hand and perform a cosmic sarabande—lending grace to your game and charm to your table.

Look at the backs of your old dull decks: then look at the dorsal beauties of the Varga girl. Think of her, long, and sinuous, langorously stretched out where now you have nothing but futuristic velocipedes, mythological fol-de-rol, or pairs of peacocks with interlaced necks.

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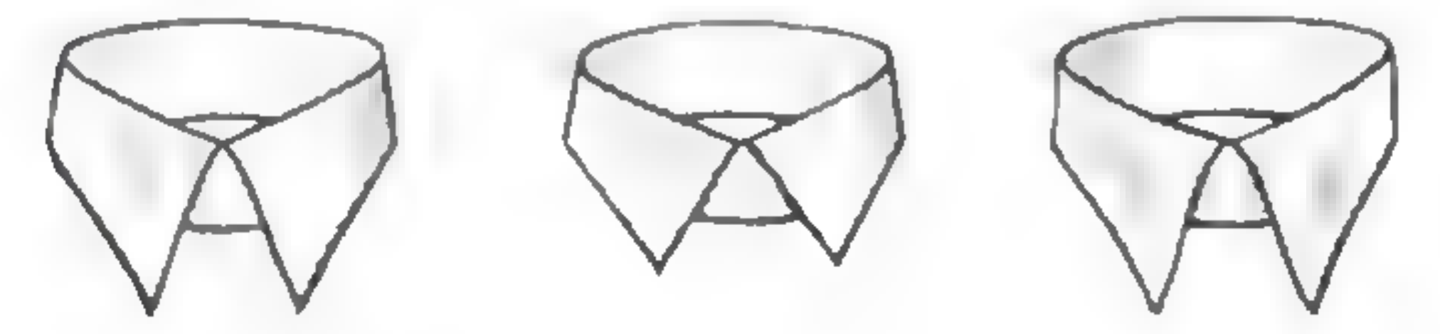

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Black Sea Excursion

Continued from page 67

Jack. I said that, instead of taking the passenger boat back to Istanbul, we must return by the *Saadet*, the ship I had chartered.

"What for?" he asked in stupefaction.

"Because I find I can't trust the Captain any further than the end of that jetty. If I don't go with him he'll burn my coal in his bunkers. It's a very old trick."

Jack took another look at the *Saadet*, which means felicity. She was anchored about two hundred yards off shore. A coal barge was moored alongside her. She was a dreadful sight. Fifteen years ago, flying the red ensign, she had been condemned by the British Board of Trade as too old for further service. Her present owner had then come along and bought her for the Black Sea coal business. Only the special providence that watches over fools had kept her floating.

Jack said he'd be fair. He said he'd wait until the winches stopped working before he decided. When they did so, and the cloud of steam cleared from the vessel to give him a better view, he spoke.

"No," he said, "I can't do it. How she rode out last week's storm is beyond my comprehension. You travel in her alone. I'm awful sorry. But we have a class reunion at Yale in the Spring and I've promised to be there."

I did my best to reassure him. I pointed out that if the weather turned foul we couldn't sail, and if the weather was calm there was no danger. Istanbul was only an overnight trip from Zonguldak.

Jack was adamant. I could do as I pleased but he was taking the afternoon passenger boat back again. And now that he'd seen the *Saadet* they could bring along all the goats and recruits in Turkey, he wouldn't care.

"Well," I said, "if you're going to make it you'll have to hurry. Your ship sails at 2:00 and there isn't another for three days."

The mine owner had a taxi standing by. Jack urged me not to risk my life and I might have weakened if the *Saadet's* Captain had not rowed ashore as we were arguing the point. He greeted me with such a villainous scowl that I knew exactly what would happen if I didn't stand by my precious coal until we anchored in Istanbul harbor. I told Jack to give my love to Belinda, pushed him into the taxi and he drove off.

After he had gone I questioned the Captain about his bunker supplies. I asked him if he had himself purchased enough coal to take the ship back to Istanbul. He clapped his hands to his head.

"Vallahi, master!" he exclaimed, "that is what I had forgotten. My mind troubled me all night. I knew there was something."

I remarked that forgetting to buy bunker supplies was an honored tradition among Turkish captains. I was very angry, knowing that we would never raise enough steam now to sail that night. If his coal was not in the bunker hatch by noon of the following day, I warned, I would report him to the port authorities. Then I myself took the road for Zonguldak, but first, by way of insurance, I left three watchmen on board—a Kurd with ten murders notched up on the handle of his yataghan, a Laze who ran him a close second, and an Armenian whose guile had carried him unscathed through five massacres.

* * *

Arrived in Zonguldak, I was just climbing the hotel steps when a man ran up behind me and clutched my sleeve. It was Kara Hussein, proprietor of the coffee house. "Your friend . . ." he began.

"What about my friend?"

He reverted to the racial method of oblique approach. "Your Honor," he said, "I am a poor man."

"In the eyes of Allah," I replied, "we are all poor men."

"Yet my chattel and my children must needs be fed," he went on strangely.

I was getting into deep water but it was an amusing game. He was obviously sore about something.

"Ramazan and Dursun, your sons," I asked him, "are they not your right hand and your left?"

"My sons mock at me and revile my weakness," said Kara Hussein.

"Revile you?" I echoed, astonished. "How can this be in view of your long and honorable record? Have you not killed? Have you not plundered? Have you not proved your manhood a thousand times in the eyes of your sons?"

"All this I have done," said Kara Hussein. "Yet it would seem that one moment of weakness will destroy a lifetime of honor."

"What is your weakness?" I questioned.

"My friendship for you," said Kara Hussein.

"I will defend it with all my strength," I said gravely. "Speak."

"For that I did not cut your friend's throat from ear to ear an hour since my sons cast their eyes upon me as though I were a barren woman," began Kara Hussein.

"You speak of another man," I replied. "My friend sailed for Istanbul soon after the noon hour."

"He did not so," said Kara Hussein. "Instead, he came to my coffee house where I spread before him my food that is the noblest in all Zonguldak. And what then did he do? He cried out as if smitten by a plague and before all my customers he spewed upon the table and then fled without paying the money that was my due. Does such a man not merit death?"

It was a fearful indictment. However, Kara Hussein had to be placated if Belinda was not to lose a beloved uncle and Yale an esteemed graduate.

"I know not why this man did these things," I said. "But whatever it may be it is to be condoned. For he comes, Kara Hussein, from a strange land, new and uncivilized, a land where they do not wash under a tap but in standing water; where they bathe not their feet before they worship; and where they pollute their coffee with cream before drinking. How could such people know the meaning of an insult, they who are of so low an order?"

"Say you so?" asked Kara Hussein, incredibly. "I will hasten and tell my sons and my customers. *Vallahi!* This is an extraordinary world we live in."

* * *

I went on up to our room. Jack was lying on his bed.

"You win," he said. "I missed the boat. I'm now composing a letter to my family. We can put it in a sealed bottle and throw it overboard just before we sink."

I decided to approach the subject of Kara Hussein tactfully.

"Have you eaten yet?" I asked.

It was a wrong move. Jack gave vent to a long, low moan and buried his head in the pillow.

"Have I eaten? No, I haven't eaten. And what's more I'm not going to eat before we're back in your dining room. Even if you're English, thank God you married an American. Broiled live lobster for lunch! Boston baked beans for supper!" There was ecstasy on his face. Then the light faded. "I forgot," he said, "we'll never see Europe again, let alone America."

"You're worse than the most *kismet* ridden Turk I ever met," I told him. "Anyway, after your escape this evening the storm isn't brewable that could drown you."

"What escape?" asked Jack.

I described my meeting with Kara Hussein.

"So he wants to slit my throat, does he? Listen! I'll go back to the beginning. How far is it from the mine to Zonguldak?"

"Ten miles," I said.

"We did it in seventeen minutes flat—you've seen the road—and that includes changing a tire that blew out on one of the few occasions when we touched ground."

"Then how come you missed the boat?" I asked.

"Easy. The chauffeur was just another of these practical jokers, that's all. He said the ship would sail at 4 o'clock. It had never sailed before 4 o'clock, he said. Wait a minute, he said, he would ask a pal of his. He asked his pal and the fellow said sure the ship sailed at 4 o'clock; everybody knew that. So I went down to the harbor at 3 o'clock, leaving myself plenty of time. The ship had sailed an hour earlier."

Jack looked at me challengingly to see if I was laughing. He went on. "I was thirsty and I went into the coffee house. The boss came up. He was a fat man. Perspiration dripped at every pore. He was wearing a blood-stained apron and he carried a carving knife.

"'Beer' I said—and stuck my thumb in my mouth to make him understand. He talked that over with his two sons. One of the boys seemed to get the drift. He smiled, nodded his head and ran out of the shop.

"The proprietor came over again.

"'Mongy?'—he questioned me.

"'No' I said, 'no eats for me.'

"'Ver goot mongy,' he insisted.

"'All right,' I said. 'Pilaff.'

"Damn it, I thought, you can't go very far wrong on rice. The other son was told off to attend to my order. He seemed to take a long time, but I didn't mind that. It was a little early for supper. The beer never showed up. Perhaps the fellow was run over by the train that runs the length of Main Street in this hell hole.

"Presently a horrible shriek behind me made me slew round in my seat. The boss had just come in from the backyard with a crate full of hens. He squatted on the floor and, so help me, grabbed a chicken by the neck and slit its throat then and there. Ten in a row he slaughtered. I didn't watch his performance. I couldn't. Which, perhaps, was a mistake. Because the tenth bird was livelier than a mad mule and took wing just as its head came off. It whizzed past my ear and crashed against the window pane in a welter of gore.

"They chose that moment to bring me my rice. Somehow I wasn't hungry any more but I took a spoonful and found to my horror that the rice was just so much camouflage for a dish of chicken liver, underdone. If the man says I was sick I'll take his word for it. From then on my mind is a blank. And now supposing you let me catch up on some sleep. The bedbug, I have been told, won't stalk his prey until after the sun has set."

He turned his face to the wall, closing his weary eyes. Very gently I drew the blanket up to his chin and tip-toed from the room.

* * *

The following day, sunny skies and the thought of leaving Zonguldak reconciled Jack to the prospect of the return journey. He was almost cheerful as, toward evening, we rowed out to the *Saadet* in the ship's leaking dinghy. The cook, a smooth-faced lad in his 'teens who seemed to be the general handyman on board, told us that the Captain had placed his room at my disposal.

"You'd better have that, Jack," I said. "I'll use the bunk in the chart room."

Jack demurred but I insisted. Through a cloud of steam, for the winches were busy hauling up the anchor, we groped our way down to Jack's quarters.

"Well!" I exclaimed, as heartily as I could, "not *too* bad."

And I thumped the Captain's mattress as if to display its merits.

It was an unfortunate impulse. When the dust had subsided the counterpane came alive with insects, Jack's enemy the bedbug preponderating. They scattered in every direction. Jack lit out of the room like one possessed and I followed.

On deck we smoked the length of a cigarette before trusting ourselves to speech. Then, "That's that," I said, "but at least we have the chart room. You can have first shot at it and when

Continued on page 158

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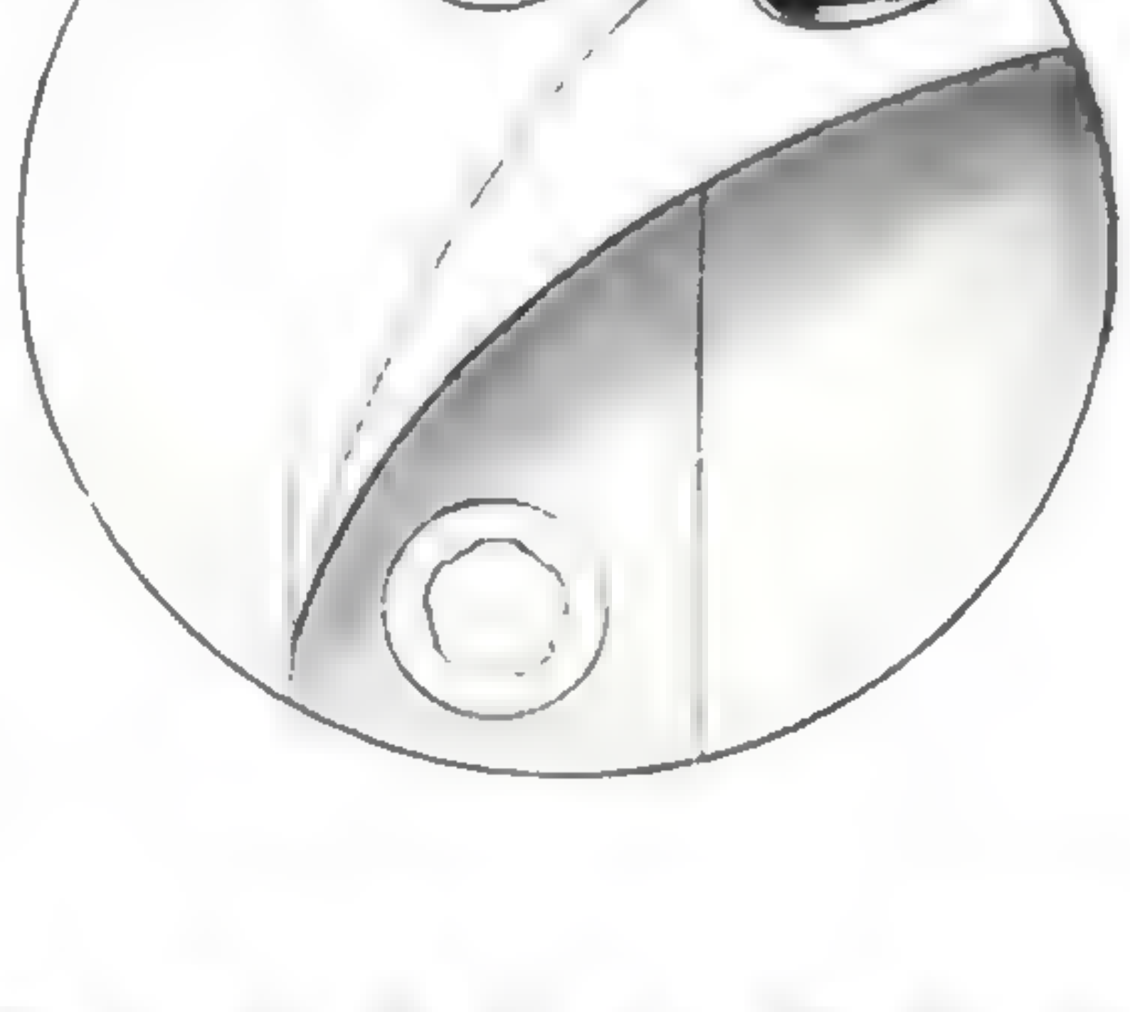

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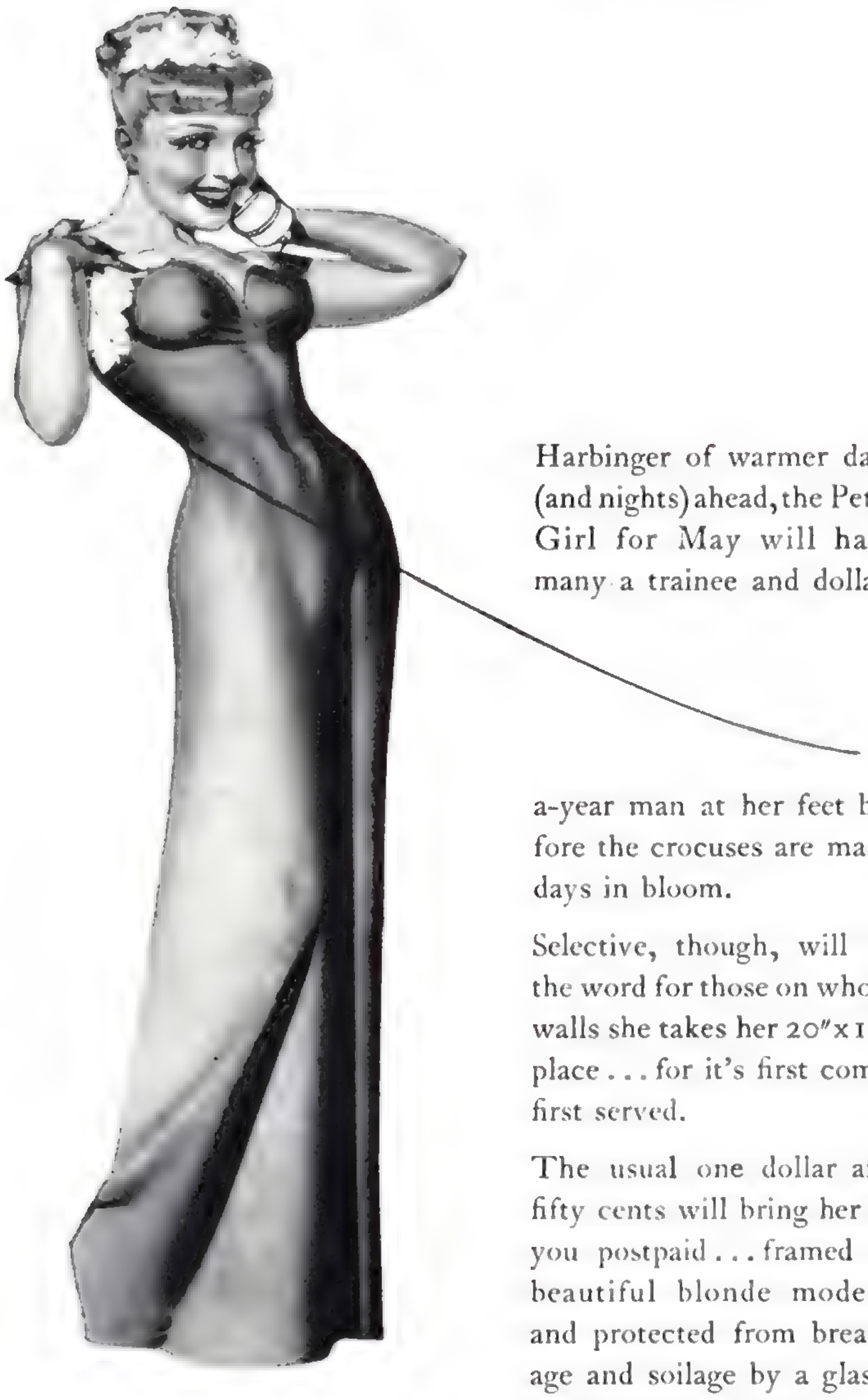

Black Sea Excursion

Continued from pages 67-157

you've had two hours of sleep I'll wake you and take my turn."

"No," said Jack. "It's a fine night. I think I'll sleep on deck."

I took another look at the chart room. When I came out I said that I would sleep on deck too.

Till night fell we sat on the forward hatch-top and watched the coast of Asia slip past. It took a long time to slip, our speed being an optimistic six knots. For supper we had sandwiches and beer that we had brought along with us.

The ship seemed strangely deserted. Other than the bo'sun there wasn't a soul in sight. He, wise man, was on the after deck plugging the holes in our dinghy with tar and cotton waste.

"Where's everyone else got to?" asked Jack.

"Oh, they must be around," I replied vaguely. "It doesn't take many men to run a small collier like this. A Captain, a mate, a bo'sun, four deckhands, six firemen perhaps, and a cook."

"Fewer to drown," said Jack.

All the same, we felt safe enough for the sea was like velvet and the heavens star-studded.

When we felt sleepy Jack suggested that we drag the chart room table out under the stars and use it as a bunk. It worked pretty well for half an hour. After that the bugs caught up with us and we took to trudging the deck. At midnight, in desperation, we tumbled onto a pile of coal that lay atop the after hatch and there we found peace. At the same time, the faintest whisper of a breeze made me glance back uneasily. The stars were being blotted out one after another by high-riding clouds, and away to the north the sky looked lowering and tempestuous. It seemed we might well make the Bosphorus before the worst of the weather reached us, but I offered up a silent prayer and I fell asleep to the murmur of Jack's profanity.

It was an uneasy sleep and two hours later I was up again with something like panic clutching at my heart. The storm had gathered quicker than I supposed was possible, the wind having now reached the proportions of a quarter-gale as the *Saadet* staggered and lurched from side to side in the trough of an angry sea. I could detect no forward motion whatsoever; but then, I thought, even in calm weather you'd never guess this old kettle was moving.

Jack had waked up just before I did. "If the ship's moving," he said, looking aft, "then I'm a Dutchman!"

Before we had time to investigate we heard, in the darkness above us, a frightened voice invoking the aid of Allah in shrill and penetrating accents. At the same time, the forecastle hatch was thrust open and a group of men stumbled out onto the deck. One of them, the bo'sun, joined us as we raced for the bridge.

Incredibly, its sole occupant was the cook. He was clutching the wheel as though it were a life-belt and he already in the water.

"May hell open its gates to receive them!" he cried, "they have done it again."

"Who have done what again?" I asked.

"The firemen, sons of Shaitan! They forgot to call the relief watch when they went off duty. Now the boiler fires are out, the ship is drifting, and the wrath of God is about to descend upon us."

"What's up?" asked Jack.

I told him.

"Great Christopher!" he exclaimed. And then, strange to relate, he laughed. "Here, give me the wheel," he said. "Tell the bo'sun to turn the firemen out and get some men to strengthen those rotten rudder chains with as much wire rope as they can find; they'll never take the strain, otherwise, when steam is up and we have to turn her head into the wind. And where the hell is the Captain?"

I gave the bo'sun his instructions. Then I turned upon the cook who whimpered at Jack's side. "The Captain," I asked, "where is he?"

"In Zonguldak," said the boy.

"Zonguldak? What in Gehenna is he doing there?"

"He met a girl. He told the mate to take command."

"Then where's the mate?"

"He sleeps. At midnight he left the bo'sun in charge. The weather was calm. The bo'sun had taken liquor and he felt weary. He directed me to watch the wheel while he rested a space."

A simple tale. As typically Turkish as any I had ever heard. I passed it on to Jack. He was in high good humor.

"Oh boy!" he shouted. "If I ever get her out of this, what won't I have to tell 'em back in Gloucester!"

He seemed to be in the grip of a mad and unholy joy.

I asked him, later, what in thunder he was so pleased about.

He said, "Look! Where I come from we don't carry goats as deck cargo on passenger steamers, chickens are not decapitated in the best dining rooms, and bedbugs are kept under control. There's no necessity for any of these things and if I got mad about them, damn it, you can't blame me. But a storm is a storm wherever you go and the humblest ship, they say, is a lady. If the lady's in distress you go to her help and thank God for the opportunity."

Twenty-eight hours later, scarred and grievously damaged, the *Saadet* limped into Istanbul harbor. Jack was still at the wheel.

It was a white-faced Belinda who met us at the docks. "That d-dreadful ship," she sobbed. "I've been so s-scared."

Jack patted her shoulder, and took a final look at the collier. He grinned. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "She's not a bad old tub at that. And we had a great time." ###

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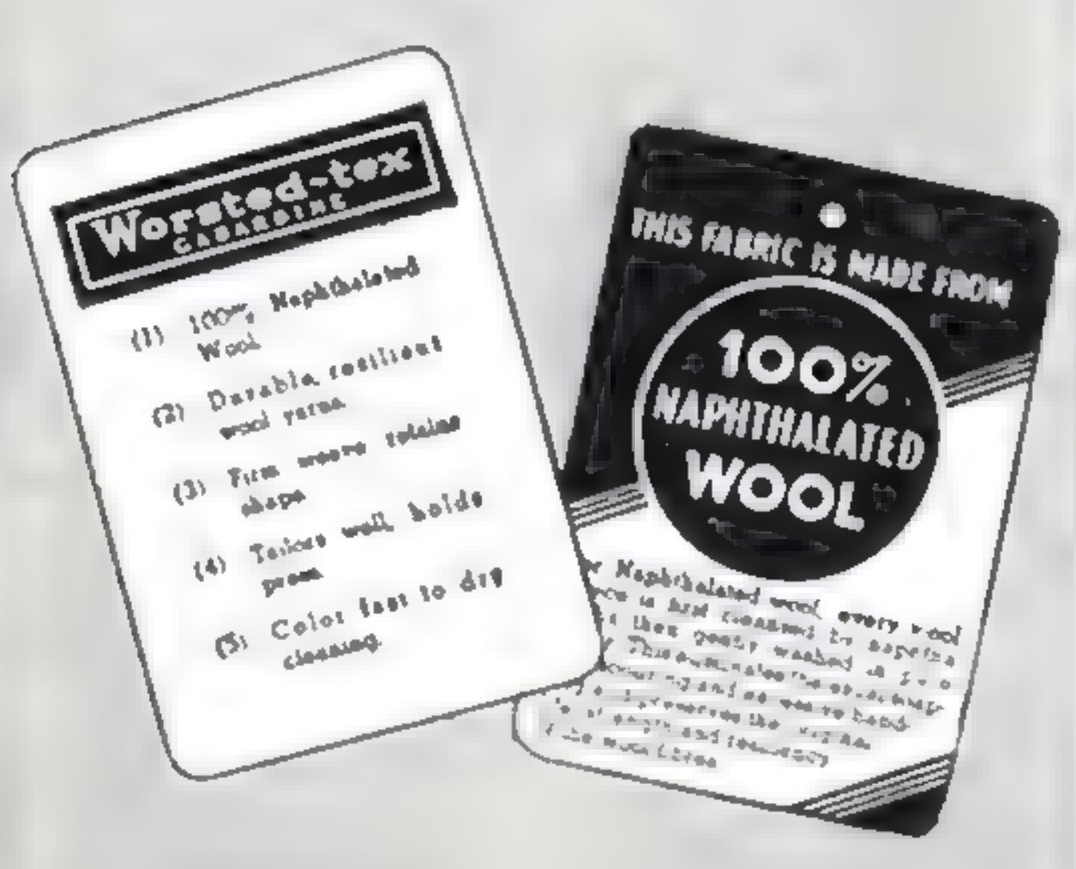

Maps Are for Conquest

Continued from page 40

morning of October 8, 1871, a few hours after Mrs. Daniel O'Leary's cow kicked over a possibly apochryphal lantern in her stable on De Koven Street, Chicago, and the city was an inferno of flames, a printer named Andrew McNally was hurrying with a team and wagon to another stable which lay in the path of the fire. His purpose was to stay in business after the fire and his immediate objective was to pick up a couple of printing presses recently shipped from Boston to him and his partner, William Rand, and temporarily stored in the stable.

With a crew of men McNally got his presses loaded on the wagon and hauled them to the shore of Lake Michigan. There they survived the holocaust. Rand and McNally bought the one printing plant in town which escaped destruction and with their new presses were printing three days after the fire started. They went on from there to develop the country's largest commercial mapmaking establishment.

Andrew McNally and William Rand formed their partnership in 1860. McNally, a native of Armagh, Ireland, had sold papers in Chicago and Rand had drifted west from Boston. They set up shop doing job printing for the *Chicago Tribune* and soon began specializing in work for railroads, printing tickets and timetables.

It was the day of railroading's Paul Bunyans. Rival roads were at each other's throats. Wall Street echoed to the thunder of a battle of giants and over the plains of the country rival gangs of builders raced each other and time. So rapid was the spread of routes, it was essential to have new and constantly changing maps. This demand of the railroads led Rand and McNally in their early days into mapmaking.

The year after the fire Charles Waite came from the East to join Rand McNally and brought with him the new wax engraving process to take the place of the beautiful but costly hand engraving on lithograph stone. In wax production the map was drawn then traced and engraved in wax and the type for place names was set up in hand stamps and stamped into the wax. Wax engraving made the mass production of maps possible. Maps which formerly sold for ten dollars could now be sold for twenty-five cents.

With filling stations today handing out free road maps with one hand and wiping bugs off the windshield with the other in a cutthroat competition of courtesy, we think of these maps as something which has always been. It was only twenty-five years ago, though, that the automobile road map appeared in America.

Rand McNally began making bicycle maps in 1900 and in 1905 began turning out what today are curious looking museum pieces. These were not maps but trip guides, books of instruction on how to drive from one point to another: Chicago to Rockford, Rockford to Beloit, Beloit to Delavan. The one from Chicago to New York is about the size and weight of a medium-sized dictionary.

The motorist was started on his way from a central point in the city he was leaving. Then he got explicit instructions on how far to drive before he turned, which way to turn, and so on. Accompanying the instructions were not maps but photographs of crossroads and intersections with arrows pointing the way to go.

One of these photographs warned speed devils:

SPEED LIMIT
10 MILES PER HOUR
4 MILES AROUND CURVES

The modern road map began with the company's *Blazed Trails*, published from 1915 to 1921. Highways weren't numbered then. They had only local names applying to short stretches. Through highways had to be given names in order to be keyed with the maps. Rand McNally named them and worked with chambers of commerce and automobile clubs in marking the roads.

Signs at first were placed on telegraph poles but the telegraph companies objected to this. They did, however, allow symbols to be painted on their poles, Indian heads, stars and the like, and these symbols were tied in with the maps. It was not until the 1920's that states began to number highways.

Development of the road map and today's universal need for it have made us more map conscious than all our ancestors put together. Oil companies in the United States alone distribute more than 100,000,000 maps annually, some of them corrected four times a year.

Maps are almost as necessary today to the literate citizen as his newspaper. Newspapers know this and look upon maps as circulation builders. Virtually every metropolitan newspaper prints maps to show the progress of war. War or peace the *New York Daily News* never goes to press without a map.

It is no wonder that twenty-four hours after Germany marched into Poland, Rand McNally had sold every European map it had and put its Chicago plant on a twenty-four hour schedule. Since September 1, 1939, more European maps have been sold in this country than in all the years since 1918, according to Andrew McNally III, vice-president of the company and grandson of the original Andrew. If maps are for conquest, they also furnish the only intelligible means of following conquest step by step.

The British Empire for generations has been winning new lands by an adroit use of maps, a process known as "conquest by cartography." It was made possible by the fact that the British Empire is always colored red on maps. The

Continued on page 160

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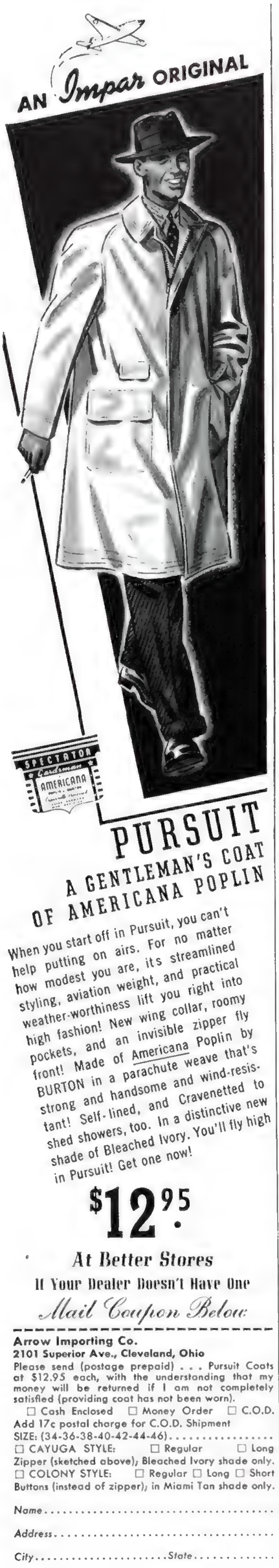

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Maps Are for Conquest

Continued from pages 40-159

main concern of mapmakers is to keep one color from rubbing shoulders with the same color in showing different countries. Since the British Empire is on every continent, it is the logical starting point for coloring maps and the mapmakers color it red.

The British saw possibilities in this and ordered their mapmakers to color any previously unknown or unclaimed land red on the map. Mapmakers of other countries docilely fell in. If a dispute over land ownership arose fifty or one hundred years later, His Majesty's Government would merely raise its eyebrows and say, "But really, old chap, the land must be ours, you know. It's been colored red on the map for dogs' ages."

People who think Hitler has caused mapmakers many a headache are mistaken, McNally says. Hitler is very little trouble to them. He merely causes boundaries to be altered which is a simple matter to handle. European towns and cities remain the same century in and century out—though there may be changes now with towns being wiped out by aerial bombardment.

It is the United States with its growing pains which causes mapmakers to mop their brows. During the past year 2,000 places sprang up in this country; 1,000 others disappeared. In ten years there has been a 25,000 turnover in place names. An average of 750 post offices disappear a year and 250 others are established.

The men who get these headaches in the United States are the Geological Survey, which maps the land, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which charts the waters and coast.

Men in the government surveys are by way of being year in year out heroes, though they make little splash about it. Almost every year the Coast and Geodetic Survey loses some of its men by drowning. Crocodiles snap at them, sometimes successfully. They must fight mosquitoes, fevers and on occasions superstitious natives.

The Geological Surveyors meet equal dangers: irate farmers with shotguns, moonshiners who mistake them for other kinds of G-men, snakes in their bunks, wild animals and the peril of lightning on lonely mountain peaks.

They must work in deserts where water is more priceless than food and it is almost impossible to wash or shave for the alkali. They pitch their tents on ice and have them covered with snow.

The work of the Geological Survey was instituted by Congress in 1879 to consolidate work then being done by a number of agencies. At that time mapmakers had a good knowledge of the Eastern Seaboard, fair knowledge of land to the Mississippi. But beyond that there were only the maps of hunters and trappers and a few scattered expeditions.

It was literally the horse and buggy era of mapmaking. Distances were measured by tying a rag to the spoke of a buggy wheel and counting its revolutions. Today stadia save old Dobbin a lot of pacing over the country. Today, too, planes drone over the United States taking pictures of the earth's surface to be put together in mosaics to form maps—a new art called photogrammetry.

The plane table, rod and chain, which the layman associates with mapmaking, will probably always be used, too, because there will always be jobs which must be done in the field. But airplane mapping is cheaper, faster and in many instances more satisfactory.

These government mapmakers are part and parcel of what little frontier is left today. Their humor is that of frontiersmen and they cherish their legends long after they have exchanged field work for executive desks in Washington.

There is the authenticated case of Lieutenant Jack Bond who, while attached to the survey ship *Marinduque* some ten years ago, was bitten by a crocodile and a tanghini the same summer. The crocodile bit Bond as he stood on the deck of a launch, several feet above the waterline. Fortunately it got a mouthful of iron stanchion, beside which Bond was standing, at the same time it got his leg and had to spit them both out. Bond escaped with a broken leg rather than being pulled into the water for a crocodile snack.

This was remarkable, but the tanghini episode was unique. Somebody on the *Marinduque* caught a fish one afternoon and put it on ice. Hours later, after dinner, the boys got to arguing, after the immemorial fashion of those who go down to the sea with fish hooks, about how long the tanghini really was.

Bond got a tape measure and went to the icebox. He opened the door and was laying the tape line along the tanghini when the outraged fish, presumably dead for some hours, roused and bit him.

Instruments of beautiful precision have been developed for use in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In making a hydrographic survey, that is determining the topography of the ocean floor, it is necessary to have accurate measurement of depth and precise location of the spot where the depth was measured, allowing, of course, for tides.

The old hand-lead method of depth finding, while accurate, was slow. The lead, similar to heavy sinkers used in deep sea fishing, had a cavity filled with tallow to which sand would adhere. This was lowered on a sash-cord line with a phosphor-bronze center, marked in feet and fathoms.

In deep water this method took a lot of time and strange things sometimes happened, like the experience of Lieutenant-Commander K. T. Adams whose lead was once stopped on its way down by a fish. Adams was working in water

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1,000 to 1,500 fathoms deep and when his line stopped at 350 fathoms he thought the sea was playing tricks on him. It was. The lead showed marks of a fish's teeth and even their enamel.

Nowadays sound waves do all the work of depth finding with an instrument known as a fathometer. A sound impulse from an oscillator is sent to the bottom of the sea which echoes it back to the ship. The instrument, based on knowledge of the speed of transmission of sound in sea water, measures the elapsed time.

Another ingenious device, the sono-radio buoy, fixes the exact geographical location at which soundings are taken. It also is based on knowledge of the velocity of sound in sea water. The position of the sounding ship is determined by its distance from hydrophones suspended in sono-radio buoys placed at known positions.

To determine its position the ship drops a T. N. T. bomb, timed to explode at a depth of fifty feet. The sound waves travel through the water in all directions and the time of the explosion is recorded on a chronograph tape on the ship. When the sound impulse reaches the hydrophones on the buoys, characteristic radio signals are sent back to the ship and these are recorded on the same tape, thus measuring the time interval.

Such precision is a far cry from the Dark Ages when the Church insisted that the East, not the North, must be at the top of the map. Its reasoning was that Paradise was somewhere off to the East, just as the Garden of Eden had been. If a pilgrim kept heading due east and let his conscience be his guide, he would eventually wind up in Paradise. Everybody knew that Heaven was "up," therefore the East must be at the top of the map. Woe to the mapmaker who didn't put it there.

At the edge of the world's "plane" these early mapmakers put a terra incognita called *Chaos*, home of the quarrelsome winds and other public enemies of the day.

Order was brought out of the chaos of these early maps because it was necessary for man to conquer his world and he needed maps to do it. Maps, in whatever primitive form, must be as old as human speech. When the first men had their first vision of conquest, they drew its blueprint—perhaps in the sand. And since men, doubtless, will never have done with exploring and conquering the earth, mapping will go on —for mapping is dynamic and keeps its horizons on the jump.

The earth holds many mysteries to be explored, but certainly none more fascinating than that of the lost Continent of Atlantis, which has teased men's minds for twenty-three centuries. Was there an Atlantis?

Was there a great continent, bestriding the Atlantic and supporting a people in a high state of civilization, which in a single night of cataclysm disappeared into the jaws of a hungry ocean, leaving visible only a few of its mightiest and undigestible peaks which today we know as the Azores?

Atlantis might be dismissed as a legend, except that contemporary scientists in many fields have found what they believe are indications that such a great continent did once exist.

All these modern scientific arguments for the existence of Atlantis are marshaled by Captain Gilbert T. Rude of the Coast and Geodetic Survey in a paper presented in August to the United States Naval Institute in which he proposed that a hydrographic survey be made of the supposedly submerged continent to determine by ascertainable data once and for all whether Atlantis ever was.

A generation ago the proposal to map Atlantis would have been fantastic. Today with their modern instruments, Captain Rude believes it is an entirely feasible undertaking.

Yes, there is a war now, but wars end and knowledge goes on, and this is a treasure hunt so magnificent it forces the imagination to stop for breath.

A few years ago when Lieutenant Paul A. Smith, now chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey's Aeronautical Section, was a young sprout making charts of the China Sea coast of the Philippines, he paid a call one day on a Spanish friend, a Senor Aquila, who lived five miles inland, up the jungle locked Catagupan River, where he employed a tribe of Morros to cut ipil and narro logs.

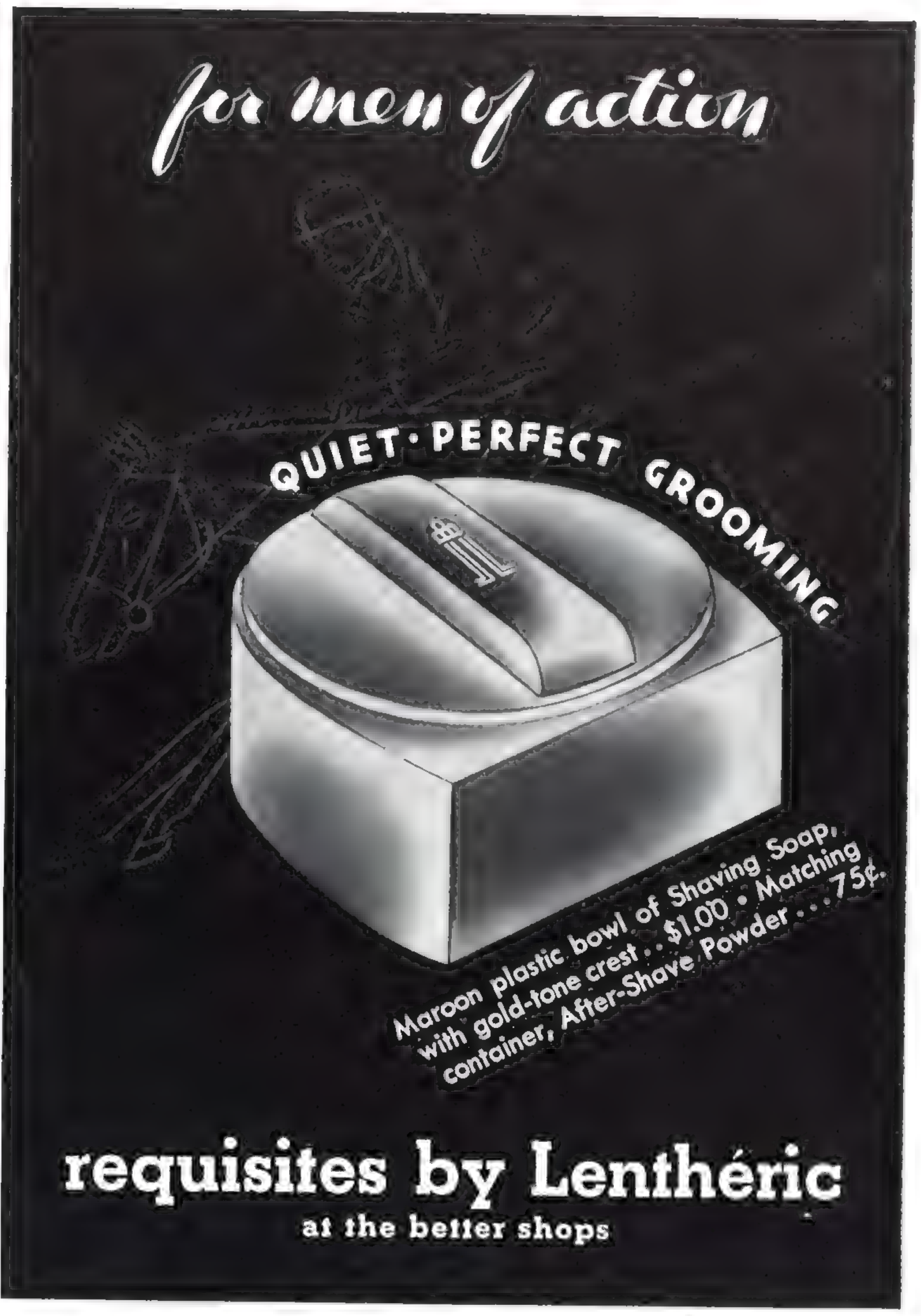
"Sitting with Aquila late one afternoon," Smith relates, "I saw the Morros gathering in a clearing near the house, apparently for some sort of meeting. I asked Aquila what was going on. He told me our survey party had aroused great wonder among the Morros who had gone to their Panglima (head man) and asked him why 'the mad Americans were trying to measure the ocean.'

"The Panglima had told them to return in a week and he would tell them. This was the occasion for his revelation. I listened carefully as the old Panglima, a skinny, half-clothed old Morro, with a fez perched precariously on his wrinkled scalp, talked to his people. I understood a little and my host translated the rest for me.

" 'Some day, many monsoons hence,' the Panglima said, 'there will come to our coast a great and wonderful ship of gold, so great that on its decks for masts and sails there will be three coconut trees in full growth. The hold will be filled with rich and beautiful treasure for us all.

" 'The mad Americans are measuring the ocean so that the golden ship will find her way through Hada, the Great Reef.' "

And so maps promise all things to all men, to each the conquest of his own particular dream; to the dictator his blitzkrieg, to the scientist new frontiers of knowledge, to the tourist in his 1941 model new horizons—and the road which goes home. ##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Adolf Dehn: Happy Artist

Continued from page 94

no less loyal to him than he to it. "It is a place to which I can always go back," he says. Around Waterville, Minnesota, in which Adolf Dehn first saw the light of day, something like forty-five years ago (November, 1895) his grandparents cut roads through the woods even before the Civil War, built as their first home a log cabin and cleared a homestead upon which they grew their subsistence. Grandparents survived at least one Indian massacre through the warning of friendly Indians who hid them until the shooting and the scalping were over.

His parents allowed Adolf to do what he wanted to do. He had the freest kind of boyhood and thrived on lack of discipline. From his father, a terror with rod and gun, he learned the pleasures of fishing and hunting. The son fished for pleasure and he fished for the market without loss of the pleasure in the fishing. His first year in art school was paid for with the proceeds of fishing and trapping during high school. He was an artist incidentally, at least during his early years. He began making sketches at the age of three. He will not pretend that art was an overwhelming passion with him even before he could recite the alphabet, but he always felt that he was going to be an artist, if he was ever going to be anything, when he grew up. At the age of nine he became the town's artist, for he exhibited an elongated drawing of a train at the Waterville Fair of 1904, and then his fate was sealed. His parents were proud of his talent. His mother wanted him to be nothing else, but his father said simply: "Do what you want to do, but remember, I warned you." The son did what he wanted to do, with no reason for regret, although he has had several occasions to remember that his father had warned him.

Before he reached the school of the Minneapolis Art Institute, he had had several lessons in oil painting with a nice maiden lady who copied old masters and thought it was a pity that so bright and promising a young talent as Dehn's should be dissipated in cartooning, the career for which Dehn was then planning. He had also taken several trial lessons in a correspondence school, but without responding to the build-up toward taking a paying course. He entered art school with a slight sense of superiority, for he was graduated from high school at the head of his class. There were thirteen others. He knew enough to smile at that, but at art school he felt himself at the foot of the class. Making still lifes and copying plaster casts wasn't fun. He was either bored or bewildered. He wanted to be a good artist, or none at all and he feared that his inability to copy meant the skids.

The girls who were studying art that year were nice, though, and he could forget his failure in several mild tumbles into what he thought were love affairs. Toward the end of his first year he went around the countryside sketching. He found himself drawn toward circuses and Wild West shows. Jess Willard was then appearing with the traveling show of the 101 Ranch. The young man drew Jess and Jess autographed the sketch Dehn's first contact with celebrity. He was moving forward even from the instructor's point of view. During the first months he was fortunate if his teachers selected just one of his drawings to put up on the wall in the occasional exhibitions of students' work. His sketching expeditions freed his style from the painful tightening of manner imposed by the requirement of slavish copying and showed even his instructors where his direction lay. In the show of student work that closed Dehn's first year, teachers selected twenty-one of his drawings to exhibit, the all-time high short of a one-man show in a sizable gallery. This was much more than the pat on the back of the head that he required from his nominal superiors in the world of art. He was getting along.

Fishing and trapping had paid for his first year in art school. During the summers of the following years (1914-17) he took care of furnaces, beat carpets, fished in the lakes, carpentered at Waterville and helped paint church decorations at St. Paul. He worked at these jobs without grinding his jaws together. All this was fun, it was part of the game, and he was young and the practice of art was a joy. Those years at the Institute were particularly lively, even invigorating. They were the years in which the Institute had its most intense and luscious flowering. Fellow students who were to make their mark in painting and sculpture, art and illustration included Wanda Gag, Arnold Blanch, Lucile Blanch, Harry Gottlieb, Elizabeth Olds, John Flanagan and Dewey Albinson. In 1917 Dehn was one of the ten students throughout the United States to win a scholarship to the Art Students League in New York. Never before had a Minneapolis Institute student won such a prize. That year two went forth to New York on League scholarships. The other was Wanda Gag.

Dehn arrived in the metropolis with only his tuition assured. For living expenses he had to forage for himself. The fishing that summer had been bad so that when he arrived he had only $32.10, a rather meager fund with which to storm the citadel. At the League the instructor whom he preferred was John Sloan, but he had to give him up because Sloan was teaching nights and the student had to take a night job as a burglar alarm watchman. Dehn was then, as now, a broad-shouldered specimen of Midwestern humanity, and the sight of him might have frightened a burglar, but he never saw a bur-

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glar and he was in constant dread that he might some day trip over one. He was on duty from six in the evening until ten, and then again from six in the morning until eight, after which he went to school. He covered the extensive district from Washington Square to Twenty-third Street. His duty was to rush to any building from which an alarm had been communicated, wait outside until an inspector arrived and then walk up with him to the floor from which the alarm had come. He has had to climb as many as twenty flights but most of the time he could stay at his studio, read, sketch and even doze off in his clothes in order that he might be ready for immediate action in case the telephone awoke him.

In the meantime there was art, for whose sake he was allowing himself to be jangled into occasional consciousness of burglary, if not of burglars. Like other art students of his age, he had begun with the popular gods of the magazines—the illustrators, Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher and James Montgomery Flagg. It was in Minneapolis that he saw the first Impressionist paintings, and more of them in black and white reproduction. Although the typical Midwest art teacher was likely to be a deadly Academician who had forgotten nothing that he had learned in, or from, Munich, Dehn's fellow-students were alive to the new winds that were blowing across the somewhat stagnant pool of art. Some of them may have heard about the French moderns, the returners to the primitive and abstract values of art.

This receptivity to new values was involved with political rebellion, or, at least, readiness toward rebellion. It was in Minneapolis that Dehn had discovered *The Masses*, its politics as well as its art. In its pages he discovered Sloan, Bellows, Henri, but particularly Boardman Robinson, whose work and personality as man and artist influenced him most profoundly. Robinson seems to have exerted that kind of pressure on a whole generation, and that without creating a considerable body of work that could speak for him by itself. Robinson is one of the few artists in America who has made his impact upon the minds of young art students without being himself either a painter or a sculptor—just as a draughtsman, illustrator and cartoonist.

It was in black and white alone, in drawings and in lithographs that Dehn was to earn his spurs in art and achieve identity as an individual, long before he had decided to add the string of color to his bow. At any event, it was from Minneapolis that Dehn attempted to break into his particular Valhalla. In the spring of 1917 he sent a batch of drawings to *The Masses* and the editors accepted, and printed, the one that was non-political. It was inexpedient to use political drawings by a man with a German name. The publication of this drawing made Dehn inexpressibly happy. Then when he arrived in New York he became acquainted with *The Masses* group, which meant that he actually looked upon and heard the voices of these almost legendary people.

The young are supposed to be radical, but Dehn came logically by his political convictions. He grew up in the tradition of Christian Socialism. His family might be described as Utopian Socialist. It is probable that the Dehns who left Germany around 1850 were left of the center occupied by the Kaiser. When a boy grows up with the *Appeal to Reason* and other such pacifist, radical publications around the house, it isn't hard to see in what direction he is being conditioned. It isn't such a long step to *The Masses*. When America entered the war and Adolf Dehn was drafted, he declared himself a conscientious objector to the waging of war. At the camp at Spartanburg, South Carolina, he spent four months in the guardhouse. Let others welch in their resolution, he had to go through with the logical consequences of his decision. He had to go through with this if only to prove himself to himself. He had to prove that he could stand by some things; if he couldn't do it this time he might never be able to do it. He suffered hell, not because of the conditions of his confinement, but because of the words in which the soldiers with whom he had to share his meals framed their contempt for this yellow-bellied so and so. Nevertheless, he was not unfortunate. Some of his friends were sent to Leavenworth—and it was a matter of luck who went, or, rather, who did not go. Following the Armistice he volunteered for non-military duty at a reconstruction hospital at Asheville, North Carolina, where for eight months he taught drawing and painting to tubercular soldiers.

In 1919 he returned to New York and renewed the battle to make a living. He went back on the burglar alarm job, painted signs and lampshades, made batiks and designs for petit point and gros point, worked with a decorating firm and ran errands. On his own, he was making sketches and experimenting with the medium of lithography. Around 1921, at a group show organized by Robinson, Dehn exhibited his first three lithographs. Carl Zigrosser saw them, liked them, met the artist and has since remained his loyal friend and constant dealer and admirer. Arthur B. Davies bought Dehn's first exhibited drawing. He made drawings for the old *Judge* and for *The Dial* and covers for *The Liberator*, successor to *The Masses*. The artist was growing and opportunities were expanding.

In 1921 he went abroad, arriving in Vienna with two hundred dollars of good American money, a sum on which he was enabled to live for six months. Inflation was an ill wind that blew Dehn and several other Americans considerable good. He remained abroad for two years and eight months,

Continued on page 164

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Adolf Dehn: Happy Artist

Continued from pages 94-163

returned to America for a visit and came again to stay for three years. During the decade of the twenties, Dehn estimates that he lived abroad for seven and a half years, the rest of the time being spent in ocean crossings both ways and in stops in New York and visits to Waterville. In 1923 the Weyhe Gallery gave Dehn his first one-man show, and it was successful. The influence of Robinson was giving way to that of the Europeans, Grosz, Pascin and Picasso, until he had developed an individual style, especially in caricature, that never could have been developed on the American plains. The reproduced water color, *Easter Parade*, Fifth Avenue, is typical of the style by which the work of Dehn has been identified.

Except for the memories of Minnesota and of Waterville, Dehn almost became a European. He might have completed the migratory circle begun by his grandparents, but with the difference that he would be a bi- or trilingual cosmopolitan. Not only did he earn his livelihood in Europe by drawing for American publications and selling lithographs to American collectors, but he contributed sketches also to such Viennese publications as *Jugend* and *Querschnitt* and sold drawings also to Europeans. Within the golden decade many of his lithographs were acquired for the print cabinets of the leading museums on the Continent.

Neither glutton for fame nor avid for fortune, he worked in order that he might live, live decently, pleasurably, leisurely; he did not live in order that he might only work. An arrangement whereby six weeks of industry for an American publication could purchase twelve months of living was nice while it lasted, but it didn't last. The depression, that re-organizer and disorganizer of so many lives, had come along. Collectors bought infrequently, if at all, and Adolf Dehn turned back on his tracks and returned, for keeps, to America.

I think that it can be said that the depression made Dehn a water colorist. Although it is true that, up to about 1937, he was probably the most distinguished American artist to be sustained by his efforts in black and white, the law of diminishing returns for virtually all American print makers began operating shortly after 1930. For a time Dehn seemed to beat that law by broadening the base of his public through the organization of five-dollar print clubs, but the returns declined from year to year. He illustrated several books, and for magazines—*Vanity Fair*, *Fortune*, *Stage*, *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*—designed Christmas cards; turned his gifts in whichever direction there was a call for them, but he had to face the fact that people wanted color in their art and that they preferred art that was one of a kind, not one of a hundred impressions from an etched or engraved surface on wood, stone or copper. A turn of luck had given him a European trip, perhaps his last, the Summer and Fall of 1936, but he knew it was only a turn of luck.

Late that fall, in his studio overlooking Stuyvesant Park, he painted his first water color. He continued water coloring through that fall and winter, between lithographs and magazine jobs. He threw away the bad ones but there were enough good ones to encourage him to go on. Late that year he showed his first water color at the American Group exhibition. The second to be shown, *The Great God Pan*, appeared in the Artists' Congress Show of 1937 and was purchased. It was a typical Dehn, in color. It represented a group of nuns painting demurely in the open air, their backs to a pool in which the great god was disporting himself. In a companion piece Dehn showed a group of painting monks similarly indifferent to a coy nude in the same pool. His first one-man show of water colors in the spring of 1938 was a success. The people who wanted color were getting it. Since that date he has painted three other one-man shows and he has demonstrated remarkable facility in the medium. Within one three and a half months period he has painted enough water colors for two full exhibitions, in addition to incidental items, besides doing a lot of other things and maintaining a full social schedule.

Life still has several rewards remaining for Dehn. The realized dreams did not all end with the 'twenties. During the last six months of 1939 a Guggenheim fellowship gave him the time of his life in the discovery of Mexico and the Far West. For fun and for painting he drove seventeen thousand miles through Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, California, Louisiana. There were five glorious weeks in Mexico, a flying trip to New Orleans and six weeks at Colorado Springs—the whole a period of tremendous excitement in the presence of mountain, desert and sky. He sketched endlessly, later developing his notes into finished pictures and returned to New York refreshed and invigorated with material sufficient for a first-rate water color display. Within six weeks, three museums—the Metropolitan, the Modern and the Brooklyn—bought water colors. Collectors came back for more. However, Dehn is looking forward to his next step. He plans the making of bigger pictures in a heavier medium, oil paints on canvas or egg tempera on gesso panels, a plan which is important chiefly because it is expressive of an intention to continue his life in art, to grow, to develop. His heart is younger than his years, a quality good for the art as well as the artist. ⧻

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The Ghost Town of Rhyolite

Continued from page 34

coyotes within another three or four years—and yet that is what happened.

Nor did development stop with half a dozen substantial office buildings. There was a residential district known as Nob Hill—after San Francisco, of course. And the residence of Dr. Edward Grigsby, with its white adobe arches on Golden Street, was one of the mansions of the town. And on Broadway and Amargosa Street was the night life of the city, and this section never went to bed. There was the usual gambling, drinking, and prostitution, with girls imported from San Francisco's Barbary Coast. Two of the leading gambling houses were the Combination and the Sixty-Six. And one of the most colorful was the Louvre, run by a woman who seemed to think the Louvre in Paris was Europe's finest gambling casino and named her establishment in its honor. When somebody tried to enlighten her, she called a bouncer, and had the objectionable critic thrown out with "That will teach you to insult a lady!"

A brief sketch of the development of Rhyolite's educational facilities will give an indication of the scrambled and impetuous fashion in which things were done.

When the town was only a matter of hours old in 1905, a mass meeting was held out of which some sort of municipal organization was supposed to emerge. Sam Lindsay presided and governing committees on water, mining, roads, and claim jumping were appointed. Before the business on the agenda was completed a miner rose and said, "Look here, Chairman, I got three kids as wild as burros. I want a school." A motion was at once made and seconded that Rhyolite set up a school system, and the miner who had suggested it—(he had the only three children in Rhyolite at the time)—a man named Smith—was made the school committee with "full power to act." Mr. Smith went to San Francisco and ordered $650 worth of school equipment, everything from a dunce cap to a flag, and had the stuff billed to the City of Rhyolite and shipped C.O.D.

Six weeks later a freight team arrived from Las Vegas, 125 miles away, with the school equipment and a hauling fee of $378 in addition to the $650. There was no such thing as a school fund, but rather than lose the equipment, two enterprising citizens put notes in the bank and the freighter unloaded the stuff on the desert and went away. Then everybody realized that there was no school building to put all these supplies into, and the education-conscious Mr. Smith had long since moved with his three children to Oregon.

Three other public spirited citizens put up a thousand dollars (by this time there were about forty children of school age) to buy lumber to build a school-house, and charities and sociables were held to raise school money. It was well into 1906 before the school was ready. There was a building, it was equipped, there were now about two hundred children, so let the school-house bell ring! Then there was one more delay. Nobody had thought to hire a teacher.

So there were more solicitations and public donations and a young lady named Miss Presser got the job as faculty of the Rhyolite public school. People were still streaming into the Bullfrog district and within six months there were at least four hundred children of school age. The town was booming so fast that it would surely have a population of 25,000 by 1910. Already more than $3,000,000 had been taken from the mines, and sacked ore and bullion were accumulating faster than they could be carried to the mint in San Francisco. What Rhyolite needed was to float an issue of school bonds. This city was rapidly becoming a metropolis. The first of two railroads had arrived (the Las Vegas & Tonopah, connecting with the Union Pacific, with service beginning on December 14, 1906); one of the finest depots in Nevada had been built; the first automobiles were chugging in over seemingly impossible desert roads—this was destined to be one of the greatest cities west of Chicago—and any school building costing less than twenty thousand dollars was unthinkable. So the bonds were issued and placed with a Chicago firm and sold, and by 1907 there was $20,000 on deposit with the Nye County treasury to the credit of the Rhyolite public school system. Thus the miner named Smith had really started something. And so high was enthusiasm for the city's future that those school bonds sold *above* par.

But sweeping down on Rhyolite with the fury of a hurricane came the panic of 1907. The school was under construction when the first economic ill-wind was felt. Everybody laughed at it. Stop Rhyolite? You couldn't stop this town short of having the sun go dead. Why, the place was literally *sitting* on gold. Bring on your depression—we'll make it look sick. Let's see: we'll need fifteen teachers, a principal, and a vice-principal. Next year we'll have to double that number. What's that? Market crashed again in New York? What of it? We open our *own* stock market next month. See that new building on Golden Street—well, that's the Rhyolite Stock Exchange. Across the street is the opera house. It'll cost well over three hundred thousand dollars. We want Caruso.

Late in 1907 Rhyolite began to feel the pinch from the world beyond the Amargosa desert. No more money was being poured in. External curtailing of money meant a slight fall in the enthusiasm-level of Rhyolite citizens. Things were no longer pyramiding, rather, there

Continued on page 166

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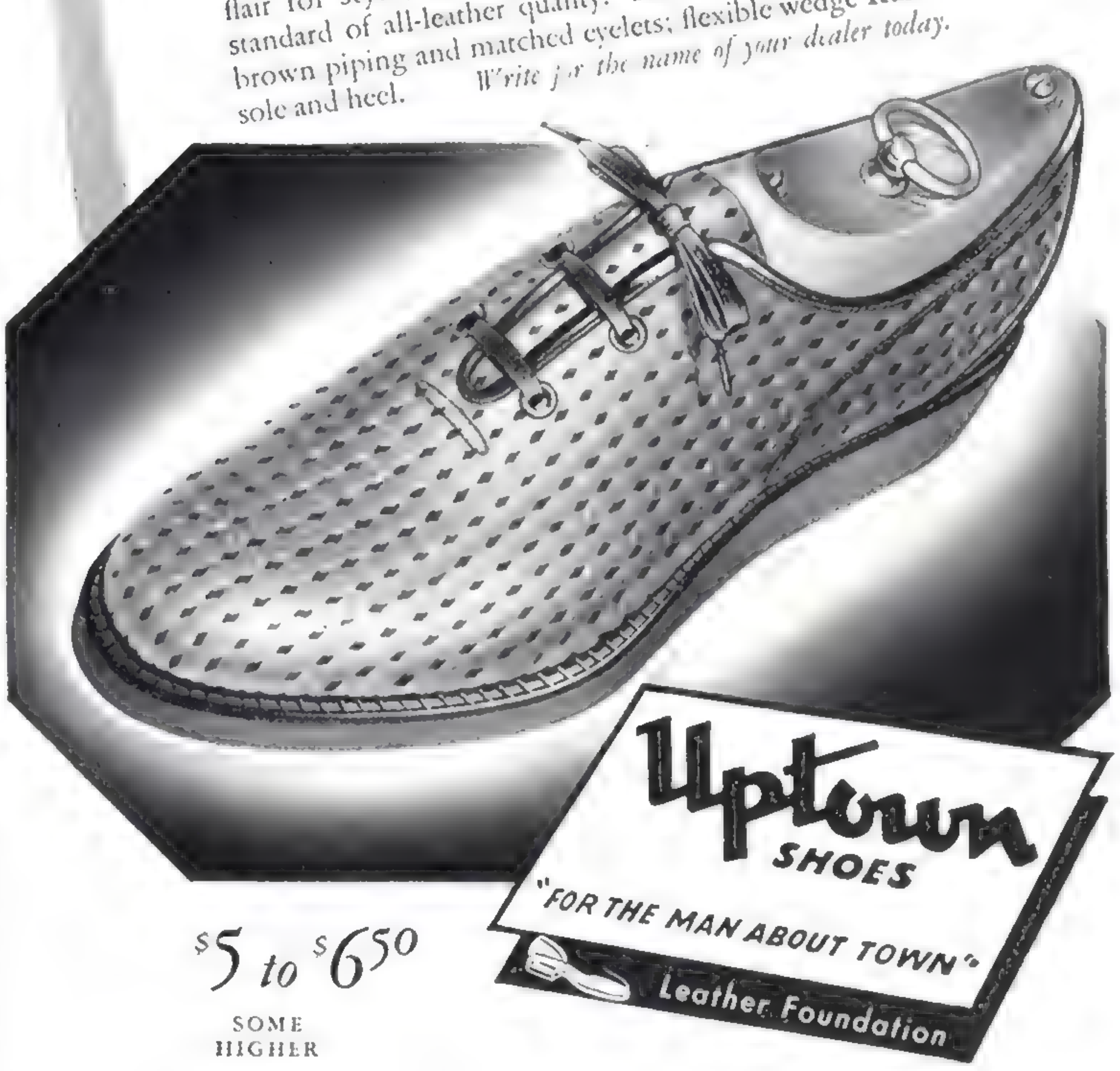

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That last suit of clothes you bought . . . did the tailor "kid" you a little as he let out the vest? That little bulge in your waistline can ruin the fit of your clothes, make you look older—even have an effect on how you feel.

To get that *trim, athletic, successful look,* brace up with the Bracer. This perfectly styled, tailored to fit Bauer & Black garment is knit of Lastex yarn . . . has two way stretch. No roll—four removable stays at top. Soft, roomy fly-front pouch. For extra support, extra coolness, try the Bracer Royal. At department, drug, men's apparel and surgical stores.

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The Ghost Town of Rhyolite

Continued from pages 34-165

was a levelling-off process. Still it was nothing to be alarmed about. Economic cycles were natural. As soon as this one had run its course, Rhyolite would be in the midst of a second boom. There was talk of a racetrack—the sport of kings—and somebody had a wild idea that some day there might be an automobile highway from coast to coast. That was fantastic, but nevertheless, it *could* happen, and if it did, Rhyolite was to be on the main road.

Then, in 1908 a very nasty and somehow persistent rumor—utterly without anything to back it up, of course—went around that some of the ore veins were not looking quite as good as they had a year or two ago. Oh, they weren't out. But some damned fool alarmists had gossiped to that effect, and by word of mouth an insidious whispering campaign had it that the town was due for an awful shock. Some people were so foolish as to believe all that nonsense and were packing up and getting out. Let 'em go. Good thing. This is no place for rabbits. Any town that has boomed the way this one has is here to stay. Why, look at the new schoolhouse, look at the First National Bank building, the Overbury building, the Gorrill building the stock exch— (no, that was not finished yet)—the opera house no—no—the opera house had been postponed temporarily. Next year. But great Scot, any town with permanent concrete buildings and two railroads serving it and more ore mills than you can count is here to *stay.*

To inculcate this message the *Rhyolite Herald* printed an article in 1909 which was written to tell the facts. There was no reason to wonder about the future. Here were some figures for the timid to study. Read this and judge for yourself. Figures don't lie.

"Mid-winter, 1909, four years after the Bullfrog excitement started, finds the district enjoying the greatest prosperity in its history from a standpoint of ore production and mine development. During the year 1908, the district marketed close to one million dollars' worth of gold-silver ores and bullion, and this was the first year that conditions had been favorable for production. The Montgomery mill was working steadily during the year, treating from 4,000 to 5,500 tons of ore each month, while the Keane Wonder 20-stamp mill treated in the neighborhood of 1,800 tons per month. The 25-stamp mill on the Homestake-King, which went into commission in mid-summer, treated as high as 1,800 tons a month although this average was not maintained. Together with the Bullfrog Pioneer mill, which was in commission a short time, the four company plants worked close to 10,000 tons of ore in October. The Shoshone, Keane Wonder and Homestake-King mills are expected to maintain an average of 10,000 tons per month during this year.

"In addition to the ore treated by the local company plants, direct shipments were made from the Diamond Queen, Bullfrog Pioneer, Tramp Consolidated, Bullfrog National Bank, Diamond Consolidated, Capricorn, Little Lee and Bullfrog West Extension, bringing the total production, according to the best information obtainable, above the $900,000 mark.

"The outlook for a large production during the year 1909 is flattering in the extreme, and it is believed by many that the year's production will not fall short of two million dollars and perhaps reach much higher."

It was all very impressive, but it was whistling in the dark. In 1910 the Montgomery Shoshone Mining Company announced that it would drill no farther. The ore veins weren't worth it. That was the death blow for Rhyolite. If the great Montgomery Shoshone had petered out, all of the others must be failing, too. That persistent rumor—it was true? There wasn't enough gold-bearing ore left to make it worth the expense of mining it? Why, that's impossible! Then how about silver? Try mining for silver! You mean there isn't enough silver to assay? Gamblers are leaving? The Sixty-Six and the Louvre are closing? What of it—good riddance. The Bullfrog Bank is closing! Well—the First National Bank of Rhyolite is still here. But it may move to Las Vegas? . . . Why, that couldn't be! Let's re-organize—re-incorporate—borrow some money!

And so, fighting to the last, Rhyolite died in 1911. Toward the end people poured out as fast as they had poured in. The desert was slowly creeping in on the town and choking it. A house sagged. The wind tore a door off. The people who remained moved into one section of the town in order to be together. One by one the various business enterprises quit. The twenty thousand dollar school—well, only one room of the building was used now. There were only eighteen pupils left. No use trying to use *all* the rooms, was there? Sure, one teacher was all that was needed. Why have two? The owner of the *Rhyolite Herald* ceased publication. The press was loaded on a freight car and hauled away and the publisher took the next train—the last Pullman car to leave the depot.

And then, suddenly, over night, came rigor mortis. Quietly, family by family, one by one, the last of the citizens of Rhyolite left the body on the desert. And as they left none looked back.

Walls crumbled, windows were smashed, sand drifted through the buildings, the roof of the $90,000 Cook Building collapsed, leaving the walls a shell, adobe buildings wore down to the desert sand, frame buildings collapsed and rotted, coyotes bayed at the moon

Beautiful

FIGURES

Beautiful figures are no exception in Miami . . . they adorn its beaches the year around . . . but the "beautiful" figure to which we have reference is presented by The Miami Herald in its year around circulation in city zone territory of more than 90%!

That Miami is growing at a phenomenal rate and The Herald keeping abreast of it, is attested by the fact that in the short span of two years The Herald's summer city zone circulation exceeded its winter city zone circulation of 1938. This also proves that Miami has come into its own as a summer market.

Advertisers will be wise to present their spring and summer campaigns to the rich Miami market through the columns of The Miami Herald.

The Miami Herald

STORY, BROOKS & FINLEY
National Representatives

from Golden Street, and the cribs of the red light district housed a family of gophers.

A day went by and not a human being stirred on the empty streets. Then a week—then a month.

Then there was some activity. It was a salvage train crew. Mexican laborers took up the rails, and the ties were piled in stacks until somebody might be found who would want to buy them for firewood. The signal tower was dismantled. And slowly, taking its rails with it, the last train to Rhyolite left for the last time.

Then six months went by.

And at last a figure moved up from the Amargosa desert. He looked around, confused perhaps, but unconcerned. For this was Shoshone Johnny, the Indian, and to him the ways of the white men were always an enigma. First there had been desert—then all that excitement—and now it was desert again. That seemed quite just to Shoshone Johnny. He almost smiled. And well he might, for it was Shoshone Johnny who had discovered the untold millions in the Shoshone Mine at just about the time Shorty Harris was selling out for $800 at Tonopah. A white man named Bob Montgomery had given Shoshone Johnny a new pair of overalls and Johnny put his mark on a piece of paper. That meant that the overalls belonged to Johnny and the mine belonged to the white man. Fair enough. Almost at once Shoshone Johnny's bartered claim became the great Shoshone Montgomery Mining Company, producing nearly a million dollars a year for five years. With his new overalls Johnny had returned to his home in Death Valley. That had been six years ago. And he had come back to look at this white man's place. Johnny still wore the overalls—but the white man had long since gone.

And so, from 1911 to 1940, the flesh rotted away and the bleached bones of the dead town lay in the sagebrush and the greasewood. An occasional prospector might come by, but yearly there was less evidence to prove this had been a town of 12,000. The population stayed at zero for many a year.

Then, west of the skeleton, in California, Death Valley began to attract tourists. The old names such as Bad Water and Furnace Creek and Stovepipe Wells were maintained, and resort names were added such as "the gnome's workshop," and "artist's drive," and "the Devil's golf course," which must have surprised the leading citizen of the valley who had been there many a long year without ever seeing a gnome at work or an artist driving or the Devil playing golf. He was Mr. Walter Scott, better known as Death Valley Scotty. But the treacherous roads were improved and graded and finally oiled, and among other features to see at Death Valley were the nearby ghost towns. The best was one called Rhyolite over the Daylight Pass in Nevada.

So one or two residents appeared in Rhyolite, and the first of these was Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy rebuilt a little house at what was the site of the original camp of Bullfrog and since the early nineteen thirties Mr. Murphy has lived in it. He is a man of painstaking and meticulous nature, and he has created a little souvenir garden of rocks and cactus and sun-purpled glass and trinkets and gewgaws and an occasional animal skull or two. Mr. Murphy has done this with something akin to loving care, and he will be happy to talk to you about Rhyolite and the whole Bullfrog district and to point out whatever objects of interest yet remain. He looks upon the mute evidence of what was a town with a paternalistic fondness, as a self-appointed caretaker might view the shambles of a long-abandoned graveyard.

Not far from Mr. Murphy's residence is the bottle house. So many bottles were tossed away as "dead soldiers" in Rhyolite that an entire house was made of some of them. They are mostly beer bottles laid on their sides and set in clay and they seem to have made an enduring edifice indeed. Like Mr. Murphy's house, the bottle house is run by a contemporary, a Mr. Johnson, who has made of it something of a museum and who has collected varieties of ore and arrowheads and bits here and there of the town's former life, to say nothing, of course, of bottles. The degree of alcoholic thirst of the first settlers is perhaps best illustrated by the fate of the first wagon-load of whiskey dispatched from Goldfield to the new Bullfrog camp in 1905. When the local residents heard that it was coming they couldn't even wait for it. They hurried to meet it, swarmed over the astonished driver, bought every bottle he had on board, paid for it with cash and with pure gold in proportion to whatever they thought was fair at the moment, and consumed every drop of the entire wagon-load on the spot.

Farther toward what was once the down town district are the crumbling remains of the walls of the Cook Building, the Overbury Building, the doctor's residence and others. But the best preserved of any of old Rhyolite is the railroad station. It has endured the exposure of thirty-odd desert years with remarkable stoicism, and looks today almost exactly as it looked when the first train steamed in and the last train pulled out.

In 1938 Mr. Westmoreland outdid Mr. Murphy and Mr. Johnson because Mr. Westmoreland bought the entire town, lock, stock and barrel, at auction in bankruptcy. What Mr. Westmoreland found of chief interest and value was the old railroad station. And he has converted this depot into a saloon and gambling casino.

So Mr. Murphy has the garden.

Mr. Johnson has the museum.

And Mr. Westmoreland has the counterpart of the old Combination, the Sixty-Six, the Louvre, in his depot gambling hall—the ideal place, he says, to play *Chemin de fer*.

And that's Rhyolite today. ##

Sam made the Crew —but missed the boat!

AS VARSITY STROKE, Sam set the Hudson on fire. But at the fraternity parties and dances Sam never went over. Socially and later in business—Sam just couldn't seem to make the grade.

EVERYONE EXPECTS ATHLETES to wear sweat shirts for athletics. But Sam wore them everywhere—to dinners, dates and business. (Every shirt's a sweat shirt when a man neglects preventing underarm odor.) So the lady whispered—

SHE SAID—
"TELL THAT TARZAN, A SHOWER ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION —MUM PREVENTS RISK OF FUTURE UNDERARM ODOR"

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT for Sam now—with *Mum.* People like him. He always had brains and ability—Mum let him capitalize on them. Underarm odor dims many a bright future—unless a man plays safe—*with Mum.*

- PLAY SAFE socially and in business against underarm odor. The tragedy is it's so easy a fault to detect in others, so difficult to detect in yourself. A quick dab under each arm after your shower—takes 30 seconds—prevents underarm odor all day or evening. Harmless to skin or clothing—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Pat Hobby's College Days

Continued from page 55

I thought was maybe I could have a spiel with you. We could go somewhere and hoist one."

"Afraid not," said Doolan jovially, "If those smarties smelt liquor on me—Boy! Come on over to the meeting—somebody's been getting away with watches and jewelry on the campus and we're sure it's a student."

Mr. Kresge, having played his role, got up to leave.

"Like something good for the fifth tomorrow?"

"Not me," said Mr. Doolan.

"You, Mr. Hobby?"

"Not me," said Pat.

IV

Ending their alliance with the underworld, Pat Hobby and Superintendent Doolan walked down the corridor of the Administration Building. Outside the Dean's office Doolan said:

"As soon as I can, I'll bring you in and introduce you."

As an accredited representative neither of Jack Berners' nor of the studio, Pat waited with a certain *malaise*. He did not look forward to confronting a group of highbrows but he remembered that he bore an humble but warming piece of merchandise in his threadbare overcoat. The Dean's assistant had left her desk to take notes at the conference so he repleted his calories with a long, gagging draught.

In a moment, there was a responsive glow and he settled down in his chair, his eye fixed on the door marked:

SAMUEL K. WISKITH
DEAN OF THE STUDENT BODY

It might be a somewhat formidable encounter.

. . . but why? They were stuffed shirts—everybody knew that. They had college degrees but they could be bought. If they'd play ball with the studio they'd get a lot of good publicity for U.W.C. And that meant bigger salaries for them, didn't it, and more jack?

The door to the conference room opened and closed tentatively. No one came out but Pat sat up and readied himself. Representing the fourth biggest industry in America, or *al*most representing it, he must not let a bunch of highbrows stare him down. He was not without an inside view of higher education—in his early youth he had once been the "Buttons" in the D.K.E. House at the University of Pennsylvania. And with encouraging chauvinism he assured himself that Pennsylvania had it over this pioneer enterprise like a tent.

The door opened—a flustered young man with beads of sweat on his forehead came tearing out, tore through—and disappeared. Mr. Doolan stood calmly in the doorway.

"All right, Mr. Hobby," he said.

Nothing to be scared of. Memories of old college days continued to flood over Pat as he walked in. And instantaneously, as the juice of confidence flowed through his system, he had his idea. . . .

". . . it's more of a realistic idea," he was saying five minutes later, "Understand?"

Dean Wiskith, a tall, pale man with an earphone, seemed to understand—if not exactly to approve. Pat hammered in his point again.

"It's up-to-the-minute," he said patiently, "What we call 'a topical.' You admit that young squirt who went out of here was stealing watches, don't you?"

The faculty committee, all except Doolan, exchanged glances, but no one interrupted.

"There you are," went on Pat triumphantly, "You turn him in to the newspapers. But here's the twist. In the Picture we make it turns out he steals the watches to support his young *bro*ther—and his young brother is the mainstay of the football team! He's the climax runner. We probably try to borrow Tyrone Power but we use one of *your* players as a double."

Pat paused, trying to think of everything.

"—of course, we've got to release it in the southern states, so it's got to be one of your players that's white."

There was an unquiet pause. Mr. Doolan came to his rescue.

"Not a bad idea," he suggested.

"It's an appalling idea," broke out Dean Wiskith, "It's—"

Doolan's face tightened slowly.

"Wait a minute," he said, "Who's telling *who* around here? You listen to *him!*"

The Dean's assistant, who had recently vanished from the room at the call of a buzzer, had reappeared and was whispering in the Dean's ear. The latter started.

"Just a minute, Mr. Doolan," he said. He turned to the other members of the committee.

"The proctor has a disciplinary case outside and he can't legally hold the offender. Can we settle it first? And then get back to this—" He glared at Mr. Doolan, "—to this pre*pos*terous idea?"

At his nod the assistant opened the door.

This proctor, thought Pat, ranging back to his days on the vine-clad, leafy campus, looked like all proctors, an intimidated cop, a scarcely civilized beast of prey.

"Gentlemen," the proctor said, with delicately modulated respect, "I've got something that can't be explained away." He shook his head, puzzled, and then continued: "I know it's all wrong—but *I* can't seem to get to the point of it. I'd like to turn it over to *you* —I'll just show you the evidence and the offender . . . Come in, you."

As Evylyn Lascalles entered, followed shortly by a big clinking pillow cover which the proctor deposited beside her, Pat thought once more of the elm-covered campus of the University of Pennsylvania. He wished passionately that he were there. He wished it

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A rugged goatskin is Evans Brogandi . . . soft and kind to the foot. It adds to the comfort and flexibility of this shoe . . . styled by Freeman of Beloit, Wisconsin. Brogandi is an exclusive Evans tannage.

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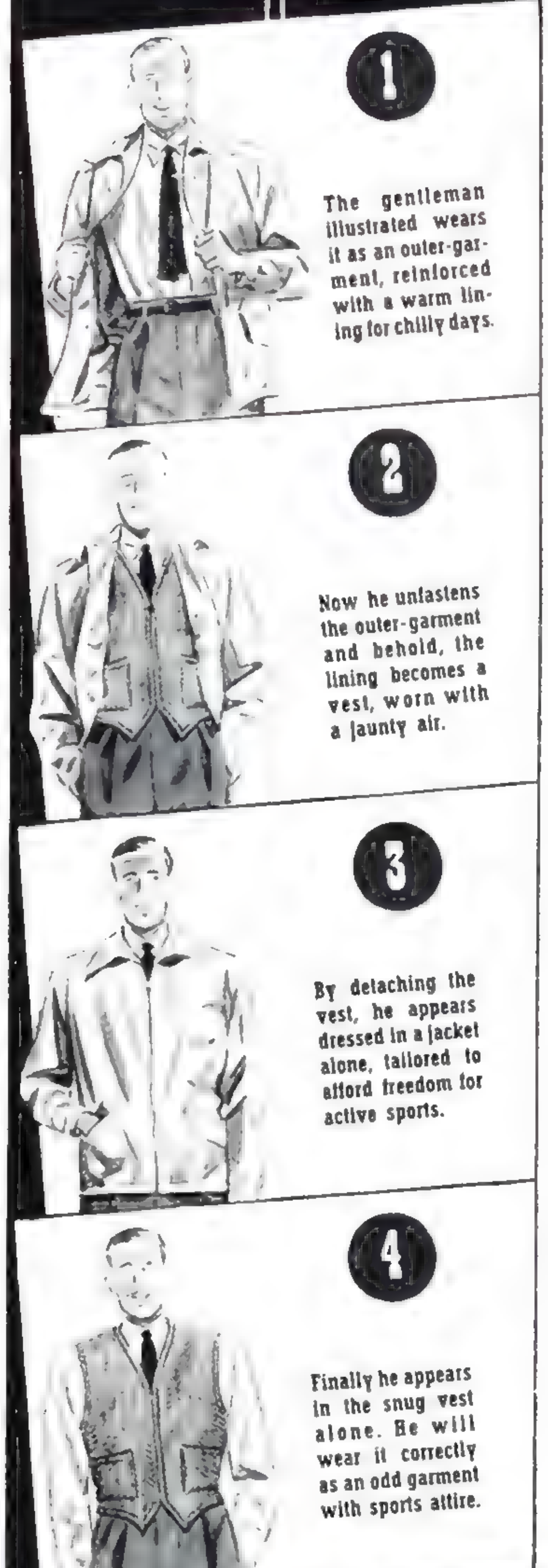

1 The gentleman illustrated wears it as an outer-garment, reinforced with a warm lining for chilly days.

2 Now he unfastens the outer-garment and behold, the lining becomes a vest, worn with a jaunty air.

3 By detaching the vest, he appears dressed in a jacket alone, tailored to afford freedom for active sports.

4 Finally he appears in the snug vest alone. He will wear it correctly as an odd garment with sports attire.

IT'S a smart √EESLEE√ jacket you'll wear all year 'round. The fabric is Zelan processed—wind resistant, water repellent, easy to clean. The CONMAR Zipper is guaranteed for the life of the garment. At leading stores . . . $10

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CONGRESS SHIRT CO., 141 ESSEX ST., BOSTON

more than anything in the world. Next to that he wished that Doolan's back, behind which he tried to hide by a shifting of his chair, were broader still.

But Evylyn Lascalles had seen him. And:

"There you are!" she cried gratefully, "Oh, Mr. Hobby—Thank God! I couldn't get rid of them—and I couldn't take them home—my mother would kill me. So I came here to find you—and this man peeked into the back seat of my car!"

"What's in that sack?" demanded Dean Wiskith, "Bombs? What?"

Seconds before the proctor had picked up the sack and bounced it on the floor, so that it gave out a clear unmistakable sound, Pat could have told them. There were dead soldiers—pints, half-pints, quarts—the evidence of four strained weeks at two-fifty—empty bottles collected from his office drawers. Since his contract was up tomorrow he had thought it best not to leave such witnesses behind.

Seeking for escape his mind reached back for the last time to those careless days of fetch and carry at the University of Pennsylvania.

"I'll take it," he said rising.

Slinging the sack over his shoulder, he faced the faculty committee and said surprisingly:

"Think it over."

V

"We did," Mr. Doolan told his wife that night. "But we never made head nor tail of it."

"It's kind of spooky," said Mrs. Doolan, "I hope I don't dream tonight. The poor man with that sack! I keep thinking he'll be down in purgatory—and they'll make him carve a ship in *every one* of those bottles—before he can go to heaven."

"Don't!" said Doolan quickly, "You'll have *me* dreaming. There were plenty bottles." #

The Genial Governor of Judea

Continued from page 53

contempt. "Their legs are thick and their arms are round and their lips are full and the smell of milk and grape are in their coarse garments."

These words brought more laughter. Jerusalem girls felt themselves much superior, for they spoke their Aramaic with a quicker tongue and they had smart little words which meant things that, living in the country, one would not know about. Also, they wore ribbons in their hair in the fashion of the cultured Greek and Roman ladies and they frizzled their curls with hot irons and arranged them in high banks, also after the European style. And some used Egyptian blue eye kohl on their lashes and lids and all had little tweezers at home to extract those extra hairs from the brows and cheeks. All this made them feel superior and that is why they laughed at the mention of a country girl.

By this time Lazarus had reached the side gate of the palace of Herod, for this was the gate which led directly to the tower in which Pontius Pilate had his private quarters. Two servants came forward to lead away the horses and Lazarus went directly below to the bath and pool to wash and brush the dust from his clothes.

Pilate could not wait for him to emerge but came into the marble bath hall to greet Lazarus.

"At last! At last!" he exclaimed.

"Here I am," said Lazarus.

"So I see. And the horses?"

"I brought them along."

"How many did you bring?"

"Four."

"Only four? I thought you said you had ten in your stable."

"That is true. We do have ten. But I thought four would be enough. After all, it's the one horse in front which wins the race."

"True."

"These four are our fastest. Two are a team and are harnessed to the chariot. The other two are saddle ponies for free running. You will see them."

"You brought your own chariot?"

"Yes. I thought it would be best, for the horses are accustomed to this one and feel free beside its shaft."

"But is it light enough for racing?"

"Yes. It comes from Alexandria but it was made originally in Rome so it is, except for the ornament, quite like those you would have. It was a present from my uncle in Alexandria and the iron rims of the wheels are welded without a seam or bump."

"We have that kind of rim also on the racing chariots. I remember when I was a boy the chariots were quite heavy and clumsy. People thought they would fall apart if they were not massively built. But times have changed and now the wheels are narrow, the spokes no thicker than a finger and the whole carriage lower and built with flowing grace. Ah! It is something very pretty indeed. I do really think times are getting better."

They left the bath and Pilate escorted his guest into a long spacious hall where refreshments were waiting. A small woman dwarf who was a hunchback seemed to have charge of the refreshments, the servants and everything in Pilate's household. When they were seated this middle-aged slave came close to Pilate and hooked together the golden buckle of his robe. This was the buckle he always wore on special occasions. It represented two lions' heads whose jaws could link together. To Pilate these two locked jaws represented power and struggle. To the slave girl, whose name was Buncha, the lions' heads were only an ornament to adorn her master. She watched over him night and

Continued on page 170

The Time that flies!

A I R T I G H T . . . W A T E R T I G H T

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Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug) $1.00
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The Genial Governor of Judea

Continued from pages 53-169

day. While she buckled the two lions' heads together she whispered in Pilate's ear.

"She says," spoke Pilate aloud, "that you seem very young and delicate to race against our Roman soldiers and because of this we should give you a handicap."

"Oh no! That would not be necessary. My horses are certain to be superior."

"Why? Because they are of the desert breed?"

"That is one reason."

"Excuse me. If that is true," spoke the deformed slave girl, "then it's the only good thing I know to come out of the desert. When the gods made this land empty they knew what they were about."

"When the desert is empty it is indeed empty. But what is this city to me, even when it is full to the brim?" lamented Pilate. "My years are wasted here settling disputes between the rabbis and the people; and the king and the rabbis. And even the rabbis' disputes among themselves they must bring before me. And at home in Rome I would have my seat in the chamber and with a little law practice I could manage nicely, and in time build up a name for myself. So to be the Governor of Judea, you merely sacrifice yourself; you give up your years, your life, your talents, everything! And what for? A few little presents. You live in isolation among a hostile people and daily you fear the hand of a mad assassin. Oh yes! There are fanatics about who carry daggers under their cloaks and when I go out in public I must constantly have a secret guard close to my person."

Buncha, the dwarfed slave woman, drew a small comb from her pocket and combed her master's hair while he spoke. Pilate rather seemed to enjoy the personal attentions of this particular slave.

"Think of it," he continued. "You are the Procurator of Judea and any day might be your last. And here the food is bad, the climate impossible, the people ugly and even the buildings uncomfortable. Why a man must leave home to live in a place such as this . . . What for? For honor? For glory? For money? So you scrape together a few gold coins and you come back to Rome a little richer than when you left; but your vitality is gone, the years have crushed you down and the daily complaints about the taxes or this or that have made a hole in your head. You return stupid and old. And those you left behind in Rome have in the meantime made names for themselves. In the end you discover that you have been cheated. The procurator before me spent eleven years here and in the end he was cheated. And as I once told you before, I will be cheated also. You will see. Here, fill his glass, Buncha!"

"No more for me," said Lazarus quickly. "Wine goes to my head and I must trot the horses this afternoon."

"You see, I told you he was delicate," said Buncha. "He should come and stay here with you and then I could fatten him up a bit and put some flesh on his bones. A nice girl does not like a bag of bones for a bed companion."

At this they all laughed.

"Now here is something I might promise him," said Pilate to Buncha. "Perhaps that might induce him to remain in Jerusalem and we could see more of him. Supposing we have a dinner feast and we send for the nicest girls in Jerusalem and also ask the fair-skinned Greek dancing girls and then . . . Ah, then he could pick something for himself."

"Or I could pick her all by myself," said Buncha the slave dwarf. "You could trust me to pick something very nice." And she laughed and cast a sly glance at her master Pilate.

"How do you pick them, Buncha?"

"Ah! That I couldn't tell you. A woman can tell things at a glance which would take a man months to find out. Of course there is the general throw of the body and the carriage. How she walks and breathes, and how she holds her head. And then there are other points that one looks for. How do you tell a horse? Well, you just look at the horse and you see everything at once. The pride of carriage is important; and a spirited animal is easily recognized. From limp meat you can expect no fire. And you will lose the race. It's the same way with girls. In short, and without going into embarrassing details, you could rely on me."

The men laughed again.

"And that reminds me," said Pilate. "I do really owe you something. You recall that afternoon we met in Herod's hall and I promised you something?"

"No, I have forgotten," said Lazarus.

"I promised you I would set the prisoner free and then that daughter of Herodias . . . what was her name? The saucy girl with the smirk on her face, looks just like her mother, danced before the company and demanded this prisoner's head."

"Yes, I recall," said Lazarus sadly.

"He was one of those prophets. What was his name?"

"John."

"That's right. His name was John. And I asked you if he went about gathering crowds and inciting them against the government and you said, no. On this, I promised to set him free and then . . . Well, I owe you something to make up for this failure."

"You owe me nothing. What happened was not your fault, certainly."

"Still, there was a promise. Now

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name what you desire most."

Lazarus laughed. "I want nothing now, Pilate, but some day, perhaps there may be something."

"Ask what you will. If you see a nice slave girl I will buy her for you, or any other prisoner you would like to have for yourself, just send me word. There is only one I might not like to surrender and that is the robber Barabbas."

"You must catch him first before you can surrender him," said Buncha.

"True. But in time I am sure he will be caught."

"What has he done?"

"He has done enough to hang three men. First of all, he robbed the rich merchants in the bazaar. He has a neat trick of carrying a bag of ground pepper which he flings in the face of his victim. But it's not the Jerusalem merchants I care so much about. It is the Roman gold caravan. All the tax money for a full year was being sent to Rome and . . . He attacked it single-handed in the desert and got away with four of the gold-laden camels. But we are on the watch for him and in time he is certain to be brought before me."

"Fear not, Pilate, he is no person I should like to see freed. You must remember my father has many caravans on the desert and one less robber would please us all."

"Well then, ask anything else and it shall be given you." Then after a slight pause he said: "You were present when the messenger arrived from the King of Arabia whose daughter Herod had put aside?"

"Yes, I heard the message. He had three armies ready to march into Galilee."

"The armies are on the borderland at this very moment. I have persuaded the King to wait until we could send a courier to Rome and receive a reply. He would invade Galilee, but he hesitates to turn Rome against him. And why should we have this trouble? Because Herod put the Arabian girl aside for Herodias. Foolish business. In Rome he would have managed to have both of them if he so desired. But here religion gets in their way and in the end the Roman Procurator of Judea has all the trouble. If it isn't an assassin, it's a robber, and then it's the rabbis or the temple law givers. Wherever you turn there is trouble. They can't even have a little romance without bringing upon themselves three armies out of an enemy land."

"Do they really mean to make war?"

"Certainly, they are armed and ready. Herod's army would be no match for them. And that reminds me. The rabbis have come to me, and also some of the rich merchants, to press a complaint against one of those desert prophets, perhaps a friend of this John whose life I promised you. Great multitudes of people are said to follow Him and He performs wonders and miracles. Could this be the One the prophet John spoke about? We asked him if these were really miracles which this Prophet performed or only juggler's tricks. He swore they were true."

"Yes, this is the same One John spoke about. It is true. He speaks to great multitudes."

"The rabbis say that He disregards the holy laws of the Jews and they want to have Him arrested."

"No!" called Lazarus. "He is innocent of any wrong. That I know for certain."

"Then if you see Him in the desert, warn Him of the rabbis and say that I would rather not give in to their whims. Tell Him also to stay away from Jerusalem, for here they would be certain to provoke matters and bring trouble upon Him as they bring trouble to all."

"If I see Him I will surely warn Him."

"Good. The rabbis are jealous of this Teacher and I would be happy not to be compelled to give in to them. Tomorrow morning you should sit with me while I hold court and just see how they carry on."

"What time are the games?"

"In the afternoon. In the morning your horses should rest."

"Yes, but the boy should walk them around the track to accustom them to the arena."

"Good, then you will come with me to court. Some day I will truly lose my temper. The rabbis grow bolder daily. Now they ask for coins without the head of the Emperor of Rome. They say that graven images are against their law and that such coins are not to come within the temple grounds. Their own money-changers weigh with dishonest weights and I have twice threatened to bring the whole crew to court. But they are very rich and powerful and would only make things more difficult for me. I ask for peace."

"Perhaps that is why my father is happy not to live in Jerusalem," said Lazarus.

"He is a smart man," spoke Buncha, pouring some fresh water from a pitcher into Pilate's tumbler. This he drank.

"Come," he said. "Let us walk out together and visit the bazaars and market places. I want to show you our beautiful city. The great gates were once covered with sheets of pure gold. All has been stolen; now nothing remains but squalor. Soon the entire place will be in ruins. Even the walls are in bad repair and still they do nothing about it. Come, we will walk out together and I will show you the sights. And I want the populace to see that you are a special friend of the Procurator of Judea."

Buncha clapped her hands together to call the governor's private bodyguard. She helped them put on their great mantles and watched them from the balcony as they passed into the busy city street. ⌗

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A Marriage of Convenience

Continued from page 30

of a hard hat, and assumed an air of modesty which escaped the curate's attention at the moment, but which he grimly remembered later.

"Well, your rev'rince," said he, "It's the way my two young friends here are wanting to be married."

The woman—Mr. Mangan here gave me a shattering dig in the ribs with his elbow—was a well-known character by the name of the Dragoon, and she every minute of forty years of age. She was native of a village in the next county, celebrated for generations in song and in story as the town of the Tinkers. She had tramped the road for years, with a variety of consorts which was more a tribute to her physical prowess than to her personal charms. She stood over six feet in height, was as straight as a telegraph pole, had perfect limbs, a hard leaden-colored face, a disillusioned pair of unblinking slate-grey eyes, a thin-lipped mouth, and the perfect teeth of a goat. Her voice had a military ring, and was in need of sandpaper. Normally a compelling contralto, when raised in passion it took on a railway-engine quality which had a marked effect on young policemen. The Dragoon never wore a hat, and her garments were invariably of a greeny undertaker's black, of no particular shape or make, probably rescued from town dust bins. Elderly gentlemen, coming home in the dusk, paid up with wonderful alacrity when suddenly asked for alms by the Dragoon in some dim corner of a rural hedgerow.

Well—this was the woman that was in it. The man was a big red-headed tinker with one bruised eye and a vacant but settled expression in the other. Pat Shane I needn't tell you about, but his appearance was different then. He was a gallows lad, with a black curly head on him, sorra collar, and his old shirt open to the four winds of heaven.

His reverence pulled himself together. Hadn't he been thinking, only five minutes before, of weddings, and wishing he could celebrate one? It was like an answer to his wish—but a mighty queer answer. Still, it didn't do to be too critical. Besides, even to the curate's unworldly eye, it was apparent the ceremony was overdue.

Looking at the red-headed gentleman, who was making painfully amateurish efforts to appear bashful, the curate asked what was his name.

"Tom Bawn is the name, your rev'rince," the man replied, and the curate's credulity received a jolt. It got another when the lady told him she was called Mary Sloper. For if ever a man and woman were real tinkers, these two were: and it's a rare thing for tinkers to trouble themselves with matrimony.

However, as Messrs. Shane and Bawn and Miss Sloper all maintained an impregnable front, there was nothing further to be done, and the curate proceeded with the ceremony.

When that part of the Rites came where it is said, "With this gold and with this silver I thee wed," it appeared, amid shuffling embarrassment, that divil a shred of metal of any kind was forthcoming from the party, barring the brass ring for the lady. So the curate put half a crown of his own on the plate, and when all was finished he pushed the money over to the bride, and told her to keep it for luck.

At this both of the gentlemen kissed the bride with remarkable ardor: and it occurred to the curate that all she had was a brass ring, a new name, and half a crown. The happy couple departed with muttered thanks and blessings, and Mr. Shane loitered behind them in the hall.

"I'm sorry for troubling you, your rev'rince," he whispered hoarsely behind his hand, nodding at the married pair who were now approaching the gate. "But, as you saw for yourself, it was a case for dramatic action."

The curate, admiring Mr. Shane's appropriate if novel adjective, said goodbye, and withdrew to his interrupted labors. He had once more settled down, and was getting ahead with his sermon when the stillness of the evening was blasted by Hell's own hullabaloo outside in the road. There were piercing shrieks of the engine-driver quality mentioned above, the deep-throated curses of men, and the sounds of blows, kicks, scuffling, and grunts.

The curate sprang from his chair and dashed down the little garden, his mind full of foreboding. Fifty yards down the road he found the bridal party in the second round of a highly complicated free-for-all. The bride was on her back, kicking out in all directions, like a demented mule, while the bridegroom and the best man fought each other with one hand and pulled and hauled at one of the bride's arms with the other. Finally Mr. Shane, with uncanny skill, succeeded in tripping Mr. Bawn, stooped like lightning, bit the bride's wrist, and deftly extracted the half a crown from her grimy paw.

Appalling blasphemy ensued, and the party was smothered in dust. Happily there were no villagers about, or they would have seen their spiritual pastor engaged in a most unseemly scuffle, clutching, pulling, and exhorting. At last he succeeded in making some sort of peace. With several further admonitions, which received scant attention, he withdrew to dust himself down, and resumed his sermon; while the party shuffled off, growling and muttering, into the shadows of night.

Next day the curate made a few inquiries. He found that this was one—as it turned out, the last—

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of a series of sacrilegious impositions on all the young curates for a matter of forty miles around. On one account and another, although his reverence declined to appear against them, Messrs. Shane and Bawn went to jail for a good spell. Mr. Shane was the manager or impresario, and the fight had occurred when the principals demurred to his demand for his usual commission. The Dragoon was let off, being I suppose a weaker vessel, and was no more heard of in these parts.

Do you know—Mr. Mangan gripped me by the lapel of my coat—that was the seventh time she and that red-haired blagyard were married that fortnight. Dozens of inexperienced clergy were codded, and a shilling or two got from them every time. One young curate in his first parish gave the Dragoon his own housekeeper's boots, and Pat Shane got an old top hat off another and sold it for a tanner to a cornet player at Calary Races.

* * *

At this point I parted from Mr. Mangan, and wandered homewards in the dark. A quarter of a mile from home, I came upon a party of villagers gathered round a tree, and being entertained by Mr. Shane. That man of enterprise looked supremely happy. He was singing *The Galbally Farmer* and accompanying himself on an asthmatic melodeon. The sounds pursued me up the road and I only lost them when I turned the corner into the drive among the trees. #

Stan Brauninger, Aquamentor

Continued from page 80

holds records of his findings and results of his studies. Brauninger summarizes: "A boy or girl with average ability, through sheer willingness to work can often become a champion and more often, a top-flight athlete."

The Aquacademy is unique not only because of its system, but because of the results it has achieved. Its present team reads like a National all-star cast. It boasts the five stellar athletes mentioned earlier augmented by Halina Tomska, the nation's fastest mermaid and holder of the National AAU 100-yard free style title; Ed Kirar, former national intercollegiate 50- and 100-yard free style champion and outstanding sprinter of today; Irving McCaffery, former national 220-yard free style champion and present Big Ten threat; Al Jacobsen, member of the 1939 All-American swimming team; George Lowe, All-American intercollegiate distance swimmer; Howie Jaynes, Illinois state diving champion; Miller Anderson, Central AAU springboard titleholder, and a host of other Central AAU, state and local champions.

Graduates of the Aquacademy include a long list of champions, while a glance at the undergraduate roster also reveals a fine crop of talent being nurtured in the aqualaboratory, talent that will insure Chicago's retaining its top position as the cradle of swimming champions.

Where does the Builder of Champions get his material? Most of his talent comes or is sent to him. The remainder is recruited from all sections of the Chicago metropolitan area. His staff scouts all local grammar schools, high schools, universities and even the waterfront to obtain types for clinical study. Brauninger is always on the lookout for boys and girls with average natural ability and a willingness to work plus an enthusiasm for the sport.

Every day some boy or girl comes to him for a tryout and every day he studies these youngsters for possibilities. Some of them are naturals; others aren't sufficiently developed or don't understand the principles of swimming. In any instance, he gives them or their parents or trainers an accurate diagnosis of their case, points out their faults and weaknesses, and encourages them to continue by showing the correct method and suggesting a training routine to fit their individual needs. He never tells them they haven't a chance; perhaps they may blossom into another Kiefer or Jaretz.

A person with possibilities and a willingness to work is given a card which entitles him to unlimited use of the pool and free coaching. Thus the noble experiment begins and another guinea pig is added to the roster.

The most interesting guinea pig from a clinical viewpoint was Adolph Kiefer, a new species of *aquaticus mammalus*, hitherto unlisted, measuring six feet from stem to stern, carrying his beam well forward and decidedly shallow-draught. He was a *rara avis*, so to speak, because from the first Stan couldn't determine positively whether he flew, crawled or swam.

"When Sunny was fourteen," Brauninger relates, "I began his training routine by putting him in a training harness and having him pull against steel-spring tension until the kid's eyes fairly popped. But Sunny never balked, never complained throughout these grilling harness sessions." And it was through them that the aquamentor was able to study Kiefer's faults, analyze them, and coach the kid into a perfection of timing and pace that was to win for him and his coach international recognition and world fame.

World champion at fifteen, Kiefer was the youngest male swimmer ever to hold a world record. His sixteenth birthday found him touring Europe, annexing every listed world record from 50 yards to 1500 meters. At seventeen, he won the Olympic title at Berlin, setting three new Olympic records in as many days. His eighteenth year saw him touring Japan, the Philippines and Hawaii, defeating their best natators. When nineteen, he proved himself the greatest all-around swimmer

Continued on page 174

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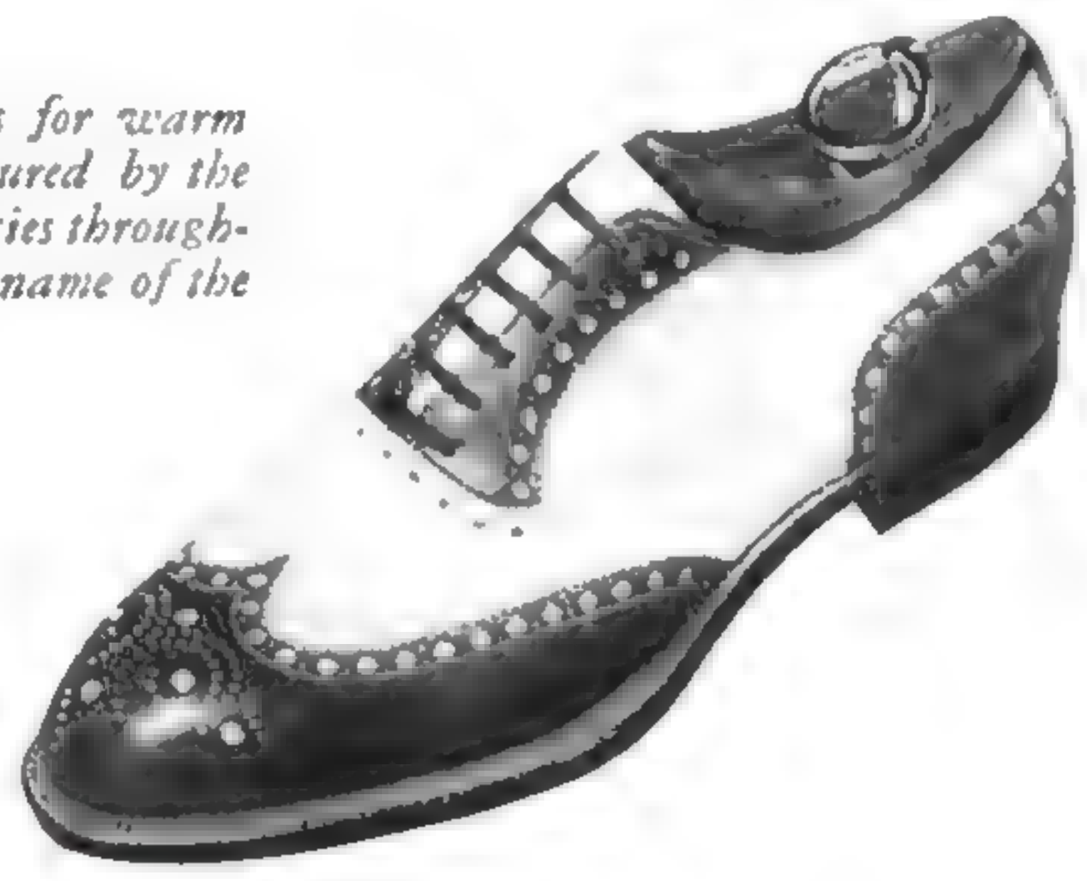

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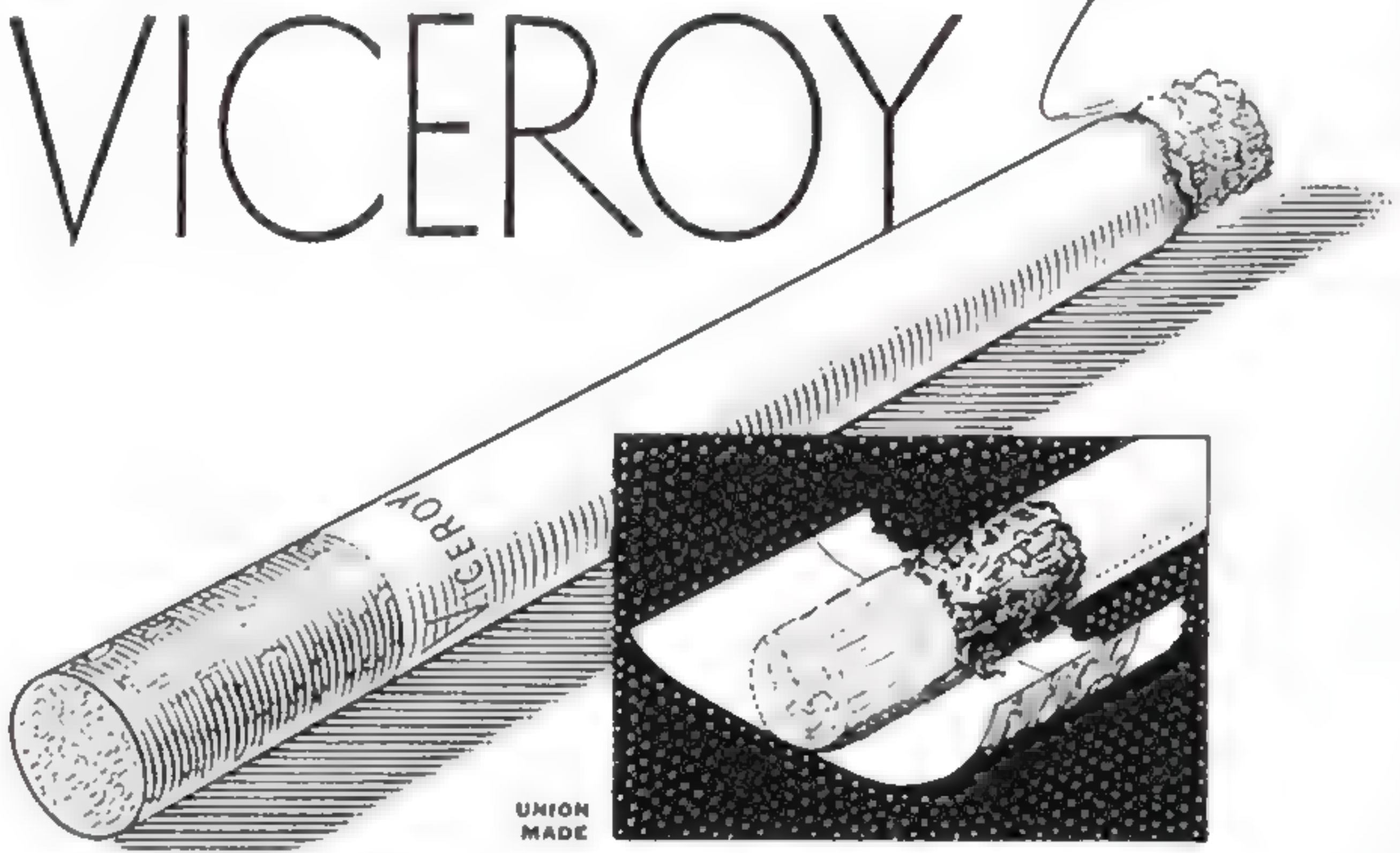

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Stan Brauninger, Aquamentor

Continued from pages 80-173

of all time when he won three titles and established three new records at the national championships in Louisville. At twenty he was busy retaining his titles and he toured South America and Cuba to defeat their best mermen. The year he came of voting age, he established sixteen new world records, toured South America again, then signed a Hollywood movie contract. Today, at twenty-two he has broken and re-broken more than 150 world records, remaining invincible for the past six years against the world's best swimmers. These records justify his selection on the All-American swimming team for six consecutive years and his unanimous choice as the greatest all-around swimmer in history.

Doubtless Kiefer was gifted—but not entirely by the hand of fate. There was another hand—an inspired one—that guided and directed him and pointed the way to his international fame. The hand in question belonged to the nation's top swimming authority.

Brauninger has been coaching for twenty-five years. He began his career as swimming instructor at Woodward High School in Cincinnati, when only twenty. The following year he took over the job of swimming coach at the Cincinnati YMCA, and at the start became interested in developing swimmers and divers for competition. He toyed with new theories and principles—applied them. The results were gratifying.

It was in 1926 that his famous four-man team won the National AAU swimming and diving championships in Chicago. That team, consisting of Walter Laufer, Harry Glancy, Russ Webb and Lou Rutledge, wrote swimming history when they defeated the top teams of the entire country. Even the redoubtable Johnny Weissmuller and his teammate, Arne Borg, fell before the dynamic Cincinnati foursome. At that time, Laufer was acclaimed the greatest all-around swimmer in history, for, like Kiefer, he held records in free style, backstroke, breaststroke and the individual medley.

Brauninger accepted an invitation from the European Swimming Federation that summer to bring his national champions across the Atlantic for a series of open meets throughout Europe. Only Laufer and Webb accompanied him, but this twosome won every event they entered, defeating Europe's fastest mermen in their own pools.

This was the start of Brauninger's international fame as a swimmer tutor. Hearing of the great swimmers he had developed, a group of influential Chicagoans, headed by Lawrence Whiting and Norman Ross, prevailed upon the young coach to come to the Windy City, and subsequently make it the swimming center of the world.

When the aquamentor came to Chicago in 1927, he brought Laufer along and built a powerful new team around his star athlete. For four years, the versatile Laufer continued to win the individual championship at meets throughout the country. But it was not until the early 1930's that Stan's team succeeded in winning several more national championships.

Brauninger is a born showman. Whether he is sending his champions after world records or simply putting them through their paces at his water carnivals, his instinct for showmanship asserts itself, and the results are consistently colorful. The aquamentor produced and directed the swimming show of the Streets of Paris at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and 1934. "Between keeping an eye on my crew and Sally Rand, I was heading for a strait-jacket," he recalls. But it was during the last year of the Fair that he discovered and began the development of his top star, Kiefer.

He immediately built a new squad around the human fish and, after annexing the national team championship in 1935, toured all Europe with his famous medley relay team of Kiefer, Art Highland and Max Brydenthal—backstroker, free styler and breaststroker respectively. During this thirty-nine-day trek they competed in thirty-two championship meets in ten different countries, meanwhile establishing twenty-six new world records.

"Sunny swam the lard off those Heinies," Brauninger relates, savoring the memory, "in addition to breaking all their records and winning their cups and trophies. In Breslau, Germany, he swam his 100 meters in the unbelievable time of 1:04.6, and the Olympic record was 1:08.2. Earlier that summer he had clipped three and a half minutes off the 1,500-meter world record."

As an example of Brauninger's aquatic generalship, Kiefer recounts: "In Aarhus, Norway, our medley relay team was to swim against the Norwegians' national champions in backstroke, breaststroke and crawl. It was the headline event on a swell program, arranged especially for the King and Queen of Norway. I led off and swam 100 meters backstroke, then Brydenthal followed up with his 100 breast. But as Highland was stepping up to the starting-block, he slipped and sprained his ankle. Seeing he was in bad shape and that the crowd would be disappointed, Stan grabbed me by the shoulder and shouted: 'Get in there and swim the tights off that big gorilla!'

"I was so tired from the lead-off that I could hardly stand, but Stan has a way of keying us up for any occasion. Anyway, I got in there and swam, and we beat them—and set a new world record doing it. The king presented all of us with gold rings after the meet."

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in 1935 and 1936, Brauninger was chosen as associate Olympic swimming coach to make the trip to Berlin. Five of his star swimmers and divers won berths on the U. S. Olympic team that summer. They were Kiefer; Art Highland, who won the 100-meter free style Olympic tryouts; Al Greene, national diving champion; Jimmie Christie, winner of the 1,500-meter free style tryouts, and Dorothy Schiller, ace breaststroker who turned in the fastest time in the pectoral event.

"Witnessing and having a hand in the 1936 Olympic games was one of the greatest thrills of my life," Brauninger reminisces. "To see all the nations of the world represented there, at peace with one another, was inspiring. Watching Hitler at the games every day, I never dreamed that this calm sports lover could be transformed into such a monster of war. The Hitler who humbly congratulated Kiefer and me after my boy had beaten out the German swimmers to win the Olympic title seemed a far cry from the Hitler of today.

"Following the Olympics, I toured all Europe again with my All-Americans from Chicago. They included Kiefer, Al Greene, Art Highland, Dorothy Schiller and Marion Mansfield, who won the national diving title for me earlier that summer. Everywhere we went, we were greeted with hearty cheers and American flags were hung out in our honor. The good old flag never looked so good as it did in a foreign country. That's mainly what kept us inspired throughout that long and eventful trip."

The following year, the Miracle Man was chosen as coach and manager of the All-American team that toured Japan, the Philippines and Hawaii. In Tokyo alone, they drew a gate of 45,000. Following this meet, the Japanese Premier's son, Prince Konoye, escorted the Americans on a tour of the city. In return for this courtesy, Brauninger offered to show the royal heir some of his own favorite spots. After this Brauninger-conducted tour, Prince Konoye remarked in awe: "I never knew there were so many interesting spots in Tokyo."

The aquamentor returned to Chicago in time for his team to capture the national outdoor crown—with the aid of a 15-year-old kid named Otto Jaretz, who came within a foot of trouncing the world and national sprint champion, Peter Fick.

The following year, Jaretz won a berth on the All-American team that represented the United States at the International Championships in Berlin. And he defeated not only the fastest swimmers in the whole of Europe, but the world's champion, as well. And several days later he vanquished the Olympic titleholder in Budapest. Then at seventeen, he defeated the world's champion again and captured the National AAU 100-meter free style title. Today, at eighteen, he holds three national championships: the 100-yard indoor and the 110- and the 220-yard free style outdoor crowns—and is recognized as the world's fastest swimmer.

"AAU officials have clocked him at 0:49.5 for the century mark over a 25-yard course, which is a second and a half faster than Weissmuller's listed world record," Brauninger states with fatherly pride.

Stan, now forty-four, has been credited with developing more champion swimmers and divers than any other coach in history. In addition, he has built swimming up as a sport, not only in Chicago, but throughout the nation. Yet he is better known in Europe than in this country, for the Europeans worship their athletes and trainers—so much so, that Brauninger and his stars have become a legend over there. The aquamentor's teams have toured the world and defeated European, Japanese, Filipino, Hawaiian, Canadian, Australian and South American swimmers.

Indefatigable, he believes in hard work for his team. "Hard work never hurt anyone," he points out. "And if a boy or girl wants to become a really good swimmer, let him swim hard every day—as far as he can go. Swimming for distance teaches one the two main essentials of swimming—breathing and relaxation. My kids swim a mile every day—sometimes more than that."

Brauninger frowns on calisthenics and practically every form of sport for his swimmers. "Nearly every sport but swimming has a tendency to tighten the muscles. I've found that the best way to build up a swimmer is to have him swim distance—so that his muscles are trained for swimming. I never allow my team in a gym. I keep them in the pool where they can develop the long, smooth, pliant muscles so essential for a good swimmer. A person with tight muscles tires too easily."

He keeps his swimmers keyed up to championship form by racing them against each other the year around and entering them in every possible meet. He demands that his athletes be in perfect condition at all times, maintaining that a top-flight swimmer or diver is in perfect condition at all times and a champion who values his championship, never lets himself get out of condition.

Brauninger's credo includes a line on sportsmanship. "Always be a good loser and a graceful winner—and, above all, play fair."

"The younger you get them, the better swimmers you can make of them," he reasons. "They are more malleable. I take them anywhere from five to twenty-five."

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Your Comb, Madame

Continued from page 82

cold chicken. These she placed upon the coffee table in front of me. I looked at Miss Goddard.

"They're for you," Miss Goddard said.

"You're not eating?"

"I go back to work in half an hour. Give me a wing."

Jenny said, "I'll get another plate."

"Hand it to me," Miss Goddard said.

Jenny picked up a wing and handed it to her. I ate one of the slices of bread with caviar. It was splendid caviar. It was raining harder than ever out. It came down on the roof of the cottage, and I could hear it in the mud outside. I looked over at Miss Goddard, eating her chicken wing. She would take a small bite, then look at the wing, as though estimating how much was left. It seemed to me I never had seen anybody more beautiful. Maybe I had, I don't know. But she looked like a kid, not thinking that she was pretty. I had seen her as the gamin, the ragged, pinched-faced girl in *Modern Times*, with Charlie Chaplin. That was around 1936, and I hadn't seen her on the screen since. And now here she was, grown up and developed, filled out, and mighty pretty. Still a lot of the little girl about her, as there so often is about those who, when they were really little kids, didn't have much time to work at it.

Up the hard way, for Paulette, to movie stardom: dancing feet, flying young legs, the chorus, bit parts, hard work. Well done, babe.

* * *

"Did you like the caviar?"

She had leaned forward in her chair, uncurled, and rested her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

"Yes, I liked the caviar. And the chicken."

"How was the wing?"

"Fine."

There was the sound of a motor outside. She glanced at her watch. "The car," she said. "For the set. You're coming over?"

"Yes. I've forgotten the name of the picture."

"*Pot O' Gold.*"

"That's a funny name for a picture."

"It's about the radio program. Where they give you a thousand dollars if they call up your number and you're home. If you're not home, you get a hundred. It's a good story and I have a good part. Anyway, I like it."

Jenny brought her a wrap and she put it on and we went out. The car was up close to the steps. The driver got out and opened the car door, and held an umbrella in readiness. We got in, drove about two hundred feet and stopped at the door of a big sound stage.

"Here we are," Miss Goddard said. She looked at me and smiled. "Some ride," she said.

The driver opened the door and held the umbrella, and we went into the sound stage. The set was the parlor of a boarding house, and some young fellows were sitting around in the parlor, and the director was explaining something to them. We went directly to a small, portable dressing room nearby, and I sat on a couch and Miss Goddard sat at the dressing table and began fussing with her hair. Somebody came along and said they were ready for her, and she looked at me and said, "Come on," and we went out. I stood behind the camera and lights, and she went through the parlor and into the dining room beyond. The director called for the camera and everybody was quiet, and the sound man gave the buzz, and they started. A young man came in from the front hall on the run. He said somebody, I didn't catch the name, had come back.

The boys in the parlor tossed aside their newspapers and magazines and jumped up, and Jimmie Stewart stood there in the doorway, with his hat and coat on. Miss Goddard came out from the dining room, where she had put on a waitress's white apron. She stopped still, and looked at him, and said:

"I knew he would come back."

They went on for a few more lines and the director didn't like something, and cut the scene, said they'd do it over, and began talking to some of the actors. Miss Goddard came over to me and said we'd wait in the dressing room.

"How did I do it?" she said when we got there. She sat down at the table to fuss with her hair and looked at me in the mirror.

"Not very—pretty good," I said.

"What did you say?" she asked.

She has grey-blue eyes. "You were fine," I said.

She turned away from the mirror and faced me. "No I wasn't," she said. "That first line didn't sound right. Why?"

"I don't know. Maybe it was because you weren't sure what you meant. Was the point that he came back, or that you knew he would?"

"That I knew he would, I guess."

"Then say it that way. You *knew* he would come back. The way you say knew ought to mean that you hoped he would, too. That word is the whole thing."

She laughed and looked back into the mirror. "What do you know about it?" she asked, looking at me in the glass.

"Nothing. I'm just guessing."

"Then why did you tell me I did it wrong?"

"You asked me about it, didn't you? Anyway, I'm a writer."

"There's a difference between writing and acting."

"Damn it all, you asked me!" She smiled. "Don't get mad at me."

"I'm not, but confound the luck, you asked—"

A girl at the door said they were ready. We went to the set, walking over the cables on the floor. The

Continued on page 178

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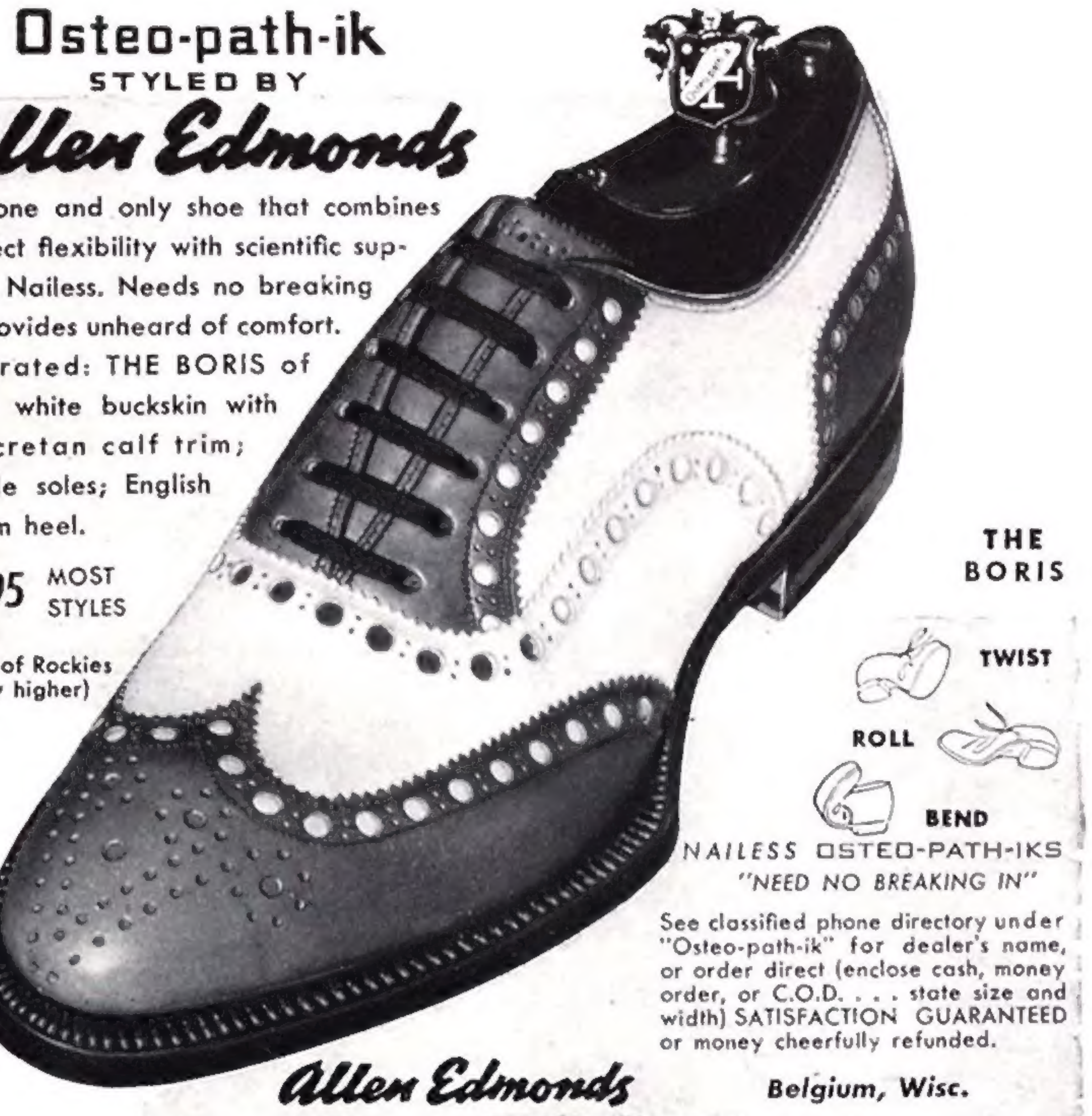

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Your Comb. Madame

Continued from pages 82-177

actors took their places; Miss Goddard went into the dining room. They go through the action, and Jimmie Stewart stands in the doorway. Here comes Miss Goddard, from the dining room. She stops dead still, facing the grinning Mr. Stewart.

"I——"

Come, come, Paulette, make up your mind, baby.

" . . . *knew* . . . "

* * *

At five o'clock Johnny Miles, publicity director for James Roosevelt's Globe Productions, making *Pot O' Gold*, stuck his head into the dressing room.

"I've been trying for over an hour to get a car for you," he told me. "It's still coming down worse than ever."

"Well," I said, "my car's out in front of the studio, there."

"But you'd have to swim out there. It's been piling up in the street here all day. If you can wait another half-hour—"

"Where's my car, Johnny?" Miss Goddard said. "He can use mine."

"Somebody's got it, Paulette."

"Damn it," she said, "it seems to me I ought to have something to say about my car. Why did they let—"

"Everything's mixed up," Johnny said.

"I'll wade out," I said. "I promised my wife I'd be home for supper tonight, and it's an hour-and-a-half drive. I'll change my shoes when I get home."

"And get the flu," Miss Goddard said. "Please don't do it."

"It's late," I said. I stood up. "Good-bye, Miss Goddard. And many thanks. The lunch was swell and you're as nice as you can be. What I mean is, violets are red, and roses are blue, and—let me see. So are you."

"Wonderful," she said, laughing a little. She looked at me. "You can't even write. And I said the *knew* just to please you."

"I got it mixed, that's all."

"I see. You got it mixed. Look, won't you come down to the beach some day? The beach house is—"

"Come on, if we want to get out before the bell for the next shot," Johnny said.

So Johnny and I went out. It was raining, and dark, and the street was full of water. We started walking, splashing along.

"Why did you have to be so sudden?" I said. "First you let me wait around for a couple hours for a car, and you want me to wait another half-hour, then just when I'm getting invited down to the beach I'm damned if you don't get excited about a split second."

"You said you were in a hurry."

"Not that much of a hurry. My God—"

"Well, she invited you down, didn't she?"

"I know, but you didn't give me time to—I don't know. Boy, my feet sure are wet. If I feel a cold coming on, I'm staying in bed tomorrow."

"It's the only way," Johnny said. He had to work, and went into his office, and I got into my car and drove down Washington Boulevard, toward Hollywood.

Suddenly I stopped the car.

The comb!

Confound it, I forgot about the comb. I put my hand into my pocket. It was still there. I drove on, slowly, wondering if I should go back or what the hell. In a block or so I saw a bar sign, and I pulled up and went in and sat down at the bar and ordered a hot rum. Good for a cold.

I drank the hot rum, then went to the phone and called Johnny. I said, "I've got to see Paulette again. I forgot something."

"They've broken," he said. "They broke right after you left. She's gone home."

"Thanks," I said. "See you next week, Johnny." I went back and had one more hot rum, then got into my car and started home.

The wind was blowing when I got to the ocean, it was raining and I had the windshield wiper working and the windows closed. I stopped the car and took the comb from my pocket and looked at it.

A common black comb. Two-bits.

I would go home and toss the comb to the table and say, "Look, dear, Paulette Goddard's comb." My wife would say, "Oh, is it? I need a comb." And she'd put it on her dresser. That would be all. But next day, or the day after, she'd say, "What did you want Miss Goddard's comb for?"

"I didn't want it. I was trying to take it to her. A fellow gave it to me. He said she'd left it—"

"Then you didn't see Miss Goddard after all?"

"Yes, I saw her, but I forgot—Look, I got the comb early in the day, and I forgot it on the set, and I started home, and called up from a place on Crenshaw—To begin with, I was in this agency, see, and he called the girl, the office girl, and asked where Miss Goddard's comb was. She had combed her hair at the switchboard, and left—"

"Combed her hair where?"

"At the switchboard. He asked me to take the comb . . . "

I opened the window of the car. The wind came in from the ocean. I threw the comb hard, but the wind caught it and I heard it hit the side of the car. I got out and felt along the running board, but it wasn't there.

I got in and drove on.

I thought of the comb, back there alone, in the dark, on the wet pavement. Other cars would come along, and run over it.

All right, cars . . . take it easy. Roll gently, tires, over the black comb.

It belongs to a beautiful girl, a girl of charm, talent and courage.

It was still raining when I got home. ⧺

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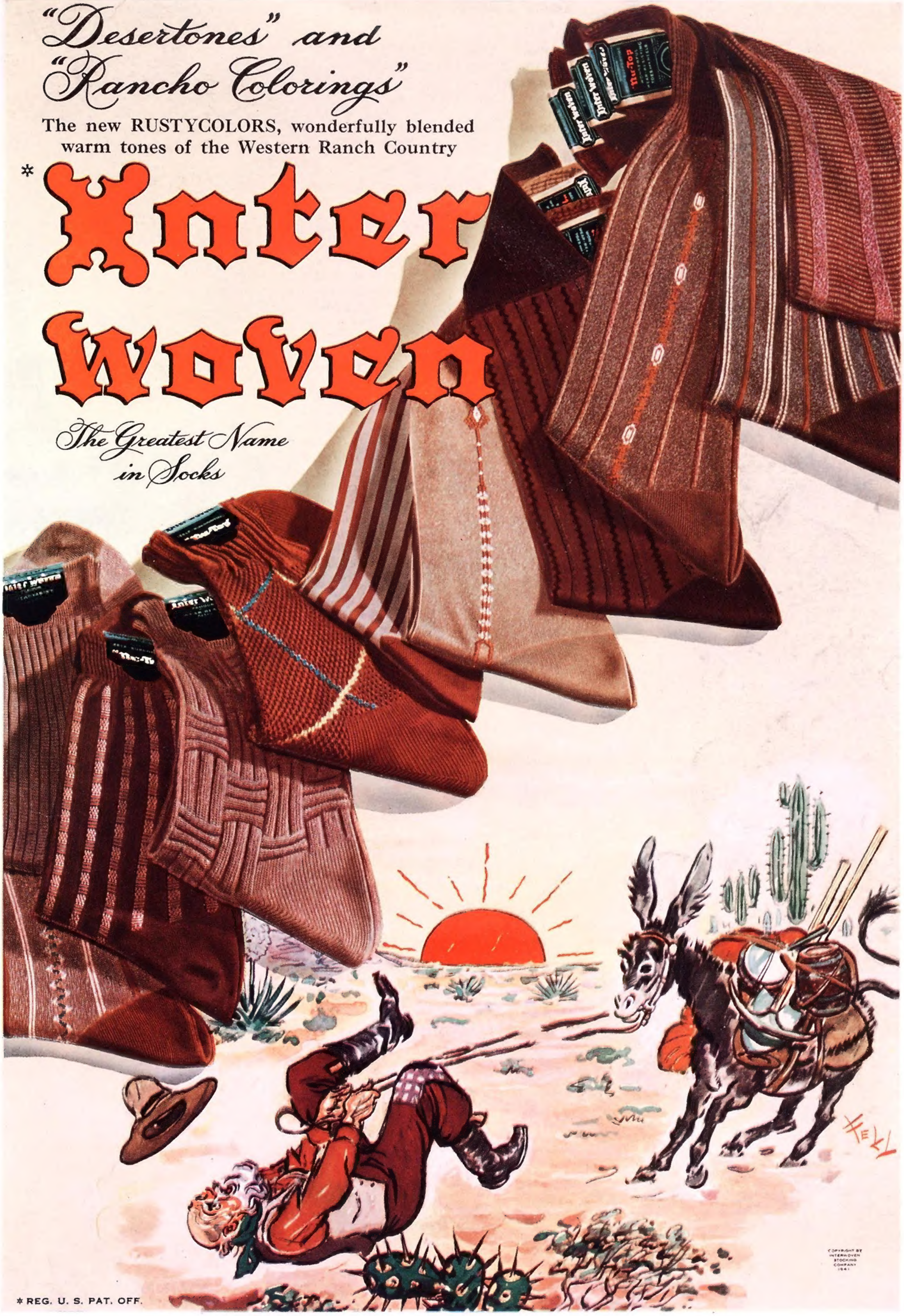

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LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph — Furney S. King inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.

"Mary—

lighter, milder leaf costs money...

"and Luckies pay higher prices to get this lighter leaf!" says Furney S. King, independent tobacco buyer of Lexington, Ky.

"IT'S part and parcel of my job to know who buys what tobacco at the auctions, and I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder leaf. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, along with most other warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for... and Luckies consistently pay the price to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. Remember this fact... and smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

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With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1